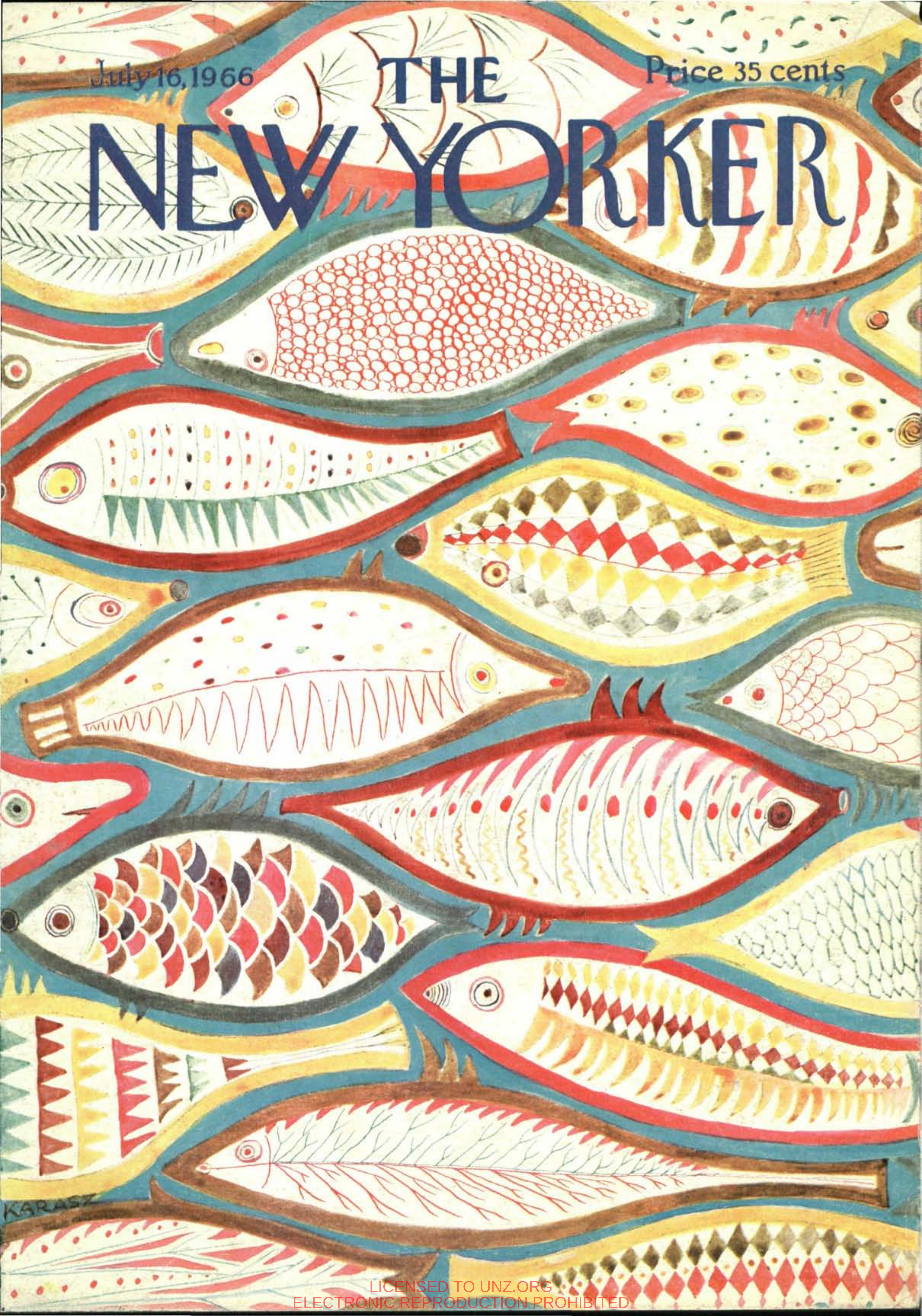
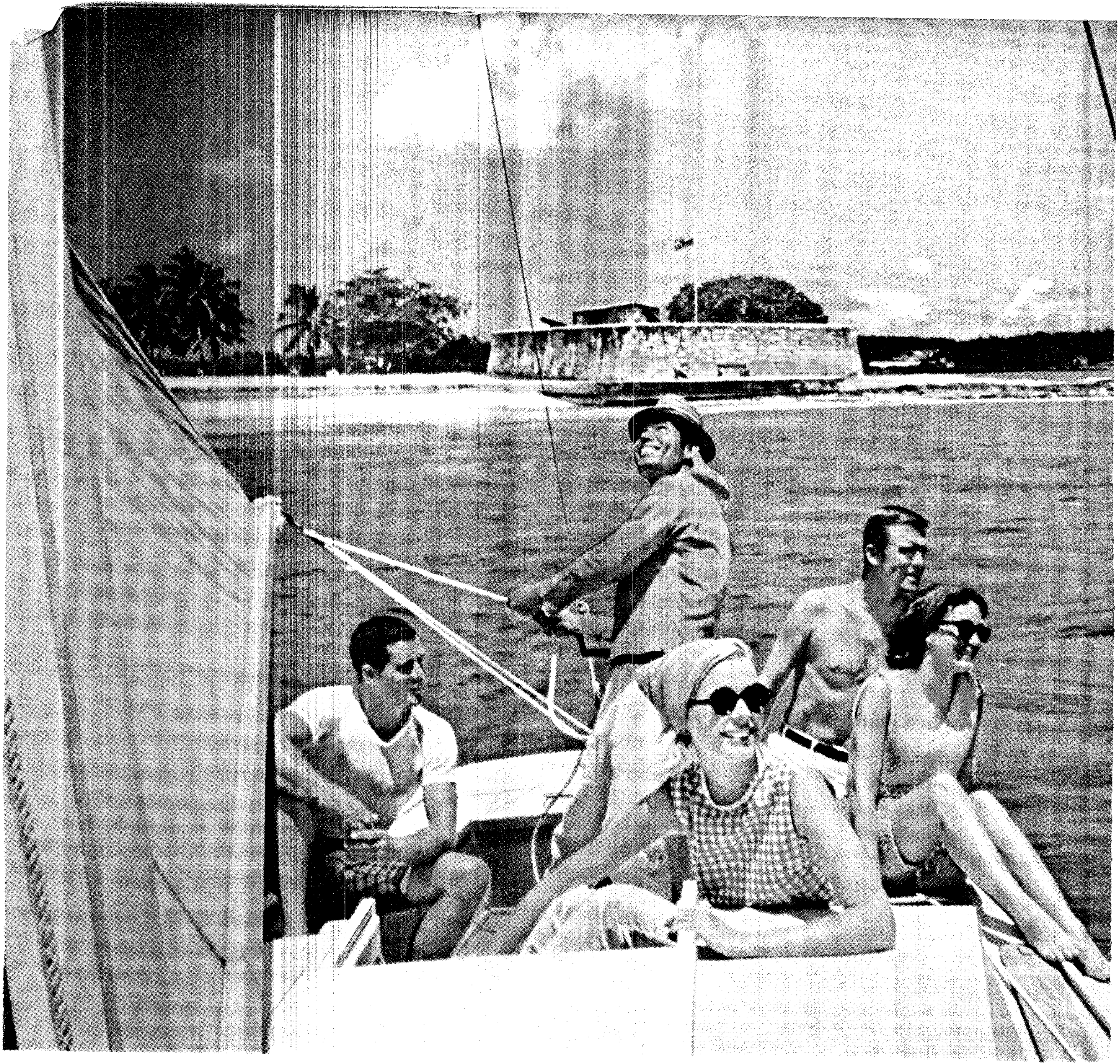
July 16, 1966

THE NEW YORKER

Price 35 cents





Running the seas under the spiked guns of Fort Montagu, Nassau.

If you skip one of the beautiful Bahama Islands, don't fret. There'll be another along in a minute.

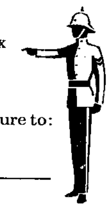
As gentle breezes glide you through the waters of the Bahamas, you'll be struck by the vivid personality of each island. Hope Town in the Abacos will bring to mind Cape Cod. A visit to Spanish Wells is a return to the life of a century ago.

Grand Bahama sparkles with modern resorts. Eleuthera's architecture is wood and stone painted with gay primitive colours. Harbour Island's beaches are pink. Andros, spectacularly reefed, is presumed to shelter the mischievous Bahamian elves called chickcharnies. New Providence is where Nassau is. And where Nassau is, there's excitement.

These unusual Bahama Islands are easily reached by sea or air. Nassau is a mere 2½ air hours from New York, thirty minutes from Miami. Hotel rates will remain lowered, by as much as one third, until December 15. Please mail the coupon. And see your Travel Agent.

BY SEA: *From New York*—S.S. Oceanic sails Sats. at 4 P.M. 7-day cruises from $210. Home Lines, 42 Broadway, New York, N.Y. *From Miami*—S.S. Bahama Star sails each Mon. and Fri. at 4:45 P.M. 3-day weekend cruises from $59. 4-day cruises from $74. Eastern Steamship Lines, Miami, Fla. BY AIR: Direct service from New York, Miami and other principal Florida cities, Toronto and Montreal. No passport or visa needed by U.S. citizens; some proof of citizenship recommended.

Bahamas Ministry of Tourism
P.O. Box 598, Biscayne Annex
Miami, Florida 33152



Please send free vacation literature to:

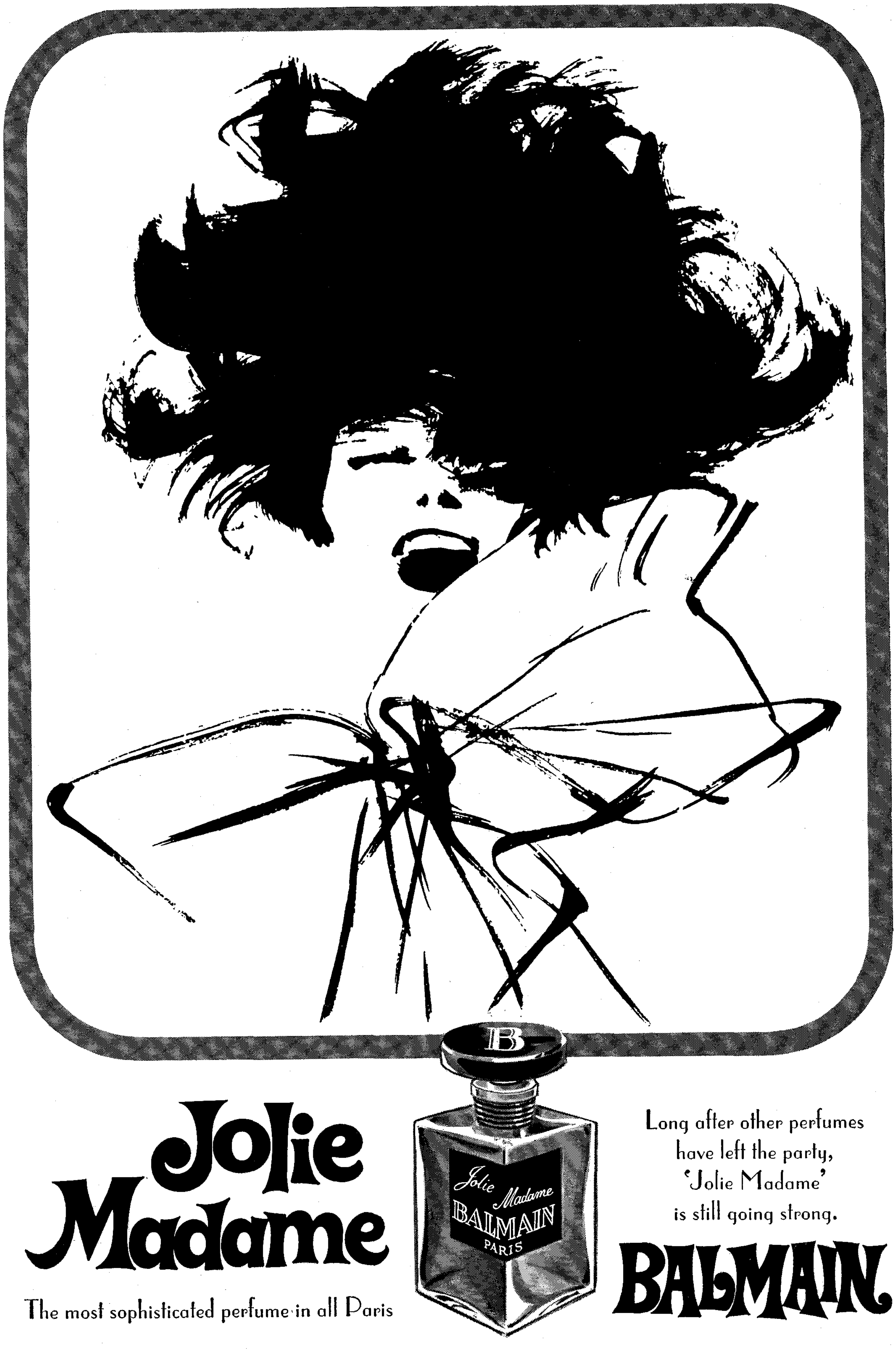
Name____________________

Street____________________

City____________________

State__________Zip Code_____ LA

Bahama Islands


B
Jolie Madame
BALMAIN
PARIS

Jolie
Madame

The most sophisticated perfume in all Paris

Long after other perfumes
have left the party,
'Jolie Madame'
is still going strong.

BALMAIN

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Cactus Flower—A lively divertissement by Abe Burrows, in which such admirable people as Lauren Bacall, Barry Nelson, Brenda Vaccaro, and Burt Brinckerhoff disport themselves to good advantage. The play was directed by the versatile author. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Philadelphia, Here I Come!—Brian Friel's sad and funny account of an Irish youth's last night on his home sod before emigrating to America. Under Hilton Edwards' perceptive direction, the cast, which includes Donal Donnelly, Patrick Bedford, Eamon Kelly, Mairin O'Sullivan, Lanna Saunders, and Mavis Villiers, is highly effective. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Wait Until Dark—Lee Remick as a blind girl trying to outwit a trio of scoundrels who want to lay hands on a doll that, as it happens, is stuffed with heroin. An implausible and wearing business. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**BAREFOOT IN THE PARK:** Neil Simon's comedy about a young couple's difficulties in a walkup apartment. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE IMPOSSIBLE YEARS:** Alan King in a comedy about a psychiatrist and some adolescents. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **LUV:** Barbara Bel Geddes, Robert Darnell, and Gene Wilder all mixed up in a soufflé by Murray Schisgal. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)... **THE ODD COUPLE:** Another Neil Simon comedy, concerning a couple of male marital misfits trying to survive without their spouses in the lonely expanses of a West Side apartment. Pat Hingle and Eddie Bracken lead the cast. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

It's a Bird . . . It's a Plane . . . It's Superman—An attractive cast and tolerable music and lyrics by Charles Strouse and Lee Adams help compensate for the inadequacies of this show's book, which is based on a comic strip that wasn't very amusing when it was running in the newspapers a couple of decades ago. Jack Cassidy, Michael O'Sullivan, Bob Holiday, Patricia Marand, Linda Lavin, and Don Chastain are among the meritorious mummers. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 7:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2, Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

Mame—Angela Lansbury and a fine cast make this musical (book by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee, and music and lyrics by Jerry Herman) an amiable affair. It is an adaptation of the Patrick Dennis novel, and if it isn't long on originality, it does have a professional gloss and some highly comical moments. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sweet Charity—This musical about a wistful dance-hall hostess who wants to be honestly loved hasn't much to offer in the way of comedy, but it does have a lot of sprightly dances and an acceptable score. It also has an enthusiastic cast, in which Helen Gallagher is substituting for Gwen Verdon through Saturday, July 23. The choreography is the work of Bob Fosse, the over-all director of the enterprise, and the music and lyrics are the work of Cy Coleman and Dorothy Fields. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. PL 7-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

SIGHTSEEING
YACHTS
AROUND MANHATTAN ISLAND
PARK HER

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

Wait a Minim!—A musical entertainment from South Africa in which an octet of fine young performers disport themselves most pleasantly. The music and the dances are mainly South African, and the instruments employed to keep things lively are for the most part modelled on homeland originals. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Herschel Bernardi in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **FUNNY GIRL:** Fanny Brice as portrayed by Mimi Hines. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 581-4792. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HALF A SIXPENCE:** Dick Kallman larking away in an adaptation of H. G. Wells' "Kipps." (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, July 16.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Ginger Rogers now has the role of Texas Guinan. (St. James, 44th St., W. OX 5-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

	Page
BOOKS	104
THE CURRENT CINEMA	92
LETTER FROM PARIS	98
MUSICAL EVENTS	95

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, OXFORD 5-1515
EDITORIAL OFFICES, OXFORD 5-1414

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

It is essential that subscribers ordering a change of address give four weeks' notice and provide their old as well as their new address. Please give Zip Code numbers for both addresses.

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

Music Theatre of Lincoln Center—A revival of **SHOW BOAT**, with Barbara Cook, Constance Towers, Stephen Douglass, David Wayne, and William Warfield, will be the second of two musicals by the company. Previews through Monday, July 18. Opens officially on Tuesday, July 19, and will run through Saturday, Aug. 27. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

American Savoyards—A season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday and Friday, July 14-15, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 16, at 3 and 8:30: **THE MIKADO**. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 17, at 3 and 7:30: **THE PIRATES OF PENZANCE**. . . . ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, July 19-20, at 8:30: **PRINCESS IDA**. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday, July 21-22, at 8:30, and Saturday, July 23, at 3 and 8:30: **TRIAL BY JURY** and **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310.)

The Fantasticks—In this musical comedy by Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt, the whimsey is as thick as *that*. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Happy Ending and **Day of Absence**—A pair of very funny one-act plays by Douglas Turner Ward which take a wry view of the Negro's predicament and his ways of coping with it. An excellent company, headed by Mr. Ward himself, makes the most of both of them. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Hogan's Goat—A good play by William Alfred, both comic and tragic, about a saloonkeeper who runs for Mayor of Brooklyn and is tripped up by his own past. The time is 1890, and everyone in sight is Irish. The company does well. Barnard Hughes, as a parish priest, does especially well. (East 74th Street Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30, Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Kitchen—A crisis or two in the kitchen of a large restaurant, as set forth by the English dramatist Arnold Wesker. With a couple of somewhat stronger performances in the leading roles, it might have seemed a powerful play as well as the fascinating documentary it is. Jack Gelber is responsible for the skillful direction. (81st Street Theatre, Broadway at 81st St. 799-3010. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

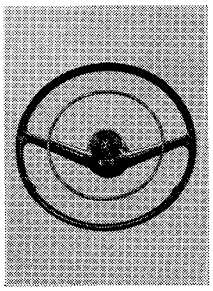
The Mad Show—The satire in this musical revue hasn't too sharp a cutting edge but the cast is young and bouncy. Mary Rodgers wrote the music. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 9, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Man of La Mancha—Dale Wasserman's interpretation of "Don Quixote" is only fitfully interesting, even though the music, by Mitch Leigh, that accompanies it is admirable. Richard Kiley is at the top of his game in the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator, and Robert Rounseville, Joan Diener, and Ray Middleton support him handsomely. The play has been cleverly staged by Albert Marre. (ANTA Washington Square Theatre,

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. 10036; R. H. Fleischmann, publisher; R. Hawley Truax, chairman of the board; A. J. Russell, Jr., president; P. F. Fleischmann, executive vice-president; Milton Greenstein, F. S. Norman, Robert S. Ogden, Marvin Rosenthal, and E. R. Spaulding, vice-presidents; J. Kennard Bosee 3rd, treasurer; Mrs. M. L. Fries, secretary and comptroller; David D. Michaels, advertising director; William P. Buxton, advertising manager. Branch advertising offices: 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60602; 155 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Calif. 94104; 2975 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 1365 Peachtree St., N. E., Atlanta, Ga., 30309; 21 Grosvenor St., London, W. 1. Vol. XLII, No. 21, July 16, 1966. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. © 1966 by The New Yorker Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U.S.A. Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, 1 year, $8.00; Canada, Latin America, and Spain, $9.00; other foreign, $11.00.

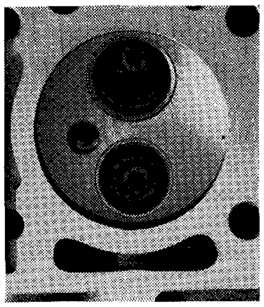
What are Peugeots made of?

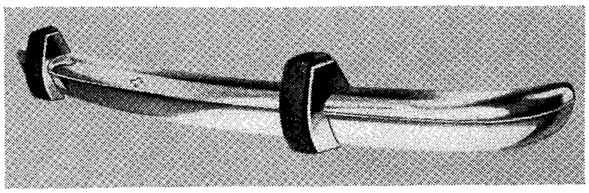
Sliding sunroof, made of solid steel, gives you all the benefits of a convertible without annoying wind.



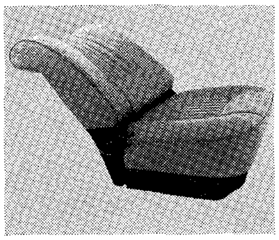
Rack-and-pinion steering, extra safe because it eliminates "play" and gives you a feel of the road.

Hemispherical combustion chambers, a Peugeot development that increases engine efficiency. Because the fuel-air mixture is burned more completely, you get greater power and greater gas economy.





Stainless steel bumpers and trim that never rust or corrode.



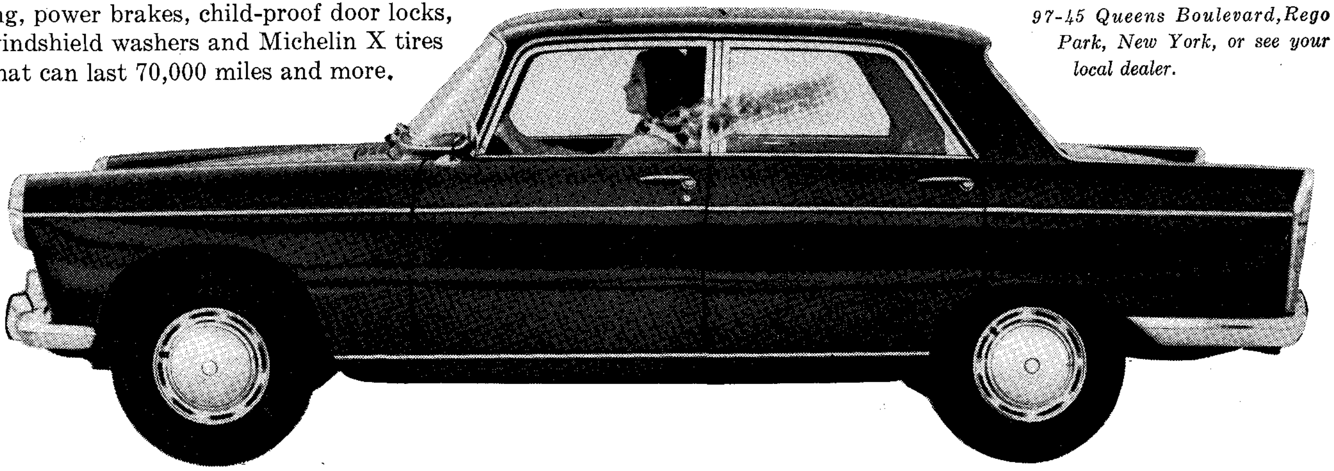
Reclining seats that adjust to more than 100 different positions for maximum driving comfort—convert to luxurious beds in seconds.

That's only the beginning. Peugeots are constructed of heavier steel than ordinary cars—.9 mm. thick. Every Peugeot is inspected to within an inch of its long life and each and every one is road-tested. Peugeot also gives you four-speed synchromesh transmission, door-to-door carpeting, power brakes, child-proof door locks, windshield washers and Michelin X tires that can last 70,000 miles and more.

In fact, you get twenty-two "extras" that add safety and enjoyment to your ride without adding to your cost.

Find out why Peugeot is considered one of the best made cars in the world by taking a test drive. How about today?

For brochure or overseas delivery, write Peugeot, Inc., Dept. NY-24, 97-45 Queens Boulevard, Rego Park, New York, or see your local dealer.



That's what Peugeots are made of!

PEUGEOT
Over 75 Years of Quality

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23

40 W. 4th St., between Washington Square and Broadway. 674-5600. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

The Pocket Watch—A play by Alvin Aronson. (Mermaid Theatre, 422 W. 42nd St. 736-4073. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Until the Monkey Comes. . .—A play by Venable Herndon. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

A View from the Bridge—A revival of Arthur Miller's melodrama about the Brooklyn waterfront. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

José Greco—With his company of Spanish dancers, singers, and musicians, in a new program. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, July 17, at 2:30 and 8:30, and Monday, July 18, at 8:30.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of **MEASURE FOR MEASURE,** with Shepperd Strudwick, Barbara Baxley, and Tom Aldredge. The second in a series of three plays by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Saturday, July 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A musical, **MARDI GRAS!,** based on the legends of New Orleans, with a book by Sig Herzig and music and lyrics by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. The cast of two hundred includes David Atkinson, Karen Shepard, Ralph Purdum, Fran Stevens, Joel Grey, Louis Armstrong and his band, and Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call 516 CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—There are songs of sixpence and songs of dime-a-dozen in the Royal Box at dinner and supper, but Buddy Greco gives them all the benefit of a truly professional hey and nonny; Charlie Manna's jokes, sometimes as broad as they are etc., nevertheless offer evidence that an imagination is briskly at play. The orchestra of Lee Evans, which does the dance music, is more or less a work of art. Closed Sundays.

Barberry, 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800)—The newest midtown merger, combining the corporate structure of the Barberry (Moorish) and the Little Club (candy-striped all the way, up to but not including Billy Reed, the *padrone* of the joint enterprise). In the Little end of the merger, Horace Diaz's band plays for dancing Mondays through Fridays from nine to two, and Saturdays from nine to three. No music Sundays.

Delmonico's, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500)—The age of chivalry prevails on the parquet floor of the restaurant between eight and one or two. Cliff Hall's band provides the athletes' instrumentation. No players on Sundays or Mondays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Ben Cutler's brisk little band gets a great deal of bounce to the ounce in the Café Pierre—enough for every night of the week. Franco Pagani, an equally brisk tenor, sounds off in between sets every night but Sunday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Handsome is as handsome does is the rule that applies to Jean Pierre Aumont and Marisa Pavan, who garnish the Persian Room, and they do quite well by the rule. They show up at ten during the week, at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Milt Shaw, that good penny, is in circulation again with a dance band, and Mark Monte's revellers are on hand, too. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Fiddle and piano whisper away from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, the nicest era of the whole nineteenth century, and again from seven to nine in the Edwardian Room. The Edwardian Room is closed Fridays and Saturdays. . . . ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes a villa in Arcady, with nymphs bearing the triumphs of pastry chef, coffee brewer, and vintner, the whole overspread by the pastoral airs of Gunnar Hansen's violin. The artful illusion is visible until one every night but Sunday.

Promenade Cafés, in the lower plaza of Rockefeller Center. (246-5800)—Within this walled city, a small assemblage of musicians competes with the fountain from nine to one, except on Sundays, and the English Grill keeps a small assemblage of chefs on an equally nocturnal schedule.

The Riverboat, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. (PL 9-2444)—A glowing tribute to the days when our floating population considered the steamboat the only way to go. Les and Larry Elgart's orchestra, chortling and contrapuntal, ends up on Saturday, July 16. On Monday, July 18, the Jimmy Dorsey orchestra, under the thumb of Lee Castle, starts reminiscing, with the aid of such I-remember-when characters as Helen Forrest and Bob Eberly. The action goes on from eight to two. No music Sundays.

St. Regis-Sheraton Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—The Highland Fling would be the appropriate exercise for this lofty point of view, but the customers for George Cort's orchestra and Quintero's band, which run on from eight to two, are much more conservative. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Tavern-on-the-Green, Central Park W. at 67th St. (TR 3-3200)—Under the spreading chestnut trees, there is music by Phil Wayne's band, once of the Pierre's lamented Cotillion Room, and a quota of Latins. They work out from eight until one. In case of snow, sleet, or other summer specialties, everybody indoors at once.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Penetrating into the second layer of Peacock Alley, one finds Ray Hartley's baroque piano ornamenting the recess from cocktail time until eleven every evening but Friday and Saturday. On those nights, in the third layer of the Alley, there is dancing to a trio from eight to one.

Note—ROSELAND DANCE CITY, 239 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-0200)—The largest single portion of Inner Space in the whole city, and occupied by dancers who lead straightforward, unTwisted lives. They are fringed by two ceaseless bands, one Norte and one Sud, which tee off at about seven-thirty during the week and stay put until around one; Sundays they start off at three-thirty. For insatiables, there are Thursday and Saturday matinées from one-thirty to six, and a floor show at eleven every Tuesday. Closed Mondays.

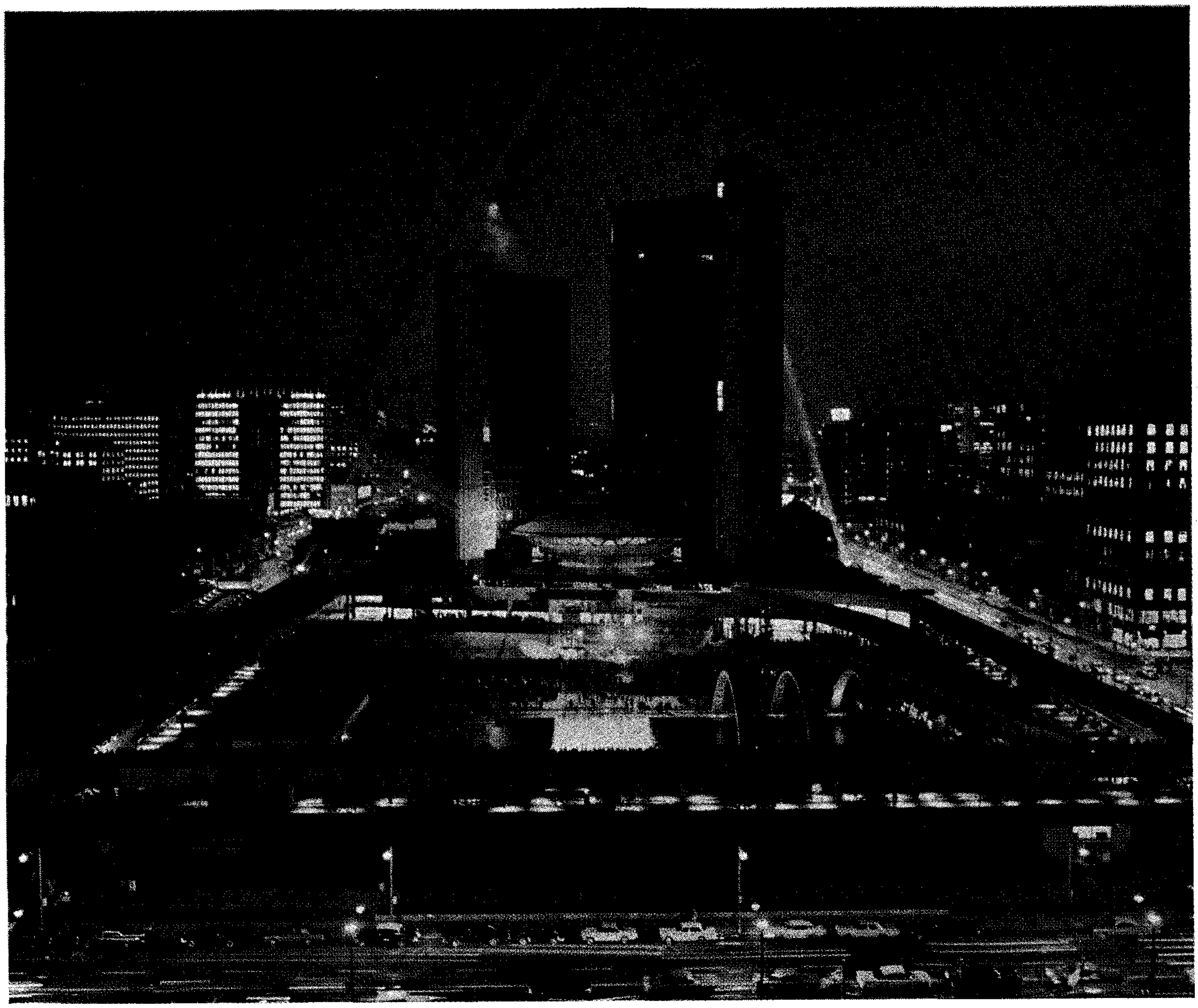
SMALL AND BOUNCY

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Eternal springs are the underpinning of the pianos of Sam Hamilton (who does the cocktail hour) and of Wayne Sanders and Goldie Hawkins himself, who do solo flights during the evening, then up-and-coming tandem music after the theatre—all this for fanciers of eat-drink-and-be-merry. Closed Fridays through Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Easy lessons, presented as one dines, in what Italian opera is all about. Thursday through Saturday each week, there is languorous dance music, too. Closed Mondays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The right little, tight little island at its evening's ease, through which a wandering island minstrel parades from eight until two Thursdays through Saturdays and from nine to one Mondays through Wednesdays. Closed Sundays. . . . **BELL'S,** 314 E. 70th St. (UN 1-1419): A neighborhood gathering place. What the boys and girls in the back room will have is the trio of George Taylor—none of it insistent, all of it cheerful, every night but Sunday. . . . **CHARLIE BATES,** 1487 First Ave., at 78th St. (734-9777): A neighborhood pub, aimed at looking and sounding 1900. The honky-tonk piano is supplemented by the Menfolk, who sing in a mood that comes much closer to our current one. Sundays, on the other hand, there are four-to-one sessions by the Smith Street Jazz Society Band. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): The junior grades of show business and the kindred arts have their after-hours here. Sort of cookout are the aura and the diet, and the spirit of the good life is enhanced every night but Sunday by Cecil Young's three-man exposition of new-school glee in music. On Sundays, sitting-in jazz groups work out from five-thirty to eleven-thirty. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, who has manned one piano for the past eleven years, is the definitely permanent party in the busy-bee corner-saloon lounge of the Hotel Earle, where he devotes his time—after nine-thirty every evening but Monday—to a retrospective show of the music we grew up with. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One of the few coigns in the Second Avenue Casbah that will bear inspection. From ten until three every night but Sunday, Charles De Forest plays piano and sings songs that possess the life and literacy all late-at-night big-city music should have.

Note—The discothèque, a form of undulant fever for which time is the only cure, reaches its frenetic heights in these establishments: **SHEPHEARD'S,** in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0181): Lap of luxury, plus music (seven-thirty until three or four) from both ticker tape and an urgent band, plus (at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty) a pagan rout of singers and swingers whose bodies are all loose joints. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . **ARTHUR,** 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420): To all intents and purposes, the antics here are practically subscription dances, so enter your son and daughter at birth if you wish them to grow up wise in the ways of the night world. The music of distant and unearthly spheres is interspersed with music by mere earthmen. Nine-thirty or ten until four is the running time; a fair number of dinner dishes are in evidence. Closed Mondays. . . . **IL MIO,** in Delmonico's Hotel, 65 E. 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The moving—well, practically flying—spirit is Tanya Everett (earlier on of "Fiddler on the Roof"), and the amusement

Friendly, Familiar, Foreign & Near

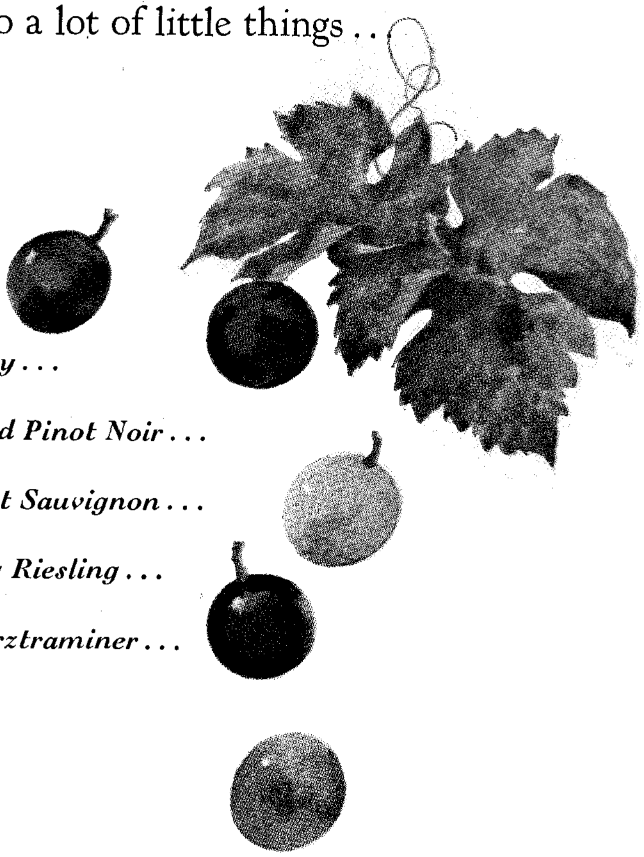


Warmly welcoming, easy to know, Ontario is memorable for its colourful contrasts. From cities as modern as tomorrow, to the lonesome cry of a loon across one of a quarter-million lakes. From traditional British pageantry and the Sport of Kings, to the pure exhilaration of the unspoiled wilderness. Great things to do, and great things to see. Zestful or restful, as you choose, in neighbouring Ontario . . . land of truly great Adventure Vacations.

Write for our free 52-page colour booklet: Department of Tourism & Information, Room 35, Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

ONTARIO Canada

When you create America's most superb table wines, you have to pay attention to a lot of little things . .



like Pinot Chardonnay . . .

and Pinot Noir . . .

and Cabernet Sauvignon . . .

and Johannisberg Riesling . . .

and Gewürztraminer . . .

ALMADEN
PINOT CHARDONNAY

These are just a few of the famous European wine grapes. Some American vintners grow some. Some grow others. But we grow them all . . . and to a special degree of perfection that is imparted to *every* Almadén wine.

Why can we grow all of these grapes? Because of Almadén's Paicines Mountain Vineyards—the largest vineyards of fine wine grapes in the world. Here, along the cool, green slopes of California's Gavilan Range, is situated the wine grower's fondest wish: Ideal soil, climate and elevation for the finest wine grape varieties.

So next time you have dinner guests, be sure they're all introduced . . . to the superb difference in Almadén. It's a little thing they'll appreciate.

ALMADÉN

For our free News from the Vineyards, write Almadén Vineyards, P.O. Box 997-E, Los Gatos, California

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is the effort of others to follow in her flight steps. The music comes partly from a tapped wire and partly (Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday) from the Brotherly Loves; the hours are nine to last gasp; the menu is minute. Dead silence Mondays. The costumes run from theatre working clothes to underground movies. . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 1 Sheridan Sq. (AL 5-1950): You can gambol on this Village green in whatever you happen to be wearing, but all the same it is an establishment that is distinctly not of the Village Villagey. Some of the music comes out of a wall socket, the rest comes out of people just—or almost—like us. And when you're as young as the prepossessing house dancers, you can dance seven days a week, too, on the beer and hamburgers. Nine-thirty to three or four is the rule of this road.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining but no dancing, except as noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, *71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900)*: Cy Walter, monarch of all the pleasing prospect he surveys, takes his daily constitutional (that's the kind of monarch he is) on the finely tuned piano on the dais during cocktails, dinner, and supper—a constitutional jaunty and buoyant. Forrest Perrin, his second in command, does the honors every Sunday. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): This castle (it serves as a sounding board for the violin of Norbert Faconi, the president emeritus of all perambulating musicians) is part of an elaborated ornamented chess set in which all knights are bold and all kings, including Henri IV, are merry. No music Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): Another kingly retreat, likewise a spoof of medieval objective art. George Cardini circumnavigates it with his viva-voce fiddle. No music Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Romulus and Remus slept here, and gave the chef their favorite recipes. The musicians, whose curriculum runs from seven-thirty until two, are old Romans, too. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE 49**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The dining room, one of our most glorious antique shops, is the setting for Rogelio Reguera, an Iberian guitarist of the purest ray serene. He holds forth from eight to one. No sound effects Sundays. . . . **REGENCY**, Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): In the Regency Room, where everything is *supra dig.*, the hours between five-thirty and twelve-thirty every evening but Sunday are assigned to Kurt Maier, whose piano offers conducted tours of the Vienna Woods. Supper but no dinner. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): After the antiquarian's eye has dwelled upon the sturdy delights of this nineteenth-century town house, the owner of the eye may lend an ear to the piano—from six to one—in the bar. No music Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A most urban landscape is the bar-restaurant. Enzio Lembo chortles to his own guitar and Tony Gorody does thoughtful piano from nine-thirty to one. Mr. G. stays home Sundays; Mr. L. stays home Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): George Feyer's piano and songs (moonlight and roses) and conversation (court jester) occupy this opulent counting-house parlor from eight-thirty until about two. Saturday, July 16, is the last night until autumn. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): There's life in the old Via Veneto yet, and this vignette shows it at its busiest prandial hour. The most active promenaders are the musicians. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

(Dining, unless otherwise indicated.)

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): Johnny Tillotson, who sings a highly carbonated child's garden of verse, is stroke oar; Dick Lord, a wit who has his moments, is the crew. And there are always the Copa ballerinas, kicking (not necessarily in unison) up their heels and their long, lovely legs. Dancing for the patrons as well. On Thursday, July 21, a change of pace and face; i.e., caroller Paula Wayne and jokester Mal Lawrence. . . . ¶ In the lounge, from ten on and on, there is rumpus-room music nearly every minute. . . . **LATIN QUARTER**, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The big specialty on the menu might as well be called *vol-au-ventre*, for it is done by Nai Bonet, a belly dancer of a certain renown. There are many others from way out East, among them the Keigo Imperial Japanese Dancers. "Oriental Phantasy" is the extremely reasonable caption for this charivari. . . . **CHEETAH**, *1686 Broadway*, at 53rd St. (582-2970): Etaoinshrdlu, to the tune of three hyperthyroid bands and the patter of a thousand tiny feet and the dazzle of a thousand light cues. Nine-thirty until four every night is the curriculum of this eighth wonder of the new world. Hot dogs and such keep the little bodies and souls together.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): Julius Monk, in a spirit of midsummer-night's madness, is doing a throwback to his earliest hall of fame, Le Ruban Bleu, with himself as *conférencier* and such aides as Charlotte Rae, a sly puss, and the team of Tony Hendra and Nick Ullett, a pretty sly set of British customers themselves. Robert Colston, Otis Clements, and their pianos are the pit band. This sporting proposition begins at nine-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID**, 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España is a Spanish army that lives off the countries it has been to, acquiring and proclaiming the jollier songs of each one. The amiable, deliberately artless cavalcade happens at dinner and supper during the week. The orchestra (Emilio Reyes's) offers the willing and able customers a chance at rebuttal. A dinnertime song-and-dance interlude is all that happens on Sunday evenings. . . . ¶ After ten, in the happy alcove just off the bar, there is the guitar of Emilio Prados, which will have you marching through Andalusia before you know it, as well as the eloquent voice of Domingo Alvarado, who decries the violent vagaries of Spanish love life. The alcove is closed Sundays. . . . **LIBORIO**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): Exterritorial Cuba, with menu and conversation to match. The Ballet Español of Roberto Iglesias, a fine figure of a dancer, presents a fiesta a couple of times an evening. Dancing for everyone else is likewise provided. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS**, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): "Below the Belt," a revue that reprises a number of the skits that have gone on here in the past few years, is on tap at nine-thirty and midnight every night but Sunday. Richard Blair is the best-known member of a cast of five. . . . **THE IMPROVISATION**, 358 W. 44th St. (CI 5-9978): A busman's holiday after the theatre for this or that Broadway player who feels he hasn't yet done a full night's work. Earlier, there is potluck entertainment by the staff of this extremely casual bar.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The threesome of Mose Allison, whose piano has the power of persuasion, holds forth, and so does the quartet of Thelonious Monk, one of pianism's great explorers. Mondays are devoted to the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Jazz Band. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): A two-ply enterprise—street-level restaurant and be-

BONWIT TELLER

CREPE ON THE SQUARE FOR MISS BONWIT

The contemporary crepe is a fluid straight shape intriguingly banded and appliquéd. Quite simple really, yet quite a party stopper. By Victor Costa for Suzy Perette of rayon-and-acetate crepe in brown with black and taupe or grape with blue and grape. For 6 to 16 sizes, 40.00

Mail and phone orders filled.

MISS BONWIT DRESSES

Fifth Avenue at 56th Street, New York

Also in Manhasset White Plains Short Hills

Philadelphia Chicago Oakbrook Cleveland Boston

Boutique Cartier

JEWELED ENAMELS
Exquisite flower pins in blue, pink or mauve enameled 14kt gold. Tulip, daisy or crocus with diamond and rubies or sapphires.
Each $220.

FIFTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SECOND
NEW YORK • PLAZA 3-0111
CARTIER, INC., PALM BEACH
CARTIER, S.A., PARIS
CARTIER, LTD., LONDON

low-decks grotto. In the grotto, Herbie Mann is again displaying his flute (not altogether magic) and his indefatigable music makers; something called Muddy Waters and the Blues Band is there, too. Mondays, the fare is a Latin band and Symphony Sid, a commentator who is sure he invented jazz. . . . ¶ In the restaurant, which is open every day but Monday, Bobby Timmons' piano and Dave Pike's trio provide the brisk, metallic sound of the future. Sundays, from five to nine, the place is a Strivers' Row, where what is called the Jazz Interactions has its day. . . . **BITTER END,** 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The most important coffee plantation in the Village. With the Mocha goes mostly folk music on a bearable level, such as, right now, the activities of Jake Holmes, who is a spoofer at heart. His sidekicks are the Uncalled-For 3, budding humorists, and Jessica James, a rhythm-and-blues singer. Tuesdays are assigned to visiting scholars. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S,** 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Jazz as it used to be, but mellowed a bit, and still as good as ever to dance to, which can be done here. Among Mr. Condon's accomplices are Peanuts Hucko, Cutty Cutshall, Ray Bryant, Cliff Leeman, Tommy Bryant, and Ruby Braff, and who can complain about that? Closed Sundays. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Small world, large sound. The sound comes from Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, those able counterpointers, and their quintet. Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Jimmy Rushing's armor-piercing voice will also be heard. Closed Mondays. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): Heads-together work by Walter Bishop's trio; arias by Irene Reid. Mondays, their day of rest, other cats are at play. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Billy Taylor, whose piano divides itself between frolic and slow-tempo fantasy, is at work with his trio behind the oval bar. Eddie Thompson is the intermission keyboard man. Mondays, everybody stays home. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): The Grand Army of the Original 52nd Street convenes here for vespers with the likes of Zutty Singleton, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Cliff Jackson, and Marshall Brown, who dwell fondly on the subject of good old days that are certainly not gone beyond *their* recall. Closed Sundays. . . . **RED ONION,** 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682): Straw hats, blazers, and banjos on the rostrum; beer and peanuts on the table—a current youth-will-be-served formula. From nine to three or four every night, the musicians give the classics of two generations ago a good, sound, nasal twang. . . . **YOUR FATHER'S MUSTACHE,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630): Here, as well, the banjo fills the air, aided in this instance by washboard, tuba, and trombone. Likewise, the population is ardent youth reliving a past it is too young to know. Light-brown sawdust, dark-brown peanuts, and nut-brown ale are the concomitants. . . . **SLUGS',** 242 E. 3rd St. (477-9737): In the center of one of the new youth-for-joy-and-health cantons. Chinos pant and pedals push as the band plays on, night after night. The Blue Mitchell quintet winds up on Sunday, July 17. On Tuesday, July 19, Yusef Lateef's quintet, which dreams strange dreams, will take the floor, and all the sawdust on it. Mondays are allotted to one-night-standers.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

EMILE BERNARD AND EMILE SCHUFFENECKER—Watercolors, drawings, and graphics by both artists, plus three tapestries by Bernard; through July 29. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACA,** 63 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by the gallery artists, including Moses Soyer, William Gropper, and John Kearney; through Sept. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5:30.) . . . **MILCH,** 21 E. 67th St.: Ernest Lawson, Aaron Bohrod, and Luigi Lucioni are three of the artists represented in a show of nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings; through July 29.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **MARLBOROUGH-GERSON,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Robert Motherwell, David Smith, Francis Bacon, and others; through July 29. . . . **SCHWEITZER,** 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Landscapes, portraits, and marines by, among others, Frank Boggs, William Merritt Chase, and Renoir; through Aug. 31.

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **IBM GALLERY,** 16 E. 57th St.: An exhibition of French posters, ranging from a religious one done in 1749 to Toulouse-Lautrec and Villon; through Saturday, July 16. . . . **LEFEBRE,** 47 E. 77th St.: Pierre Alechinsky, Pol Bury, and Etienne Martin are among the contributors to an exhibit of paintings and sculptures; through July 29. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **WILDENSTEIN,** 19 E. 64th St.: Paintings and drawings on the theme "Of River and Sea" by (for instance) Bonnard, Monet, and Boudin; through July 29.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Americans on the Go," an exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs dealing with the westward expansion in America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of abstract sculptures and drawings by Reuben Nakian; through Sept. 5. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Gauguin and the Decorative Style," a fine exhibit in which Gauguin's works are pointedly interspersed with works by such outstanding artists as Kandinsky, Matisse, and Munch; through Oct. 23. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The Museum is scheduled to open at this new address in late September.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A hundred and forty-two examples of ancient Near Eastern, Egyptian, Greek, and Etruscan art, dating from the third millennium B.C. to the Roman era, from the collection of Leon and Harriet Pomerance; through Oct. 2. (Mondays through Fridays, an admission charge of fifty cents is being made to support the Museum's special-exhibitions fund.) . . . ¶ A showing of satirical prints and drawings, from 1735 to the present, by Goya, Rouault, George Grosz, William Gropper and others; through Oct. 9. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Garden, some two hundred decorative details salvaged from buildings now demolished in the New York City area. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER UNION MUSEUM, Cooper Sq. at 7th St.—A display of miniature clay figures, animals, and temples illustrating the daily life of the people in pre-Columbian Mexico; through Aug. 19. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5.)

GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—"Six Centuries of Coptic Art–The Nadler Collection," an exhibition of sculptures (carved from marble, wood, ivory, bone, and limestone), textiles, ceramics, and bronze works, plus a small loan exhibit of objects typical of the reign of Ramses II, who built the Abu Simbel Temples; through Sept. 11. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, prints, collages, and sculptures by Salvador Dali; through Sept. 11. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 7; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Current happenings in Op and Pop Art, as represented by Lichtenstein, Warhol, Rivers, and others, along with a less startling showing of such artists as Matisse, Modigliani, and Chagall, from the Harry N. Abrams Family Collection; through Sept. 5. . . . ¶ In the Sculpture Court, six examples of the work of Alexander Liberman—large intertwining shavings of welded steel; through Sept. 5. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Recent acquisitions: Illuminated manuscripts, early printed books, bookbindings, autograph manuscripts and letters, and master drawings; through July 29. . . . ¶ Drawings of chil-

WAKE UP YOUR COMPLEXION WITH NEW ACTIVE SKIN LOTION—

because beauty basically begins with a bright clean skin, Estée Lauder gives you this quick new way to get to the bottom of deep-down complexion care. Revitalizing as a plunge into the ocean, her brisk blue Active Skin Lotion performs three phases of beauty care in one swift application. As a cleanser, it lifts off all dirt and make-up. As a toner, it effects a fresh glowiness. And as a conditioner, it helps normalize both dry and oily skin.

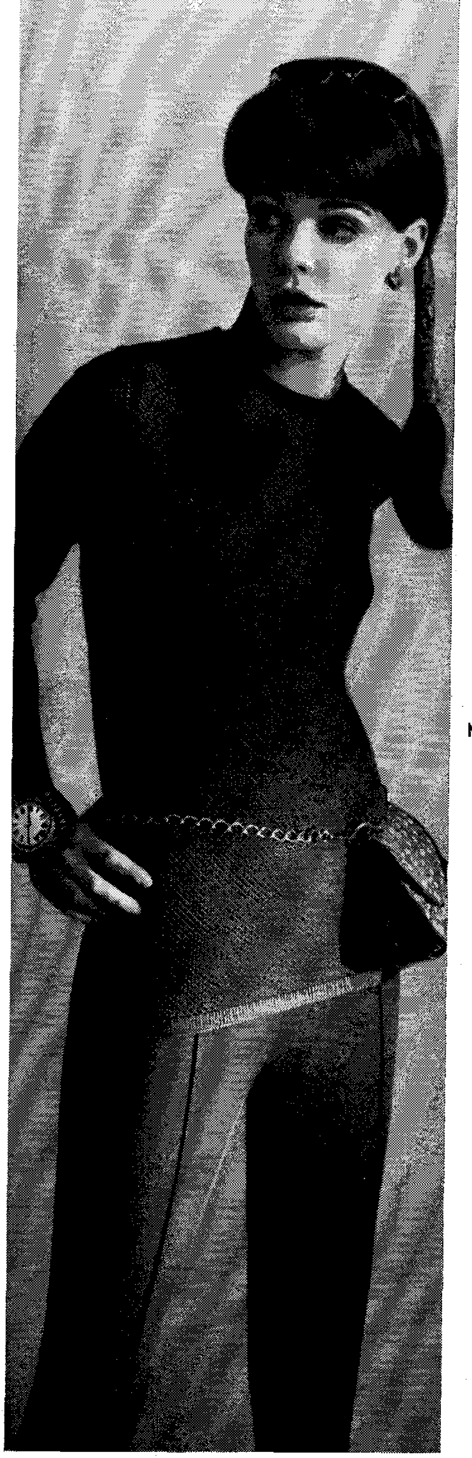
Estée Lauder

©1966 ESTEE LAUDER, INC.

Saks Fifth Avenue

OUR SIEVE-SWEATER
AND STRETCH PANTS

Our back-zippered nylon mesh pullover and dyed-to-match tapered pull-on pants of Ban-Lon® nylon double-knit come in taupe, olive, navy, or cerise; 8 to 16 sizes, at $15 each. Young Elite® Sportswear. Mail and phone orders filled.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dren—Parmigianino to Kate Greenaway; through July 29.... ¶ A selection of children's books and manuscripts; through July 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Craftsmen USA '66," comprising works in a variety of mediums by outstanding American craftsmen; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 and 22 W. 54th St.—"The World of Primitive Art," an exhibition of sculptures, paintings, jewelry, textiles, and ceramics from Africa, the Pacific islands, the Americas, and prehistoric Asia and Europe; through Sept. 11. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—A delightful little showing of sketches, studies, preliminary drawings, and letters of Beatrix Potter. Peter Rabbit, Mrs. Tiggy-Winkle, and Mr. Jeremy Fisher—they're all there. Through Oct. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424.)

Stravinsky Festival at Philharmonic Hall—Final performances in a three-week season of orchestral and chamber-music concerts. Thursday, July 14, and Saturday, July 16: Kiril Kondrashin conducting the New York Philharmonic in "Stravinsky and Russian Music," with André Watts, piano.... ¶ Friday, July 15: "Stravinsky and the Dance," performed by Jaime Laredo, violin; Jesse Levine, viola; Ralph Votapek, piano; and a chamber ensemble conducted by Richard Dufallo and Lukas Foss. Also involved in the evening's potpourri will be Aaron Copland, narrating a dramatic passage performed by John Cage and Elliott Carter, and Suzanne Farrell and Arthur Mitchell, dancers.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, July 20-21: Lukas Foss directing the New York Philharmonic in "Stravinsky and Italian Music," with Jason Robards, narrator; Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano; Ernst Haefliger, tenor; Heinz Rehfuss, bass-baritone; Thomas Paul, bass; and the Camerata Singers.... ¶ Friday, July 22: "Stravinsky and Recent Years," performed by the Dorian Quintet, a chamber ensemble conducted by Richard Dufallo and Lukas Foss, and the Camerata Singers directed by Abraham Kaplan.... ¶ Saturday, July 23: Mr. Stravinsky and Robert Craft directing the New York Philharmonic in an all-Stravinsky program, with Marianne Moore, narrator, and the Camerata Singers. (Evenings at 8:30.)

Music Outdoors—(In the event of threatening weather, call 999-1234 for news)—**lewisohn stadium:** Friday, July 15: Duke Ellington's orchestra and the Miles Davis quintet.... ¶ Saturday, July 16: Lionel Hampton, Teddy Wilson, Gene Krupa, Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Clark Terry, Illinois Jacquet, Frank Foster, Wes Montgomery, and Milt Buckner.... ¶ Sunday, July 17: Dave Brubeck's quartet, Thelonious Monk's quartet, Jimmy Smith's trio, Bud Freeman, Ruby Braff, Bobby Hackett, George Wein, Pee Wee Russell, and Edmond Hall.... ¶ Tuesday, July 19: Kurt Adler directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Samson et Dalila" in concert form, with Sandra Warfield, soprano; James McCracken, tenor; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass.... ¶ Wednesday, July 20: Joseph Rosenstock conducting the orchestra, with Van Cliburn, piano.... ¶ Friday, July 22: Robert La Marchina directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Carmen" in concert form, with Mary Ellen Pracht, soprano; Regina Resnik, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken; and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Saturday, July 23: Joseph Rosenstock conducting the orchestra, with Jack Benny. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 13.) ... **central park mall:** Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Wednesdays, Fridays, and Sundays at 8:30; through Sunday, Aug. 14.)... ¶ Operas in English, presented by the Manhattan Opera Company. Thursday, July 14: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci."... Tuesday, July 19: "Otello."... Thursday, July 21: "Andrea Chénier." (Evenings at 8.)... ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra in the first in a series of four weekly concerts, this one with Raymond Gniewek, violin. (Saturday, July 16, at 8:30.)... **wollman rink:** A mixed bag of commotion, mainly musical, sponsored by the Rheingold people. Mondays at 8:30, jazz; Wednesdays at 8:30, rock 'n' roll; Fridays at 8:30, folk music; Saturdays at 8:30, pop music; and Sundays at 6:30, musical salutes to various nations. (For information about tickets, call 249-7750.)... **east river park amphitheatre** (near Grand St.): Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band. (Thursdays at 8:30; through Aug. 11.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, July 14, at 8:30: The Dollar Brand quintet.... ¶ Thursday, July 21, at 8:30: Jimmy Giuffre's quartet. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. In the event of rain, the concerts will be cancelled.)

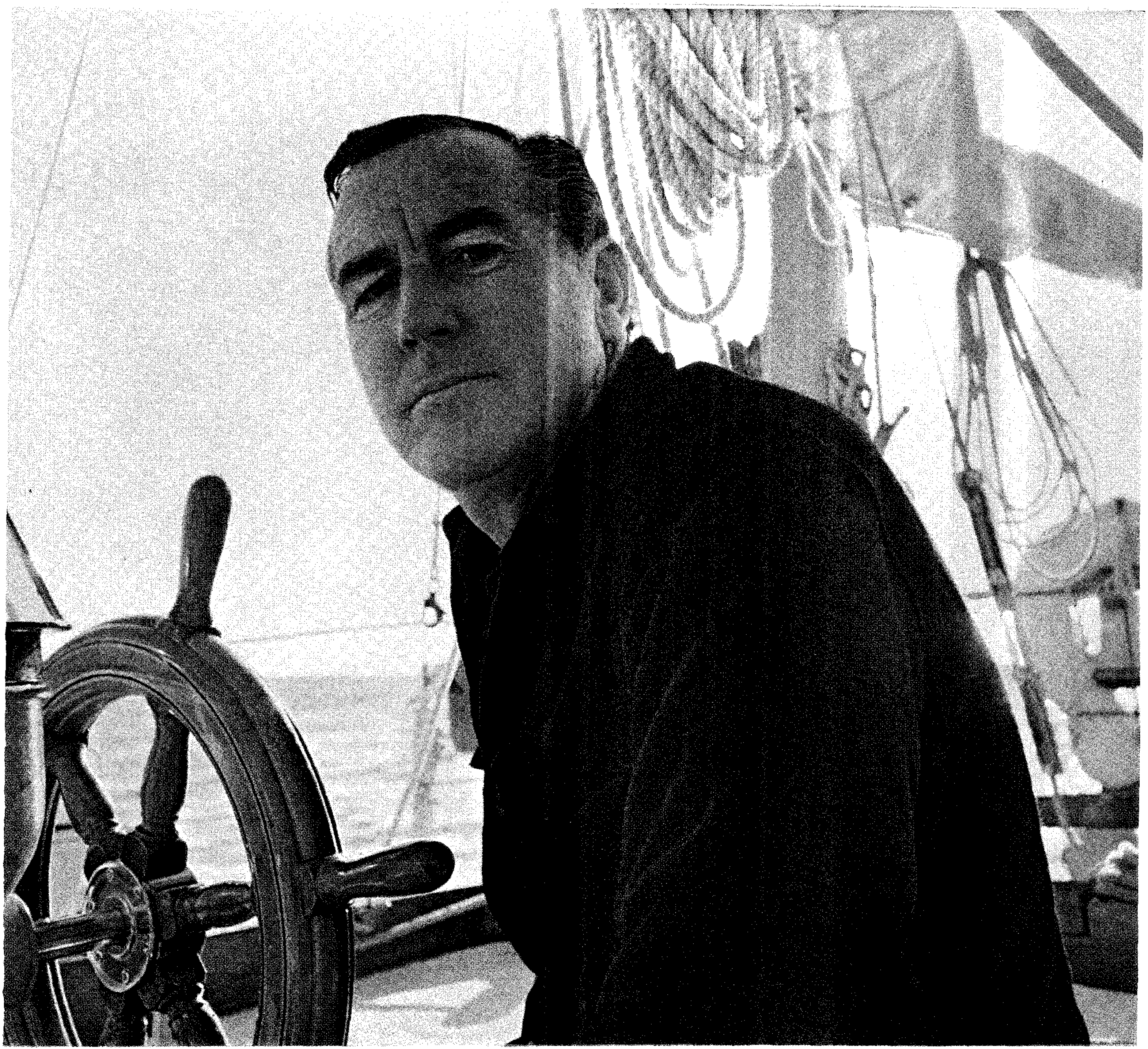
IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, July 15, at 7: Members of the Boston Symphony playing two Bach Brandenburg Concertos.... ¶ Three all-Bach programs performed by a chamber orchestra of Boston Symphony members. Friday, July 15, at 9: Szymon Goldberg conducting and acting as violin soloist.... Saturday, July 16, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf directing a performance of "The St. John Passion," with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Beverly Wolff, mezzo-soprano; Walter Carringer and Ernst Haefliger, tenors; Thomas Paul and Norman Treigle, bass-baritones; and the Tanglewood Choir.... Sunday, July 17, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf directing, with the Misses Curtin and Wolff, the Messrs. Haefliger and Treigle, and the Tanglewood Choir.... ¶ Friday, July 22, at 7: A program by the Tanglewood Choir.... ¶ Friday, July 22, at 9: Seiji Ozawa conducting the Boston Symphony, with Joseph Silverstein, violin.... ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Van Cliburn, piano.... ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 2:30: Erich Leinsdorf conducting the Boston Symphony, with Lilian Kallir, piano; Jane Marsh and Veronica Tyler, sopranos; and Simon Estes, bass. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 21.)

Newport Metropolitan Opera Festival—Final performances—Thursday, July 14, at 1:30: Workshops, concluding with a recital by Gail Robinson, soprano; Vicky Powers, mezzo-soprano; and Sean Barker, baritone.... ¶ Thursday, July 14, at 8:30: "Great Moments in Opera."... ¶ Friday, July 15, at 1:30: Workshops, concluding with a recital by Mary Ellen Pracht, soprano, and Gene Boucher, baritone.... ¶ Friday, July 15, at 8:30: Silvio Varviso directing the Metropolitan Opera orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Lucia di Lammermoor" in concert form, with Roberta Peters, soprano; Jan Peerce and Charles Anthony, tenors; Sherrill Milnes, baritone; and Raymond Michalski, bass.... ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 1:30: Workshops, concluding with a recital by Gail Robinson, Vicky Powers, and Sean Barker.... ¶ Saturday, July 16, at 8:30: Silvio Varviso directing the orchestra and chorus in a performance of "Aida" in concert form, with Lucine Amara, soprano; Rosalind Elias, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; Robert Merrill, baritone; and John Macurdy, bass.... ¶ Sunday, July 17: Rain date. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Newport Folk Festival—Thursday, July 21, at 8: Oscar Brand, Judy Collins, Bob Gibson, Bessie Jones, and others.... ¶ Friday, July 22, at 8: "The Battle of Music," with Liam Clancy, Mike Seeger, and others.... ¶ Saturday, July 23, at 8: "A Patchwork of American Music," with Chuck Berry, Judy Collins, Bessie Jones, the Pennywhistlers, Yomo Toro, and others.... ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 2: "New Directions."... ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 8: Pete Seeger, Tom and Liam Clancy, and others. (Festival Field. For tickets, call 586-1400, in New York.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Saturday, July 16, at 3: Pete Seeger with Len Chandler.... ¶ Saturday, July 23, at



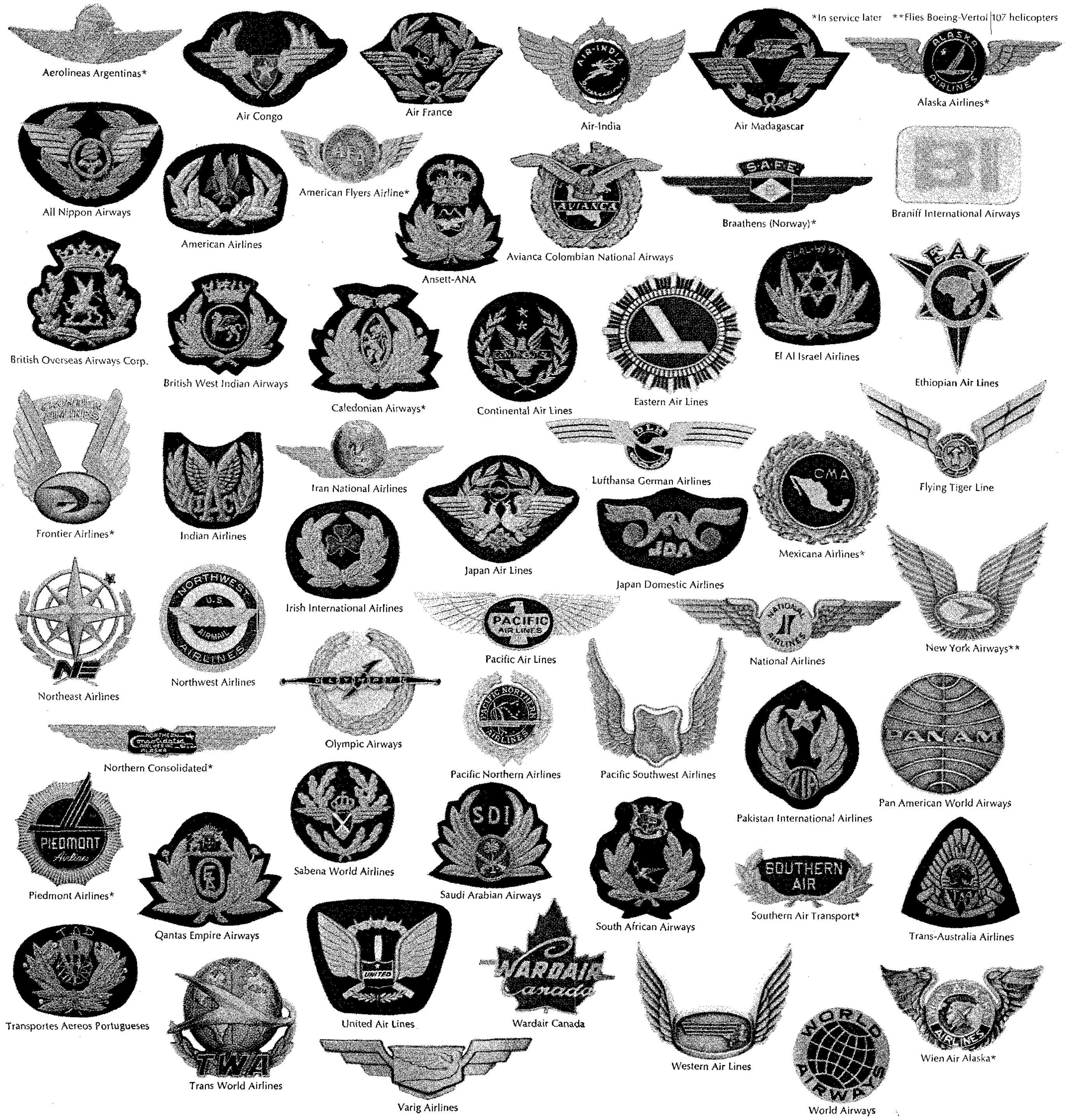
Richard Bertram, ocean racer, sail and power, aboard Finisterre.

"I'll have a Hennessy Very Superior Old Pale Reserve Cognac, thank you."

V.S.O.P. RESERVE
HENNESSY
V.S.O.P. RESERVE COGNAC
Grande fine Champagne

Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve— Grande Fine Champagne Cognac . . . selected from the largest stocks of aged cognac brandies in the world. Compelling reasons why true cognac connoisseurs look down their noses at anything but Hennessy.

Hennessy V. S.O.P. Grande Fine Champagne Cognac • 80 Proof • Schieffelin&Co.,N.Y.


Aerolineas Argentinas*
Air Congo
Air France
Air-India
Air Madagascar
Alaska Airlines*
All Nippon Airways
American Airlines
American Flyers Airline*
Ansett-ANA
Avianca Colombian National Airways
Braathens (Norway)*
Braniff International Airways
British Overseas Airways Corp.
British West Indian Airways
Caledonian Airways*
Continental Air Lines
Eastern Air Lines
El Al Israel Airlines
Ethiopian Air Lines
Frontier Airlines*
Indian Airlines
Iran National Airlines
Lufthansa German Airlines
Flying Tiger Line
Japan Air Lines
Japan Domestic Airlines
Mexicana Airlines*
Irish International Airlines
Northeast Airlines
Northwest Airlines
Pacific Air Lines
National Airlines
New York Airways**
Olympic Airways
Northern Consolidated*
Pacific Northern Airlines
Pacific Southwest Airlines
Pakistan International Airlines
Pan American World Airways
Piedmont Airlines*
Sabena World Airlines
Saudi Arabian Airways
South African Airways
Southern Air Transport*
Trans-Australia Airlines
Qantas Empire Airways
Transportes Aereos Portugueses
United Air Lines
Wardair Canada
Western Air Lines
Wien Air Alaska*
Trans World Airlines
Varig Airlines
World Airways

*In service later **Flies Boeing-Vertol 107 helicopters

Look up to the airlines whose pilots wear these emblems.
They're the 55 airlines that fly Boeing jets.
They've already flown 132 million passengers
in wonderfully comfortable Boeing 707s, 720s and 727s.
And they've made the world smaller by bringing
Boeing jet travel to 301 cities in 121 countries.
Next time you travel, go right to the top.
Fly with one of these 55 leading airlines. **BOEING**

1916—50th Anniversary Year—1966

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

3:30: Oscar Brand. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 24, at 8:30: Thelonious Monk. (Lenox, Mass.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—The New York City Ballet in a three-week season that ends Sunday, July 31. Thursday, July 14: "Swan Lake," "Jeux," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Friday, July 15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Tarantella," "Agon," and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 16: "Scotch Symphony," "The Cage," "Variations," and "Ballet Imperial.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 17: "Swan Lake," "Jeux," and "Western Symphony.". . . ¶ Tuesday, July 19: "Apollo" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Wednesday, July 20: "Irish Fantasy," "Summerspace," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Thursday, July 21: "Serenade," "Narkissos" (première), and "Stars and Stripes.". . . ¶ Friday, July 22: "Apollo" and "Harlequinade.". . . ¶ Saturday, July 23: "Irish Fantasy," "Summerspace," "Pas de Deux," and "La Valse.". . . ¶ Sunday, July 24: "Serenade," "Narkissos," and "Stars and Stripes." (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:30.)

Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 16: The San Diego Ballet. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, July 19-23: The First Chamber Dance Quartet and Murray Louis and his company. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays through Saturdays at 3.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **shea stadium**: Mets vs. Los Angeles, Thursday and Friday, July 14-15, at 8, and Saturday, July 16, at 2:15. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Sunday, July 17, at 1:05 (doubleheader), and Monday, July 18, at 1 (doubleheader). . . . **yankee stadium**: Yankees vs. Kansas City, Tuesday, July 19, at 8; Wednesday, July 20, at 7; and Thursday, July 21, at 2. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. California, Friday, July 22, at 8, and Saturday, July 23, at about 2:45 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities, with a couple of innings or so involving Joe DiMaggio, Charlie Keller, Joe McCarthy, and other major-league players of past years, will start at 1:15).

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **blind brook polo club**, Purchase. . . . **bethpage polo field**, Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—At **aqueduct**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, July 30. The Dwyer Handicap, Saturday, July 16; the Great American, Wednesday, July 20; and the Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 23. . . . **monmouth park**, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 6. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, July 16; the New Jersey Futurity, Wednesday, July 20; and the Choice, Saturday, July 23. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track at 11:48.)

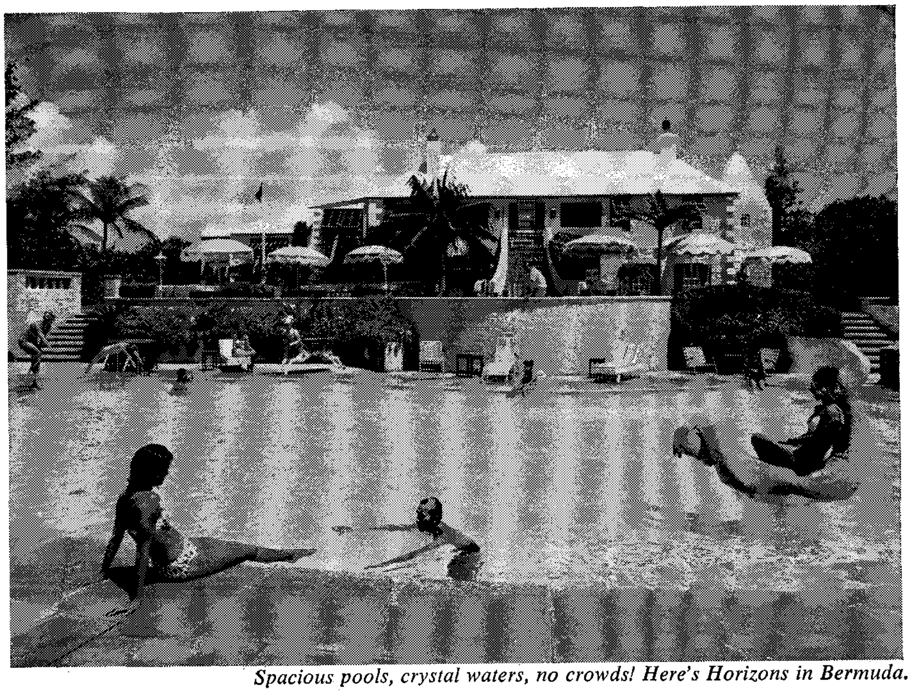
Tennis—Pennsylvania Lawn Tennis Championships. (Merion Cricket Club, Haverford, Pa. Monday through Sunday, July 18-24.)

Trotting—At **roosevelt raceway**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, July 23. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **saratoga raceway**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 26.

Yachting—Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. Saturday, July 16, through Saturday, July 23.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.). . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.



Spacious pools, crystal waters, no crowds! Here's Horizons in Bermuda.

Five special Bermuda resorts where the atmosphere is like a private club!

BERMUDA OFFERS VISITORS a wide selection of resort facilities, from large and lavish to small and secluded.

THE HAPPIEST MEDIUM. Somewhere in between are five of the most beloved and sought-after resorts on the island. We would call them cottage colonies but one is actually a small waterside hotel. All are privately owned and individually operated, and of a size that fosters a more personal welcome and a more relaxed atmosphere. So many guests tell us that they feel they have been taken into a friendly private club!

EACH IS DIFFERENT AND DISTINCT, but there are certain delights that all provide. Whether yours is a private cottage for two or for family, or a room at the inn, your vista will be of shining waters, and your terrace will be a bower of semi-tropical beauty.

You'll enjoy privacy and seclusion when you wish, but find congenial company at lunch, for cocktails, dinner, later evening entertainment. You'll probably find poolside buffets, beachside refreshment, dancing under the stars, and even picnic lunches for your sight-seeing jaunts by motorbike.

All five are your entrée into Bermuda's world of pleasures—golf, tennis, fishing, sailing, sight-seeing, shopping and water sports. Why not ask your travel agent today?

Glencoe

A charming and informal waterside inn ideally located in Salt Kettle, Paget. Beautifully appointed air-conditioned rooms, dining on the pool terrace, all water sports with a special flair for sailing. Reggie Cooper is the Owner-Manager. Hetland & Stevens Inc. Representative, 211 East 43 St., New York, N.Y. TN 7-1450.

Pink Beach Cottage Colony

On its own lovely south shore beach in Smith's Parish. De luxe pink cottages, all air-conditioned. Magnificent pool and tennis courts. Golf nearby. Famous for its superb cuisine and bar. Sig Wollmann is the Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Square, Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Lantana Colony Club

Beautiful coral cottages on Great Sound at lovely Somerset Bridge. Most attractive clubhouse, superb décor, choicest cuisine. Own private beach. Sunfish, O'Day Sailers, all water sports. Golf, tennis nearby. John H. Young, Owner-Manager. Leonard P. Brickett, Representative, 1 Palmer Sq., Princeton, N.J. (609) 924-5084.

Cambridge Beaches

In lovely Somerset. Charming cottages in a unique setting with sparkling waters on three sides. Enchanting beaches everywhere you look. Superb cuisine, swizzle parties, English teas, sailing, tennis, fishing at your door. William P. Wolfe Org., Representative, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. LO 5-1114.

Horizons in Bermuda

Atop a sunny hill overlooking Coral Beach in Paget Parish with all Bermuda at your feet. A luxurious old Bermuda mansion and a cluster of elegant cottages. Big pool, tennis, golf, ocean swimming—and the food is famous. Robert F. Warner, Inc., Representative, 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20, N.Y. JU 6-4500.

Or write Bermuda, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 20 • 6 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2
111 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

BARONET AND CORONET
tom funk

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Le Bonheur—Agnès Varda has written a simple and touching story about how to have happiness and lose it. She has also directed the picture, which stars Jean-Claude Drouot and his decorative family. In French. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through July 17.)

Dear John—An appealing picture, written and directed by Lars Magnus Lindgren, about an affair between a ship's captain and a waitress. Starring Jarl Kulle and Christina Schollin. In Swedish. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; and Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting July 20.)

Doctor Zhivago—A beautifully photographed but oddly muted version of the Pasternak novel. With Julie Christie, Omar Sharif, Tom Courtenay, and many others; directed by David Lean. (Capitol, B'way at 51st, JU 2-5060. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

The Endless Summer—A brilliant documentary on surfing. A perfect movie about a search for the perfect wave. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

Engagement Italiano—Alfredo Giannetti, the scriptwriter of "Divorce—Italian Style," follows in his own footsteps as both writer and director of this sporadically funny satire about an aging boy-about-town and his much younger, much put-upon fiancée. The town is Rome. With Rossano Brazzi and Annie Girardot. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131; through July 17.)

A Fine Madness—A mixture of broad comedy and social comment that is interesting in one way or another in spite of its many faults. With Sean Connery as a poet, Patrick O'Neal as his analyst, and Joanne Woodward and Jean Seberg as their respective wives. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; and R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd, AL 5-7050.)

The Knack—Richard Lester, who also directs the Beatles, has made this adaptation of Ann Jellicoe's play into a comic binge. The time is spring, the theme is sex, the place is London. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, Donal Donnelly, and Ray Brooks. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 18.)

Lady L—Nearly all good fun, thanks to Peter Ustinov's lively direction of his own witty, rather ramshackle screenplay. With Sophia Loren, David Niven, and Paul Newman. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting July 20.)

Lord Love a Duck—Roddy McDowall and Tuesday Weld give superlative performances in Professor George Axelrod's malicious and funny survey of present-day teen-aging. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 19.)

Mandragola—Alberto Lattuada directed this merry, ribald, and often beautiful satire, which gives itself no airs at all. The setting is sixteenth-century Florence. In Italian. (Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th, JU 6-4448.)

Morgan!—David Warner and Vanessa Redgrave in a black comedy about contemporary London, directed with great verve by Karel Reisz. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320.)

My Fair Lady—A fresh and pleasing adaptation of the musical, with Rex Harrison and Audrey Hepburn charmingly enacting those famous unlove scenes. (R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through July 19.)

The Naked Prey—Cornel Wilde at his all-around best in Africa. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408.)

Ship of Fools—A great plum pudding of a picture, ably directed by Stanley Kramer and with an exceptionally good cast, including Simone Signoret, Oskar Werner, Vivien Leigh, José Ferrer, Michael Dunn, George Segal, Elizabeth Ashley, and Lee Marvin. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 17.)

The Shop on Main Street—An extraordinarily fine film, all the way from Czechoslovakia. The stars are Josef Kroner and Ida Kaminska, and the setting is a village during the Second World War. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and 34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, MU 3-0255. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through July 19.)

The Sleeping Car Murder—Yves Montand and Simone Signoret in a model thriller, laid mainly in Paris. Directed by Costa Gavras. In French. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 19. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and 5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting July 20.)

A Thousand Clowns—Herb Gardner's Broadway hit, much improved by being shot all over Manhattan. With Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, Gene Saks, and William Daniels. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through July 19. . . . ¶ York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; starting July 18.)

Thunderball—A silly, thrilling, and occasionally handsome mélange of sex and sudden death, starring Sean Connery as James Bond. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?—The wit and harshness of the original are undimmed, and the language is unbowdlerized. Richard Burton's performance is so strong that the emphasis now has shifted: Martha's play has become George's movie. The other actors—Elizabeth Taylor, George Segal, and Sandy Dennis—do very well, too. Mike Nichols was the director; Ernest Lehman adapted the script. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

REVIVALS

Alexander Nevsky (1938)—Eisenstein's view of medieval warfare. In Russian. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 15-18.)

The Big Sleep (1946)—Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall in the Raymond Chandler tale of blackmail and murder. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through July 17.)

Breathless (1961)—Jean-Luc Godard wrote and directed this pioneer New Wave film, in which Jean-Paul Belmondo and Jean Seberg play a hoodlum and his American girl friend. In French. (Garrick, 152 Bleecker St., OR 7-0700; through July 17.)

Cat Ballou (1965)—A Western, which makes sport of Westerns, with Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda. (York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th, TR 9-2717; through July 17.)

Day of Wrath (1948)—Witchcraft in the early seventeenth century. Directed by Carl Dreyer. In Danish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 14.)

Freud (1962)—An account of the origins of psychoanalysis, directed by John Huston and starring Montgomery Clift. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 18.)

Grand Illusion (1938)—A German military prison during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim and Jean Gabin. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 14.)

Help! (1965)—John, Paul, George, and Ringo. (Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th, WA 4-3363.)

The Lady Eve (1941)—A Preston Sturges film, with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda as, respectively, a heartless siren and a millionaire boob. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; July 16-18.)

Lust for Life (1956)—A review of the career of Vincent van Gogh. With Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 19.)

The Moment of Truth (1965)—A picture about a Spanish matador by the Italian director Francesco Rosi. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 19.)

The Naked Night (1956)—Early Ingmar Bergman, with Harriet Andersson and other members of the Bergman repertory group. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 15-18.)

The Pawnbroker (1965)—Rod Steiger plays the title role in this account of a corner of hell in Harlem. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 20, tentative.)

Potemkin (1925)—The famous Russian job directed by Eisenstein. In its original (silent) version, with added musical sound track. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 14. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 15-18.)

Shadows (1961)—An episodic movie, all of it improvised by a group of young players under the directorial guidance of John Cassavetes. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting July 19.)

Those Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines (1965)—Robert Morley, Terry-Thomas, and several others in an air race across the English Channel in 1910. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through July 19.)

Trial of Joan of Arc (1965)—Robert Bresson's hour-long précis of the trial, based on the historic records. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; July 14.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; starting July 20, tentative.)

The World of Henry Orient (1964)—Two junior misses race about New York discomfiting a pianistic poseur. Peter Sellers, Tippy Walker, and Merrie Spaeth. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 17.)

Film Libraries—At the MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd—July 14 at 2, 5:30, and 8:30: "Trouble in Paradise" (1932), with Kay Francis and Herbert Marshall. . . . ¶ July 15 at 2 and 5:30, and July 16 at 11:30, 3, and 5:30: "Outward Bound" (1930), with Leslie Howard and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. . . . ¶ July 17-18, showings at 2 and 5:30: "One Way Passage" (1932), with William Powell and Kay Francis. . . . ¶ July 19 at 2 and 5:30: "Susan Lennox, Her Fall and Rise" (1931), with Greta Garbo and Clark Gable. . . . ¶ July 20 at 5:30: "The Birth of a Nation" (1915), with Lillian Gish. . . . GALLERY OF MODERN ART, 2 Columbus Circle—Two programs in a series called "A Tribute to Joe Pasternak." Through July 17: Excerpts from films produced by Mr. Pasternak. . . . ¶ July 19-20: "Three Smart Girls" (1937), with Deanna Durbin. (Showings Tuesdays through Saturdays at 3 and 5:30, and Sundays at 2 and 4.) . . . NOTE: At both Museums, a limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				14	15	16
17	18	19	20			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
DOCTOR ZHIVAGO.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
A FINE MADNESS.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"How to Steal a Million," Audrey Hepburn, Peter O'Toole.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
THE NAKED PREY.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"The Sound of Music," Julie Andrews, Christopher Plummer. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Warner Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Khartoum," Charlton Heston, Laurence Olivier. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5. Reserved seats only.)

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (WA 4-3363)
THUNDERBALL; and **HELP!**, revival.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 19: **THOSE MAGNIFICENT MEN IN THEIR FLYING MACHINES**, revival.
From July 20: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French); and "Never Too Late," Paul Ford, Connie Stevens.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ENDLESS SUMMER.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (MU 3-0255)
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET, a Czechoslovakian film.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Blue Max," George Peppard, James Mason. (Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Russians Are Coming, the Russians Are Coming," Carl Reiner, Jonathan Winters.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
A FINE MADNESS.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
Through July 17: **LE BONHEUR** (in French).
From July 18: "The Uncle," Rupert Davies.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
MORGAN!

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1664)
"Born Free," Virginia McKenna, Bill Travers.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through July 19: "Cast a Giant Shadow," Kirk Douglas, Senta Berger.
From July 20: "The Wrong Box," John Mills, Ralph Richardson.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Impossible on Saturday" (in French), Robert Hirsch.

York Cinema, 1st Ave. at 64th. (TR 9-2717)
Through July 17: **SHIP OF FOOLS;** and **CAT BALLOU**, revival.
From July 18: **THE KNACK;** and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
LADY L.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"The Alphabet Murders," Tony Randall, Anita Ekberg.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through July 19: "Judith," Sophia Loren, Peter Finch; and "Sallah" (in Hebrew), revival.
From July 20 (tentative): **THE PAWNBROKER**, revival: and **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** (in French), revival.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 19: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From July 20: **DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
MY FAIR LADY.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"Lt. Robin Crusoe, U.S.N.," Dick Van Dyke, Nancy Kwan.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
July 14: **DAY OF WRATH** (in Danish), revival; **TRIAL OF JOAN OF ARC** (in French), revival; and **GRAND ILLUSION** (in French), revival.
July 15-18: **THE NAKED NIGHT** (in Swedish), revival; **POTEMKIN** (silent); and **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival.
From July 19: **SHADOWS**, revival; **THE MOMENT OF TRUTH** (in Italian), revival; and "Come Back, Africa," revival, a semi-documentary film.

Garrick, 152 Bleecker St. (OR 7-0700)
Through July 17: **BREATHLESS** (in French), revival; and **THE BIG SLEEP**, revival.
July 18-20: "That Man from Rio" (in French), revival, Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "Bedtime Story," revival, Marlon Brando, David Niven.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through July 19: **MY FAIR LADY.**
From July 20: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 19: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French).
From July 20: **LADY L.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through July 19: "A Tout Prendre" (in French).
From July 20: **THE SLEEPING CAR MURDER** (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through July 19: "3 on a Couch," Jerry Lewis, Janet Leigh; and "Hercules vs. the Moon Men."
From July 20: "Frankie and Johnny," Elvis Presley; and "Duel at Diablo," James Garner, Sidney Poitier.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
DEAR JOHN (in Swedish).

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
A FINE MADNESS.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
MY FAIR LADY.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"Dancing Millionairess" and "The Grand Substitution" (both with Mandarin dialogue).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
"Nevada Smith," Steve McQueen.

Cinema Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
MANDRAGOLA (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-5123)
"Enough Rope" (in French), Gert Frobe, Marina Vlady.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
Through July 17: **ENGAGEMENT ITALIANO** (in Italian).
From July 18: "Good Times, Wonderful Times," a semi-documentary film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
"Sweet Light in a Dark Room," a Czechoslovakian film.

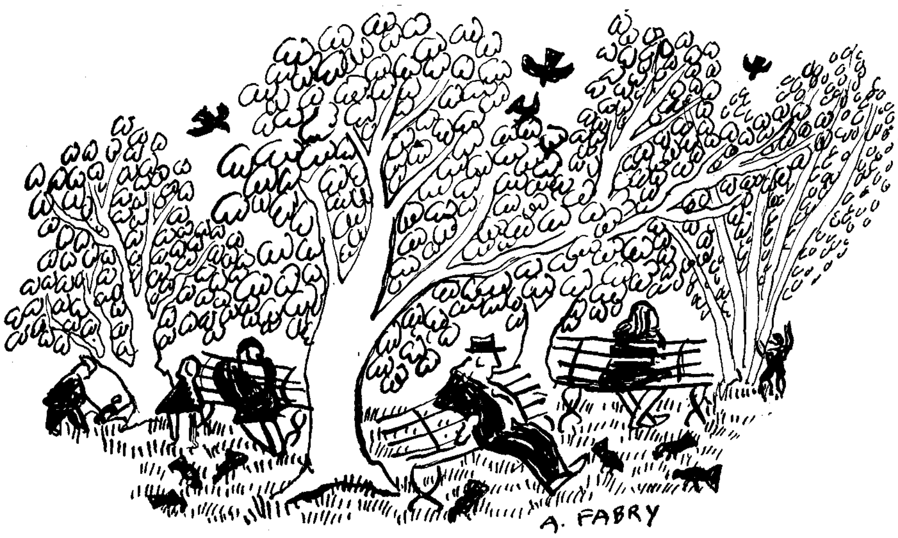
Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-2013)
"A Man and a Woman" (in French), Anouk Aimée, Jean-Louis Trintignant.

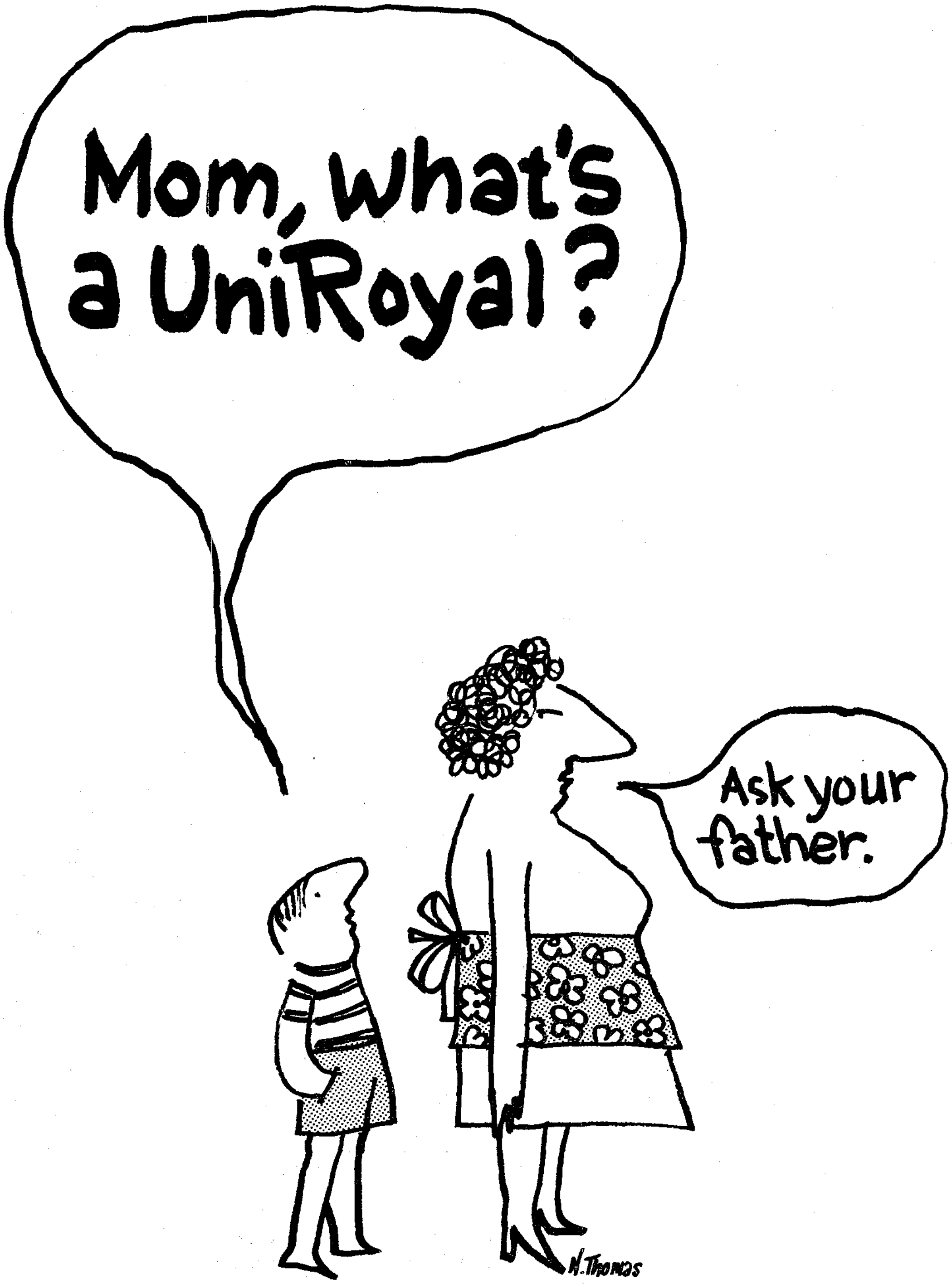
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through July 15: "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine," revival, Fred MacMurray, Sylvia Sidney; and "The Rounders," revival, Glenn Ford, Henry Fonda.
July 16-18: **THE LADY EVE**, revival; and "Jezebel," revival, Bette Davis, Henry Fonda.
July 19-20: "My Darling Clementine," revival, Henry Fonda, Linda Darnell; and "Fort Apache," revival, Henry Fonda, Ward Bond.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 19: **LORD LOVE A DUCK;** and **A THOUSAND CLOWNS.**
From July 20: "Duel at Diablo," James Garner, Sidney Poitier; and another feature, to be announced.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
July 14: **ALEXANDER NEVSKY** (in Russian), revival; and **POTEMKIN** (silent).
July 15: "Marriage—Italian Style" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Marcello Mastroianni; and "White Voices" (in Italian), revival, Paolo Ferrari, Anouk Aimée.
July 16: "The Blood of a Poet" (in French), revival, a Jean Cocteau film; and "No Exit," revival. Viveca Lindfors, Rita Gam.
July 17: **THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT**, revival; and "I'm All Right, Jack," revival, Peter Sellers, Ian Carmichael.
July 18: **FREUD**, revival; and "The Eternal Mask" (in German), revival.
July 19: **LUST FOR LIFE**, revival; and "Naked Autumn" (in French), revival, Simone Signoret.
July 20: "The Bridge" (in German), revival; and "Aren't We Wonderful?" (in German), revival, Robert Graf.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through July 19: **THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From July 20: **DEAR JOHN** (in Swedish).




Mom, what's a UniRoyal?
Ask your father.
N. Thomas

Son, your father might think that you're not old enough to understand. But we're going to try to explain it to you so you will understand.

Uniroyal is the new international trademark for the U.S. Rubber Company.

(That only *sounds* complicated. A trademark is kind of like a nickname for companies. And an international trademark simply means that no matter where that company goes in the world, everybody knows its nickname right away without asking.)

Why did we need a new trademark?

Because we've outgrown our old one, "U.S. Rubber," the way some kids outgrow *their* nicknames.

You see, about half the things we make —such as Royalex® (a modern plastic that's tougher than steel) or Keds® (the canvas sneakers that you wear to play baseball) or even your father's new Royal® golf clubs—have very little to do with rubber. So you can see that the "Rubber" part of our nickname doesn't fit anymore.

As for the "U.S." part, we make a lot of our things in 23 different countries all over the world. So that doesn't fit either, does it?

But our new nickname, Uniroyal, fits everything we make. No matter where we make it.

Isn't it all clear now?

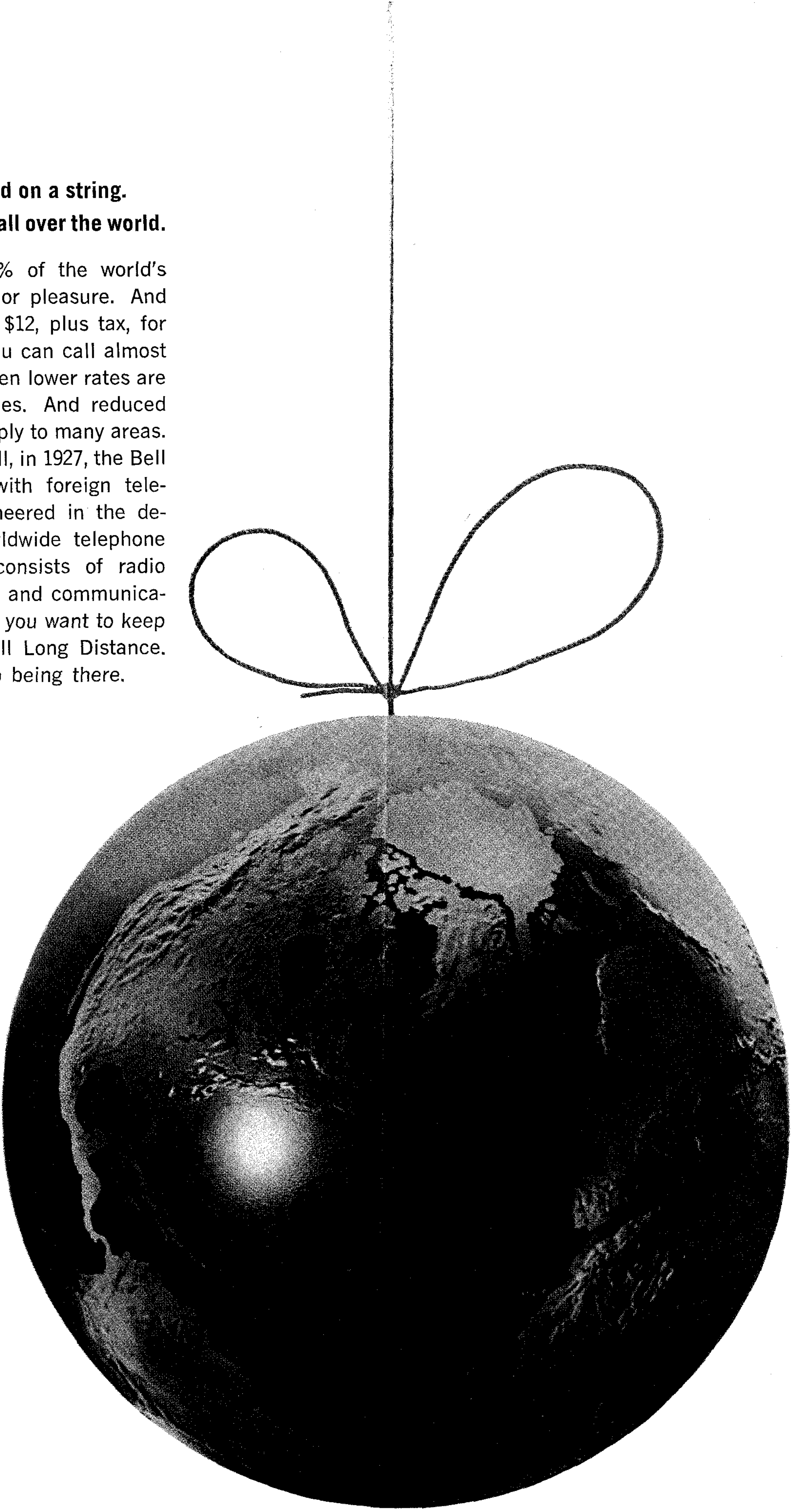
Could you explain it to your dad tonight?

Atta boy.

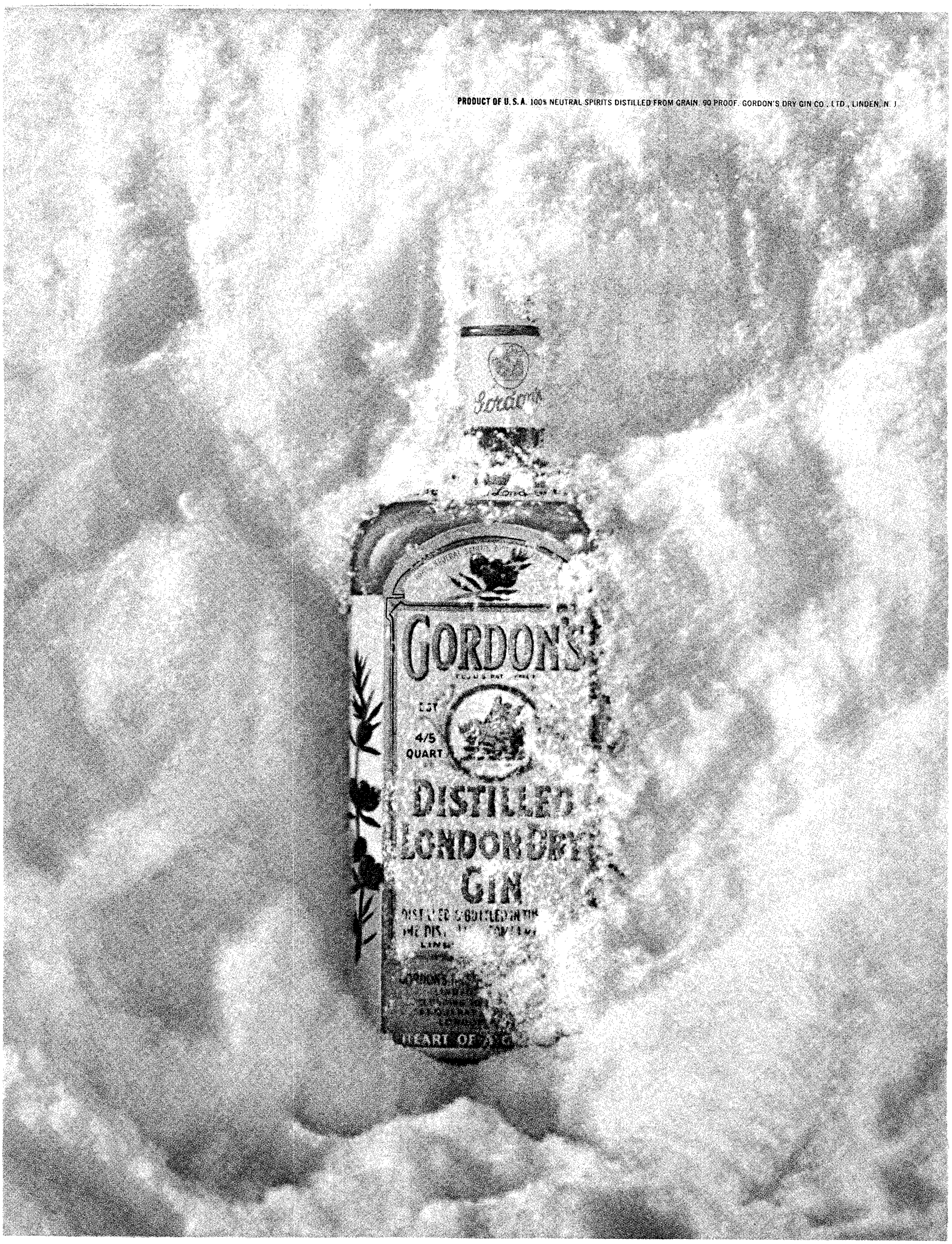
UNIROYAL
U.S. RUBBER

You've got the whole world on a string.
Today you can telephone all over the world.

Today you can call 96.8% of the world's telephones—for business or pleasure. And the cost is low. For only $12, plus tax, for the first three minutes, you can call almost anywhere in the world. Even lower rates are in effect to many countries. And reduced night and Sunday rates apply to many areas. Since the first overseas call, in 1927, the Bell System, in cooperation with foreign telephone agencies, has pioneered in the development of today's worldwide telephone network. This network consists of radio facilities, undersea cables and communications satellites. Whenever you want to keep in touch with anyone—call Long Distance. It's the next best thing to being there.



AT&T
Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies


GORDON'S
EST
4/5 QUART
DISTILLED
LONDON DRY
GIN
HEART OF A

PRODUCT OF U.S.A. 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD., LINDEN, N. J.

No wonder the English have kept cool for 197 years!

(mix an iced drink with Gordon's to see how they do it)

"Gotta run, Henry. I'm catching the 5:32 to the moon."

Will you be able some day to tuck your briefcase under your arm and take off for a lunar business conference?

Before you bet against it, better read the lead article in July INVESTORNEWS, Francis I. duPont's 24-page financial monthly.

Multi-billion-dollar-a-year Space Race.

The article points out that spaceology is the name of the game today. And, to make sure the U.S. wins the space derby, NASA alone plans to spend $5 billion in fiscal 1967.

That means that the 200 flying objects already in orbit in America's man-made planetary system will soon have company. Communications satellites — like the Early Bird — will soon be turning unsuspecting Africans, South Americans, and even Pacific islanders into addicts of U.S. television. Apollo, of course, will try to land men on the moon. And Voyager will reverse the usual science-fiction ploy and take Americans to Martian leaders (if any exist).

Even more sensational space developments are in work, on the drawing board, or at the thinking stage. Like permanent stations on the moon. An orbiting astronomical lab. Spaceports for space vehicles. And even a ferry service between space-craft.

The businessman's place in space.

The U.S. space explosion is actually creating a whole new space-ware industry. INVESTORNEWS lists the major companies involved in the supplying of space equipment along with a review of other space facts of interest to the investor.

Down-to-earth, not up in the air.

That's how you'll find the entire July issue of INVESTORNEWS. There's worthwhile reading on many topics for all investors interested in the not-so-distant future.

If you'd like a copy, stop in at our nearest office. Or, if more convenient fill in the coupon below. You'll get INVESTORNEWS as fast as the postman can deliver it.

Francis I. duPont & Co.
Department N, One Wall St., New York, N.Y. 10005
Please send me July INVESTORNEWS without obligation.

NAME____________________

ADDRESS____________________

CITY____________________

STATE & ZIP CODE____________________

PHONE____________________

FRANCIS I. duPONT & CO.
ONE WALL STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005 • TEL.: 344-2000
MEMBERS NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE, PRINCIPAL SECURITY AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES • OVER 100 OFFICES NATIONWIDE AND ABROAD.

This is how a skin should look.

SUPER-TONE SKIN CONDITIONER can help start yours toward this transparent, almost poreless perfection. It's a crystal clear liquid that looks and feels like cold spring water on your face – and leaves your skin shiny clean, ready for a radiant make-up or your favorite treatment cream.

Germaine Monteil

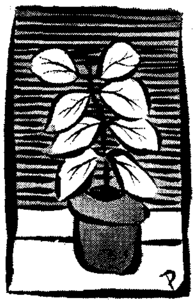
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

FOR three weeks in June, a civil-rights demonstration, under black leadership, and with local Negroes in the overwhelming majority, passed successfully from the northern border of Mississippi to the state capital, crossing several counties whose most distinguished citizens had been Negroes who died for civil rights. One of the triumphs of that demonstration—the James Meredith March Against Fear—was that none of the marchers were murdered. They were not, like the Selma marchers, protected by the federal government. They demanded protection from the state, and, with certain lapses along the way, they got it. For those weeks in June, white Mississippians and black saw state troopers surrounding Negroes not to oppress but to shield them, not to give them orders but to come to terms with their demands. With the support of federal law, and the authority of their own courage and intelligence, the Negro leaders required the government of Mississippi to deal with them—for the first time—as men. For this reason, if for no other, the march marked a turning point in the Negro's relationship to the white community, North and South.

From its beginnings, ever since Abolition, the civil-rights movement has been the child of Northern white liberalism. In a different sense, the Southern segregationist has regarded the Negro as his child. With the march, the movement proved that as long as the law prevents acts of violence against it from going unpunished, it can assume its own adult leadership—including responsibility for its own radical children. On this occasion, the children were the workers of S.N.C.C. (the Student Nonviolent Coördinating Committee), and the worried parents were the workers of S.C.L.C. (the Southern Christian Leadership Conference). Other members of the family were the understanding older relative, CORE (the Congress of Racial Equality); two rich, conservative older relatives, the N.A.A.C.P. (the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People) and the National Urban League; and two industrious cousins, M.C.H.R. (the Medical Committee for Human Rights) and the Delta Ministry of the N.C.C. (the National Council of Churches). The issues, but for their repercussions outside the state of Mississippi, would not have been issues at all. All branches of the movement were united in trying to develop political assertiveness where the need is great—among the Negro masses, too poor to afford the restaurants integrated by sit-ins, too ignorant to attend the colleges now open to them, too heavily oppressed to vote. The leaders, by marching in a state where they are hated by violent men, hoped to dramatize personal courage, and to inspire local Negroes to take the physical and economic risks that still accompany a Negro's registering to vote in Mississippi. For every large minority, the vote is the key to political power, and that S.N.C.C.'s rallying cry of "Black Power!" should have proved divisive—and even dangerous—is only the latest in a series of ironies that have beset that organization from the beginning.



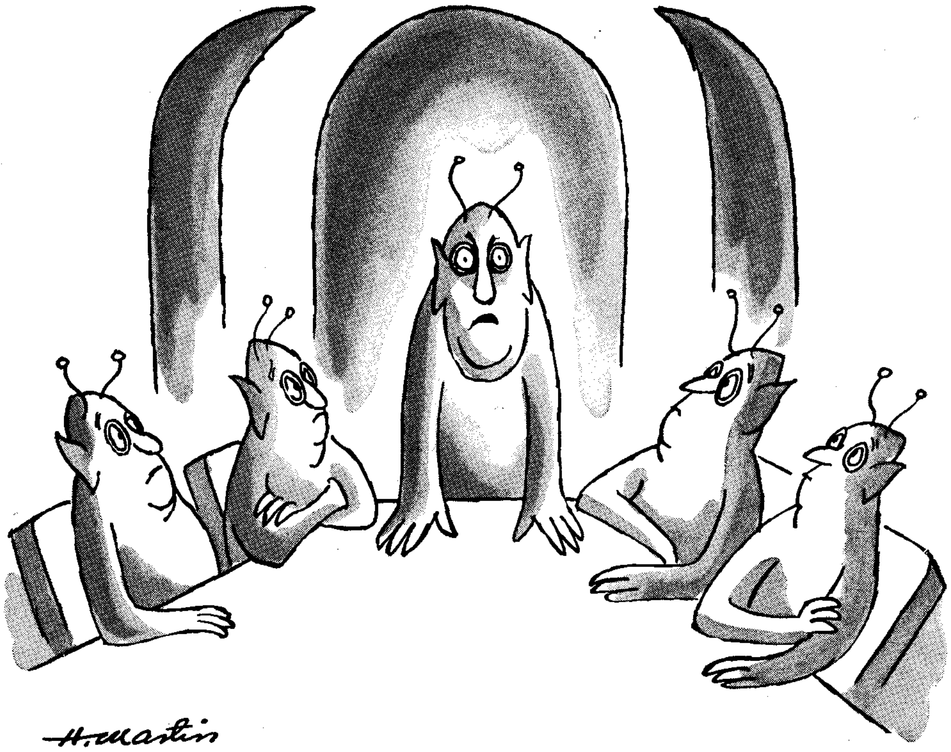
A campus offshoot of Dr. Martin Luther King's S.C.L.C., S.N.C.C. always comes to the national attention when it is on the brink of going out of existence. S.N.C.C. workers—young intellectuals who have tried valiantly to "speak to the needs" of a poor black community—drew the movement to the rural South, only to be outdone by better-organized and better-financed civil-rights groups and by the federal government. S.N.C.C. leaders were subject to grinding pressures—personal danger, responsibility for lives, internal dissension—which seemed to wear them down. And it was S.N.C.C. leaders—whose awareness of the complexity of moral and social issues had always, characteristically, involved them in agonized conferences lasting several weeks—who came up with the simplistic "Black Power!" slogan. To the marchers, the meaning of the chant was clear: it was a rallying cry for Negroes to vote as a bloc, to take over communities in which they constitute a majority, and to exercise some political leverage in communities in which they constitute a large minority. The local black audience—full of affection for the young radicals but all too conscious of what the power realities in Mississippi are—virtually ignored the chant as bravado. White Southerners heard the challenge to white supremacy and braced themselves. And Northern liberals, already bored or disaffected by tensions in the movement, heard only the overtones; a mob chanting *anything*, and particularly a spondee followed by an unaccented syllable, seemed distressingly reminiscent of prewar German rhetoric, and alienated white sympathies—which the movement will need as long as the need for a movement exists—still further. (What black extremists in the Northern ghettos heard remains to be seen.) "Black Power!" turned out to be, at best, an expression of political naïveté; at worst, it could be misconstrued as a call to violence, which would bring on retaliatory violence to oppress the Negro more heavily than ever, and cause the country to cheat itself once again of the equal participation of its black minority.

Another irony, which almost obscured the purpose of the march, was that violence should appear to be a major issue in the movement. The only marcher who seriously advocated "violent revolution" was a white college graduate, unemployed, wearing a baseball cap and a few days' growth of beard. He became known to reporters as the House Marxist, and he provoked from Negro marchers such comments as "I don't know what to say to you," "The first thing you whites want to do when you come to the movement is make policy," "Everyone has a right to his opinion until he hurts someone else," and "We gonna have a non-violent march no matter who here." The House Marxist joined the march at Batesville and left it at Grenada—muttering that the march itself was "only a tool of the power structure in Washington." It is true that the marchers were often kept awake for much of the night by discussions of the Negro's right to bear arms in his own defense. But the issue was always just that—self-defense—and discussions of it were largely academic. Even S.C.L.C. workers have tacitly acknowledged that the strategy of non-violence, so effective in integrating lunch counters, is simply pointless when it comes to facing armed night riders on a Southern highway. Negro communities have for years afforded their civil-rights workers what protection they could, and not even the Mississippi government has made an issue of it. The march's ideologues—mostly Northern pacifists and hipsters, who kept insisting that the argument lay "between a Selma and a Watts"—brought the question unnecessarily into the open and managed to produce what eventually became a split in the movement. (The mere fact that Medgar Evers, James Chaney, Andrew Goodman, and Michael Schwerner, among so many, are dead while Byron de La Beckwith, Sheriff Lawrence Rainey, and Deputy Sheriff Cecil Price, among so many others, are still alive should be testimony enough to the movement's commitment to non-violence. There have been no white-supremacist martyrs yet.) Marchers who, giving way under the strain, exchanged threats and insults with bystanders were quickly surrounded by other marchers and roundly scolded; but when a memorial service in Philadelphia, Mississippi, was engulfed by a white mob armed with hoes and axe handles, the marchers fought back with their fists, and no one—not even the vocal pacifists—protested.

Perhaps the reason for the disproportionate emphasis on divisive issues during the march was that civil-rights news—like news of any unified, protracted struggle against injustice—becomes boring. One march, except to the marchers, is very like another. Tents, hot days, worried nights, songs, rallies, heroes, villains, even tear gas and clubbings—the props are becoming stereotyped. Radicals and moderate observers alike long for a breakthrough into something fresh. The institution of the civil-rights march, however, is likely to occupy a long moment in American history, and the country might as well become familiar with the cast.

THE DRONES: In every march, there seem to be a number of white participants from out of the state who come with only the fuzziest comprehension of the issues but with a strong conviction that civil rights is a good thing to walk for. The last to be informed of events and decisions—after the police, the press, the nation as a whole—the drones trudge wearily along. They become objects of hostility when Negro marchers—forgetting that the only whites within scorning distance are likely to be friendly whites—mistake who their enemies are. In the March Against Fear, the drones turned out to be the only continuous marchers. Leaders dropped out repeatedly—Martin Luther King (S.C.L.C.) to attend to affairs in Chicago, Floyd McKissick (CORE) for a speaking engagement in New York, Stokely Carmichael (S.N.C.C.) for a television appearance in Washington—and most of the local Negroes could march only part of the way. But the drones stuck it out. Some were thrust into action, and reacted in various ways to dangers of which they had not been fully aware. A mustachioed anthropologist from a Northern university, for example, volunteered for a voter-registration task force in Charleston, Mississippi. When the white population proved hostile, he simply drove back to the march, leaving the rest of the task force to fend for itself. After two more incidents of this kind, he was punched in the jaw by another marcher, and wisely went home. Two drones from the North arrived in a station wagon, bringing their three-year-old son with them. The child, whom they left alone for naps in their car by the side of the road, became covered with mosquito bites, and was twice found wandering by himself, screaming in terror at the sight of a large, barking dog. On the night of the tent-pitching in Canton, Mississippi, the child was rendered unconscious by tear gas, but his parents were preoccupied with what they thought was the need to precipitate another episode. "We've got to pitch those tents again," they insisted, on the second night in Canton. "By backing down, we're only deceiving the local people." (The drones were the last to learn it was the local Negroes who decided that they had proved their point and that another act of civil disobedience would be unnecessarily dangerous.)

THE PRESS: Reporters (on this occasion, we were among them) have become, despite their neutrality as observers, an integral part of the movement as they cover one of the last of the just wars. Some of the time, the television networks alone had more than a hundred men accompanying the march, with planes and helicopters overhead, couriers cruising along the line of march in cars, a press truck, and walkie-talkies adding to the din of the already crowded airwaves. (The night security guard, the Deacons for Defense and Justice, and even passing Klansmen were all equipped with citizens'-band radios. The police and the F.B.I., of course, had radios of their own.) At times when the marchers were silent, the only sounds along the route were disembodied voices. The press was jeered by roadside segregationists, threatened by troopers during the tear-gassing in Canton, harassed by a water moccasin planted aboard the press truck in Yalobusha County, and attacked outright by the mob in Philadelphia, but all this did not make the civil-rights workers any the less unhappy with what they came to regard as their unfavorable reviews. Marchers accused the reporters of exaggerating dissension in the movement (when there was a brief argument aboard the press truck, marchers gleefully cried, "Dissension in the press! A split! A split!" Reporters responded with cries of "Press Power!"), and even of generating some dissension by distorted reporting of events. As far as the wire services were concerned, the marchers had a point. The Associated Press, in particular, made almost daily errors in its coverage—errors that seemed to reflect a less than sympathetic view. The A.P. quoted Stokely Carmichael's cry, in the face of the tear gas, "Now is the time to separate the men from the mice!" as "Now is the time to separate the men from the whites!"—implying racism in what had been only a call for courage. It repeatedly identified Willie Ricks, a demagogue affiliated with S.N.C.C., as an aide to Dr. King, of S.C.L.C.—implying that the organization most deeply committed to non-violence was severely compromised. The sort of story that A.P. was determined to listen for and report is suggested by a question that an A.P. correspondent asked some civil-rights workers who were arming themselves to repel a second attack on their headquarters in Philadelphia; he wondered whether the incident would "encourage Negroes in the promiscuous killing of whites." In a sense, of course, the A.P.'s mistaken report of James Meredith's death was what brought the civil-rights leaders and the press to Memphis in the first place; but there were signs each day that subscribers to the wire service, North and South, were getting a distorted version of what was going on in Mississippi. Other members of the press were more than competent. Their mere presence contributed substantially to the safety of the marchers, and they have proved to be an important factor in the pacification of the South.



"I say if they keep tossing hardware up here, we keep buzzing their swamps."

The White Supremacists: Stock characters out of the Southern bestiary, they line the route of every march. Shouting epithets, waving flags, wielding hoses, throwing objects, or just gazing in malevolent silence, they congregate most often at gas stations and grocery stores—a grotesque parody of small-town America. In conversation, they invariably protest that "our niggers are happy," express earnest worry about "niggers' raping our women," and show their only traces of real animation when they contemplate disposing of the problem. "I'd spray the whole bunch with sulfuric acid," said a Navy recruiter in Greenwood. "What I'd do," said a tourist from Arab, Alabama, sputtering over his grits, "I'd get me some dynamite, and run me a line to the side of the road . . ."

The more cultivated elements of the segregationist community have evolved their own schizophrenic logic. "Negroes have always been able to vote here," the Greenwood newspaper proudly editorialized, and added, "This county was one of the first in the country to receive federal registrars." "You better get out of here before you need an undertaker," a sheriff said to a voter-registration task force. Then he muttered to himself, "They just came in here, mouthin'."

But there are signs of progress, or at least of resignation. "We didn't want this to happen, but what the hell!" said Joseph Lee, the editor of the newspaper in Grenada—a town that had twice run out a team of COFO (Council of Federated Organizations) workers, but in which the marchers registered more than twelve hundred voters. "There are things we used to do that we don't know now why we did them. We didn't know why we did them *then*. There are still some people who hang back and look sore. And a man who's a little weak in the head can make as much trouble as a Rhodes Scholar. But these days I tell my own Negroes to get their fanny on over and register." The Grenada city manager, however, was reconciled in his own way. "Most of your Negroes registering are either very old or young," he said. "Your old ones—well, the vote isn't till 1967. And the young ones—a lot of them will be going to Vietnam. And some of them won't be coming back."

There are advances in law enforcement. Despite the fact that several marchers were kicked and beaten by troopers during the tear-gas episode (a medical worker suffered three broken ribs and a collapsed lung), the troopers were not—by the standards of Watts, for example—especially brutal; they exercised what might be termed self-restraint. The sheriff of Sunflower County, where the White Citizens Councils were born, is a graduate of the F.B.I. school and, like many other local officials whom the Justice Department has quietly encouraged to attend federal schools, coöperates in seeing to it that federal law is observed. Charles Snodgrass, in charge of the march for the Mississippi Highway Patrol, won the marchers' respect for his integrity; and he worked closely with John Doar—an assistant Attorney General so respected by Negroes and whites alike that, in the words of one marcher, "He seems to be the only one left in the Justice Department who knows what's going on. Without John Doar, there'd be a lot more dead in Mississippi." Even the most extreme elements are, almost unconsciously, changing. The mob in Philadelphia, shouting, surging forward, throwing eggs and Coke bottles, listened to every phrase spoken by Dr. King long enough to scream an ugly answer to it. (Sometimes they listened and screamed so carefully that Dr. King appeared to be leading them in a responsive reading.) And a waitress in Jackson readily conceded, "Your whites in Neshoba County, they're the meanest people in the state." (Then she added, as if overcome by her own liberalism, "They got Indian blood in them.") And there are some real liberals. "It takes about ten drinks for me to say what I really think," a lady in Jackson said. "Why, we've never done anything that's right for the Negro. All we did was starve him, and work him, and shoot him in the back. I don't see how they could run their counties any worse than the whites have been running them."

The Local Negroes: Strong leadership is developing in the small communities, and the march left little registration teams everywhere in its wake. Canton alone already had Annie Devine, of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party, who, with mud still on her dress and with her eyes still red from the tear gas, rose to announce, simply, "We are not going to stay ignorant, and backward, and scared;" and young Flonzie Goodlow, of the N.A.A.C.P., who, despite white intimidation and jealous opposition from misguided workers for S.N.C.C. in the past, brought so many Negroes to vote that she could announce her own intention of running for registrar in 1967; and George Raymond, of CORE, who was a voice of gentle moderation throughout the march, and diverted the marchers at moments of crisis with singing. Then, there are the local non-leaders, like the delegation from Holmes County that came to offer the marchers lodging, and, upon learning that the march was skirting Holmes, acknowledged, "There are other places in badder shape. Whichever way they go, we're going to support it." And like Hura Montgomery, a Negro farmer in Louise, who permitted the marchers to pitch their tents on his land. "I was possibly hoping they wouldn't ask," he said, "but somebody had to let them in."

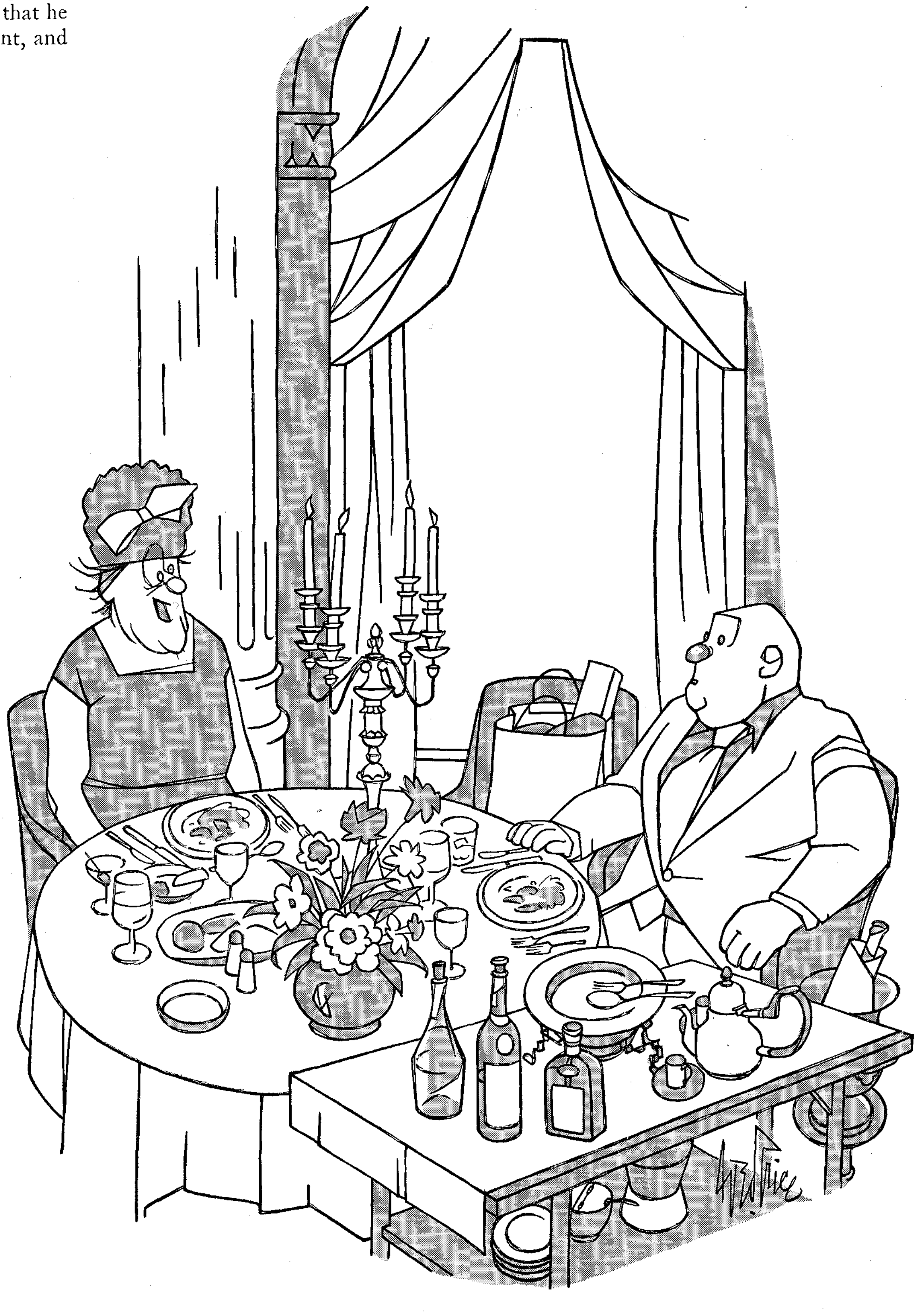
THE MARCH LEADERS: Robert Green, of S.C.L.C., a tall young professor of psychology at Michigan State, was liaison man for the march. Addressing the local police with quiet authority, planting an American flag on the statue of Jefferson Davis in Grenada ("The South you led will never stand again. Mississippi must become part of the Union"), leaping over the cowcatcher to board a locomotive moving toward the line of march in Jackson (he commanded the engineer to stop, and persuaded the angry marchers to keep marching), reassuring a troubled white worker for the Urban League ("We need the conservative groups, too. We need to engage the problem at every level"), and reasoning quietly with the few advocates of arms among the marchers ("The whites will simply seal you off and crush you, as they did in Watts. Our only course is to confront them again and again with the force of non-violence. It's the glory of the movement"), Green played a part in the march which itself changed the face of Mississippi. The police respected his fearlessness and his dignity. The towns were so shaken by his treatment of the monument in Grenada that several other monuments along the route were guarded by six Negro trusties from the state penitentiary, to prevent a recurrence of the desecration. And the marchers were sufficiently impressed by his courage and intelligence to respond consistently to his leadership.

Floyd McKissick, the national director of CORE, was always called upon to lead the marchers on days when they had to start promptly and walk fast, and to make practical announcements concerning strategy and finances. McKissick, an attorney from Durham, North Carolina, marched for the most part with patience and good humor. When a lady from Charleston, Mississippi, a Negro, came to the campsite at Enid Dam in the night to wish him well, and to tell him that "there are [liberal] whites in Charleston who are just as scared as we are," he discussed with her for an hour the question of whether it was time for the movement to make contact with white liberals in Mississippi. It was McKissick who served the marchers their lunch on days when he led them, and who, after many nights disrupted by the arguments of ideologues, the buzzing of transistor radios, and the nervous jokes of the night security guard, announced that "anyone who disturbs the marchers' sleep tonight will be hauled out and sent home." It was McKissick who mediated between S.N.C.C. and S.C.L.C. But on the night of the tear gas in Canton McKissick's patience simply broke. The contrast between police treatment of peaceful Negro trespassers on the grounds of an illegally segregated school and the reluctance of the police in Philadelphia to intervene against an armed white mob seemed to overwhelm the lawyer in him. He was almost incoherent with rage, and close to tears. "I'm tired of having to *negotiate* for our constitutional *rights*," he said. "Some people said we ought to confront President Johnson. I say the hell with it. When the tear gas came, I fell off that truck like a scrambled egg. You didn't *want* that school, but they made it yours. They don't call it *white* power. They just call it *power*. I'm committed to non-violence, but I say what we need is to get us some *black* power."

Stokely Carmichael, the young chairman of S.N.C.C., argued most persuasively for black political power, and when, as he saw it, he was continuously misrepresented by the press, he became obdurate and began to make himself eminently misrepresentable. What he had in mind throughout the march was a Populist movement in the South: White S.N.C.C. workers would address themselves to the white poor, black S.N.C.C. workers would address themselves to the black poor, and since the blacks would outnumber the whites, the new Populists would naturally be under Negro leadership, and would present an encouraging example of Negro effectiveness to Negroes throughout the country. Tall, lean, and intellectual, Carmichael spoke to the crowds at night, punctuating his words with a finger pointed at the ground, enunciating a phrase slowly and then repeating it rapidly, bending his knees to add emphasis to his soft, tense voice. It was Carmichael who said, "It is time to stop being ashamed of being black. It is time to stop trying to be white. When you see your daughter playing in the fields, with her nappy hair, and her wide nose, and her thick lips, tell her she is beautiful. *Tell your daughter she is beautiful.*" It was Carmichael who, wherever he went, picked up children and carried them, and who, when the marchers swarmed into a Negro lady's house for a drink of water, reprimanded them by saying, "None of you asked where that lady got the water. None of you bothered to find out that she has to carry that water in buckets a mile and a half. These are things we ought to be talking about." (Carmichael himself hauled water for the lady.) It was also Carmichael who, having lived for six summers under the fear and strain that assail a S.N.C.C. worker in the South, became hysterical for several minutes after the tear-gas episode in Canton. "Don't make your stand here," said Carmichael, the militant, sobbing and wandering about in circles. "I just can't stand to see any more people get shot." The following evening, it was Carmichael who wanted the marchers to risk putting up the tents again in the schoolyard, and who, overruled by Dr. King and the local people, sulked. (When James Lawson, a member of S.C.L.C., and a founder of S.N.C.C., told him later that he had been wrong, he accepted the criticism and agreed.) Although on the night of the Philadelphia riot Carmichael said, "This is S.N.C.C.'s night, man. This is our suit," he never forced an issue, never exhorted the marchers to violence, never, in spite of his militancy, put people in unnecessary danger. And it was Carmichael, the militant, who, in the words of one reporter, "came all over shy" when fifteen thousand people, assembled in Tougaloo, sang "Happy Birthday" to him (twenty-five) and James Meredith (thirty-three); and the night itself seemed to break out in smiles. (As for Meredith, who had been such an enigma throughout his personal ordeal, he simply melted before this friendly, sentimental face of America. "This is the happiest birthday I've ever had," he said.) In later interviews, Carmichael (like Meredith) was as uncompromising in not urging non-violence—and in not urging violence, either—as he had ever been.

Dr. Martin Luther King, of S.C.L.C., proved on the march that he is still *the* leader of the movement, and perhaps the most forceful voice of conscience in the country. People came from all over Mississippi to see him, and responded to the measured, rational cadences of his voice. Time after time, he averted a crisis among the marchers, and his aides—Hosea Williams, leading gentle hymns and silent night marches, and Andy Young, making soft, persuasive speeches, called forth the same extraordinary discipline with which he is able to inspire the movement. Turning to Sheriff Rainey, in Philadelphia, and saying, "I believe in *my heart that the murderers* are somewhere around me at this moment," and turning back to the marchers, under attack from a far larger crowd, to say, "I am not afraid of any man," Dr. King set an example of pure courage. Exhorting the marchers in Canton to remain calm under the tear gas, or addressing a church full of Negroes in Cleveland, Mississippi, so movingly that a five-year-old girl began to sob and say over and over again, "I want to go with him," Dr. King was a superb spiritual leader. Bringing a busload of juvenile-gang leaders from Chicago to Mississippi, in the hope of diverting their energies to the non-violent cause of civil rights, Dr. King proved himself again an incomparable strategist and pedagogue. And a few phrases like "America, land of the free and home of the brave. Land of free white men, and home of brave Negroes" proved that Dr. King's rhetoric has not lost its cutting edge.

The march was led by complicated men with divergent ideologies, just as the movement is, and their differences are the same ones that divide the nation at large. The response of the white community—alarm and hurt among liberals, and, among reactionaries, alarm and threats to use the white man's undeniably superior force—conceals a failure to hear what the movement is saying. For too long, civil rights has been treated as though it were only the Negro's struggle, with some benevolent white liberal support to help it along; what the movement seeks now is not benevolence but a recognition of reality: the Negro's rights are *law*—and for the white community to resist or ignore the law implies the collapse of an entire legal and moral system. It has become intolerable to the Negro to win so slowly what is his by right, and it has become too costly, in every possible sense, to go on denying him his just place in this society.



"Don't ask me which fork. You bought the sweepstakes ticket."

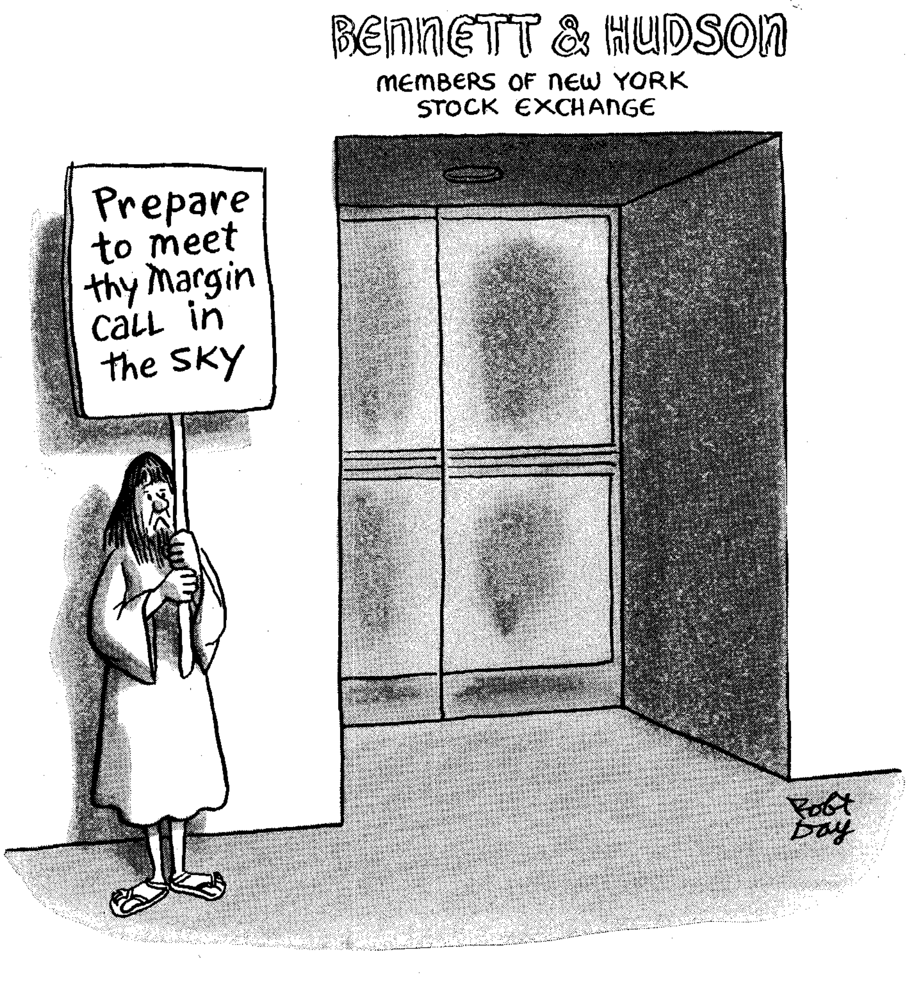
VACANCES PAX

MIDSUMMER NIGHT has always been a pagan festival, and the Christians did not change its nature by naming the day for St. John the Baptist. In Scandinavian countries the sun does not set and people behave immorally. In villages in France and Germany, the same pagan fires are still burned, but they are called "*les feux St.-Jean*" or "*Johannisfeuer*," and engaged couples jump over the embers hand in hand and are blessed by the priest.

According to tradition as well as that year's lunar calendar, the twenty-fourth of June should have been dry and clear but turned out to be steamy and hot. Stuart Fenwick had persuaded a tall fat girl named Valerie to come and see the trench where he had planted peanuts. (It took Fenwick to consider this a form of courtship.) Valerie walked before him, on the trodden path between holiday bungalows. She had what seemed to his besotted eyes a Tudor bearing, and was majestic in flowered slacks. She carried a dirty fine-toothed comb.

Two and even three times a day, sitting cross-legged on a plastic raincoat on a terrace she thought was private, she clutched strands of ginger hair with her left hand and combed the wrong way, from the ends to the roots. A matchbox transistor strapped to her wrist relayed Radio Monte-Carlo close to her ear as she combed. Fenwick imagined the horrible music as a sort of elastic, now plump, now taut. He was supposed to be going about his business, which was the running of a holiday colony called Vacances Pax, but he parted the cypress hedge to look down on the combing without guilt or haste. It seemed to him a gentle and virginal rite, like weaving. When Valerie gathered the locks that framed her brow, made a fan of them, and placed them tenderly over the rest, allowing no stragglers, no nonsense, it was the final gesture, like biting off a thread.

The vacation colony was a collection of little prefab bungalows going down the terraced side of an arid Maritime Alp just behind Grasse. It dated from the early nineteen-fifties, when the "One Europe" idea had enormous emotional appeal, and it was thought that all national differences would be dispersed and all prejudices effaced if a few people believing this could be so were to spend their holidays together, talking and exchanging ideas and being decent and kind. Every bungalow flew a different flag, and meals were taken together—the whole colony. On fine days they ate out-of-doors, and when it rained too hard for the cane trellis and grapevines that were supposed to protect them, they moved into a large bare bungalow used constantly in the old days for meetings and discussions—now only sometimes, if a vacationer wanted to show slides or his own movies. It was a long way from the kitchen, and there were many days of rain.


BENNETT & HUDSON
MEMBERS OF NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE
Prepare to meet thy Margin Call in the Sky
Robt Day

It had not been easy to get Valerie to come and look at the peanut trench. She was down here in the South of France to rest and recover from an appendectomy—so she said. Far from being the one never to ask questions, Fenwick asked a great many. Her Tudor headdress covered fragile or perhaps selective eardrums. She took no notice of his questions.

"Now, that is interesting." She meant a drum-shaped yellow metal box, bearing KLM tags and "Perishable—Keep Cool" in large letters. Several of the Dutch members of the vacation colony were standing in a circle around it. The drum contained herring, which, all chipping in, they had ordered from home as a treat. Whoever brought it here had deposited it in the middle of greenery that he perhaps took to be weeds but that happened to be Fenwick's moss campion, transplanted with devotion from Alpine distance. From the metal drum the smell of fish spread out in widening rings. They were all included—the Dutch, and Fenwick, and Valerie, and Tom Waterford, who had strolled up after them.

"You'll want a tin opener, to start with," Fenwick said.

It turned out that somebody had one. Until now, they had simply been admiring the box. No one was pushy; no one wanted to be first.

Valerie gave the youngest adult a grave nod, as if to say, "I understand and approve." This man, wearing a neat mustache, and with a shirt lightly laid over his sunburn, then crouched down with the tin opener and in a minute bent back the lid.

"Ah, herring," he said, and sighed, and they all looked with solemn pleasure at the dark brine.

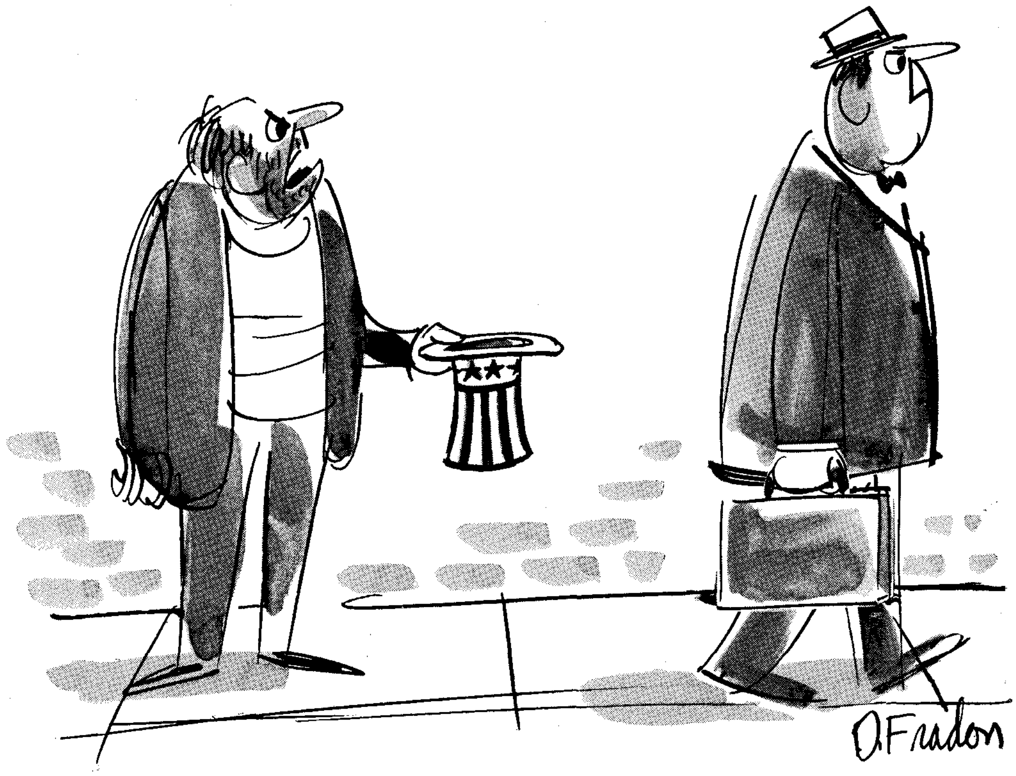
"Now, that *is* interesting," said Valerie, perhaps to Fenwick. "Because every herring is the same size, and I think there must be layers."

"A plank!" said the man who had done the opening. He should have been a naval officer. Instead, he was dedicated, by his own choice, to Shell Oil for ever and ever. He eyed Valerie, but received no more encouragement.

She had already told Fenwick she came abroad to be not entertained but informed, and Fenwick was beginning to see what she meant. A four-year-old boy ran and fetched the wrong thing, but finally a large, clean plank was found. The man with Shell Oil, whom Fenwick now hated (he also hated the shape of the drum, thinking Valerie might compare it with his), cleaned several of the fish and cut them into fillets. The first went to a little girl. She tipped back her head, held the fillet between two fingers, and swallowed like a seal. Then everyone had some, as fast as the young man could clean them. Presently, their tongues swollen and thick, the Dutch members apologized to Valerie—the herring was too green. They fetched thick slices of fresh bread from the kitchen and made sandwiches, and when that palled, they cut up onions and added those to the bread. At half past twelve, when the gong sounded, the drum was nearly empty, ants were forming battalions to carry off the debris, and the Dutch dispersed to get ready for lunch.

The extraordinary thing was, to Fenwick, that they would eat; they would all of them eat as if they had *never seen food in their lives.* They came here because it was cheap, because they went everywhere, and they came with no provision for their ferocious sunburns. Their presence in great numbers meant a large meal at noon with boiled potatoes. Afterward, they would drink coffee with milk. No good cook would stay. Fenwick should have presided over this meal, if only to register the complaints, but there were days when he could not watch one more fork break open one more potato, or see how the men loosened their belts or pushed back from the table with a groan. Valerie, reduced to one meal a day because of her figure, accepted the tribute of a sandwich without onions and walked on, Fenwick after her. He had never had Valerie alone, free of Shell Oil, or Tom Waterford, or the children who placed an ear to the wristwatch radio, their faces rapt.

"In the old days," he said, desiring not only her company but her attention, "Vacances Pax was a noble try. One Europe, no frontiers." He was sorry he had started this; it made him sound ancient. What if he were to say to that tower of red hair, "This is the twenty-fourth of June, and tonight I am going to build a bonfire"? Then, to see if she was listening, "And burn Tom Waterford as an offering to the gods." No, she might choose that moment to hear, and then tell it.



"Commie!"

• •

They plodded on, slightly out of breath because they were going uphill.

"Do you know what I think?" said Valerie, stopping and stunning him with her full consideration and her soft brown eyes. "I think it was kind of those people to share their fish with us. I can think of a lot of English who wouldn't share"—she hesitated as if consulting a guide for some national dish—"their chocolates."

"You would, though," he said dotingly.

"I never eat anything fattening," she said, with regret, and there was nothing to do but walk on, for he could not see how to move on through this conversation, which seemed enclosed by some special Valerie-minded fence. To court a woman properly, you had to understand not only her feelings, which were less tender than he had been led to think in his youth, but also her mind. Speculations about Valerie's mind occupied him agreeably until they climbed the last steep path and stood before the peanut trench. From below, a man's voice said, "I think I'll skip lunch," and then a crystalline female English voice said, "It's filthy." It sounded like Tom Waterford's wife. Valerie had reached the edge of the trench and was gazing down, waiting to be informed. Fenwick took a step nearer. He began to speak distinctly but with haste, for one of the things he did not know about Valerie's mind was its limit of concentration. "First I had the idea," Fenwick said, "and then, you see, I just started to dig the trench."

APPEARING at the herring festival at the last minute, just before the tin was opened, Tom Waterford was given a sandwich and wandered away. He was being especially polite, for the day before he had overheard an extremely unpleasant thing said about him and it had changed his feelings toward the Dutch, who until then had seemed so jolly. He, of the light-blue eyes and hair going gray, had heard, "Good-looking in a conventional English way. Yes, they look as if they might be intelligent, but it is only an appearance, almost a joke." This is what he had heard from the next terrace, and of course knew he was not meant to overhear; if his critics were speaking English it was only because it was the common language of this place and season. The cross-section of Europe he and his wife had been promised had turned out to be English-German-Dutch. What an impostor Fenwick was! What a poseur! Of all the false prophets, those who mixed brotherhood and politics were the worst. . . . Waterford was for one or the other, each in its place. Coming here had been an idea of his wife's. They tried something new every year. The "European cross-section" had one thing in common: they were all taking a June holiday to escape the summer rush. That

put everyone in one basket. But there was a drawback, for it meant having small children about, under school age—the Waterfords had expected none at all. At times, the place was no better than a public nursery. If Tom hated luncheon it was because of the babies, sitting on their mothers' laps, pawing the food on their mothers' plates. The guests ate at trestle tables—another of Fenwick's ideas. His notions of One Europe all seemed to be connected with food—everyone eating the same thing, everyone chewing. Meg Waterford did not mind the trestle tables; what she minded was the absence of nannies. She did hate chaos so. She could not hide her feelings. When she talked about juvenile delinquency, her face went dry as paper. Everything retreated—all the humanity, all the blood—and only something that looked like paper was left. They ought to be birched, flogged, she said.

"Tell us about your dogs that bite everybody," said one of the children at the lunch table. That had to be translated, of course.

Meg smiled, and repeated with clarity, as if asking directions in a foreign capital, "Our—dogs—bite—strangers."

"But only strangers who come to the back door," finished the child. No one minded translating. Perhaps everyone, even the grown people, wanted to hear it. Another subject they liked was Tom, who was a magistrate and could send people to prison for up to six months. Really, Meg was tired of explaining why it was that a man with no legal training had this power. To say "no knowledge of law," as Fenwick once had, was a bit thick, for being a magistrate implied knowing something; you acquired knowledge with the first case that came before you, and from there on it was common sense.

Tom drew near now, sandwich in hand. He was wearing a red-and-white striped shirt and, she thought, a quite astonishing burgundy scarf. He had said something about driving down to Grasse to get something for the twenty-fourth of June bonfire. Matches? What else could it be? She looked once more at this scarf, and went back to what she was saying. She had never in her life remarked on anyone's clothes. She did not know what her husband owned. From time to time a tie or a handkerchief astonished her, that was all.

Tom heard Meg speaking about "Nennie." It was "Nannie," but that was the way Meg spoke. He always had trouble adjusting his ears to a woman's voice, even his wife's, as if to a dialect. He never had that trouble with men. "How she would slap our hands!" said Meg joyously, and imitated the gesture, saying "Slep, slep." Nannie was an ignorant, an uneducated woman—Meg thought it only fair to describe her entirely—now in retirement. She spent her time making shoe-trees and coat hangers for her former charges. "I save up bits of satin and velvet for her," said Meg, with a tight smile.

When Tom was speaking about Meg, he often said, "She's worth ten of me."

"I think I'll skip lunch," he said now.

"I don't blame you," she chanted, loud and icelike. "It's filthy."

VALERIE, Tudor-headed, looked down at the peanut trench. In wet ground, ordinary unroasted peanuts (kind bachelor Fenwick explained) would and did produce roots that were a mass of dry threads, and dark-green leaves that spread like clover. If Valerie liked instructive conversation as much as she said she did, Fenwick was serving it up on a plate. He had now given up the hopes and dreams of years ago, he said, and had schemes that he thought of as vengefully selfish—a grapefruit monopoly, for instance, or the first pineapple plantation in Europe, or a thriving market in avocados. His earlier hopes had failed because they had not sprung from a motive sufficiently sordid; venality equals reality. And so now he raised spindly avocado plants to a height of at least sixteen inches before they died.

"One could make a fortune in limes, too," he said. "Limes grown in Europe."

"Money can't buy love," Valerie remarked, quoting her wrist radio. If she was stating a profound conviction, then Fenwick was on the wrong track. Someone—a singer—had got to her first, and told her that love was to be praised and money decried. What if before that she had heard a song called "Love Can't Buy Money"?

He was about to propose it, when Valerie said placidly. "I don't think the food here is filthy. I think there's just too much of it."

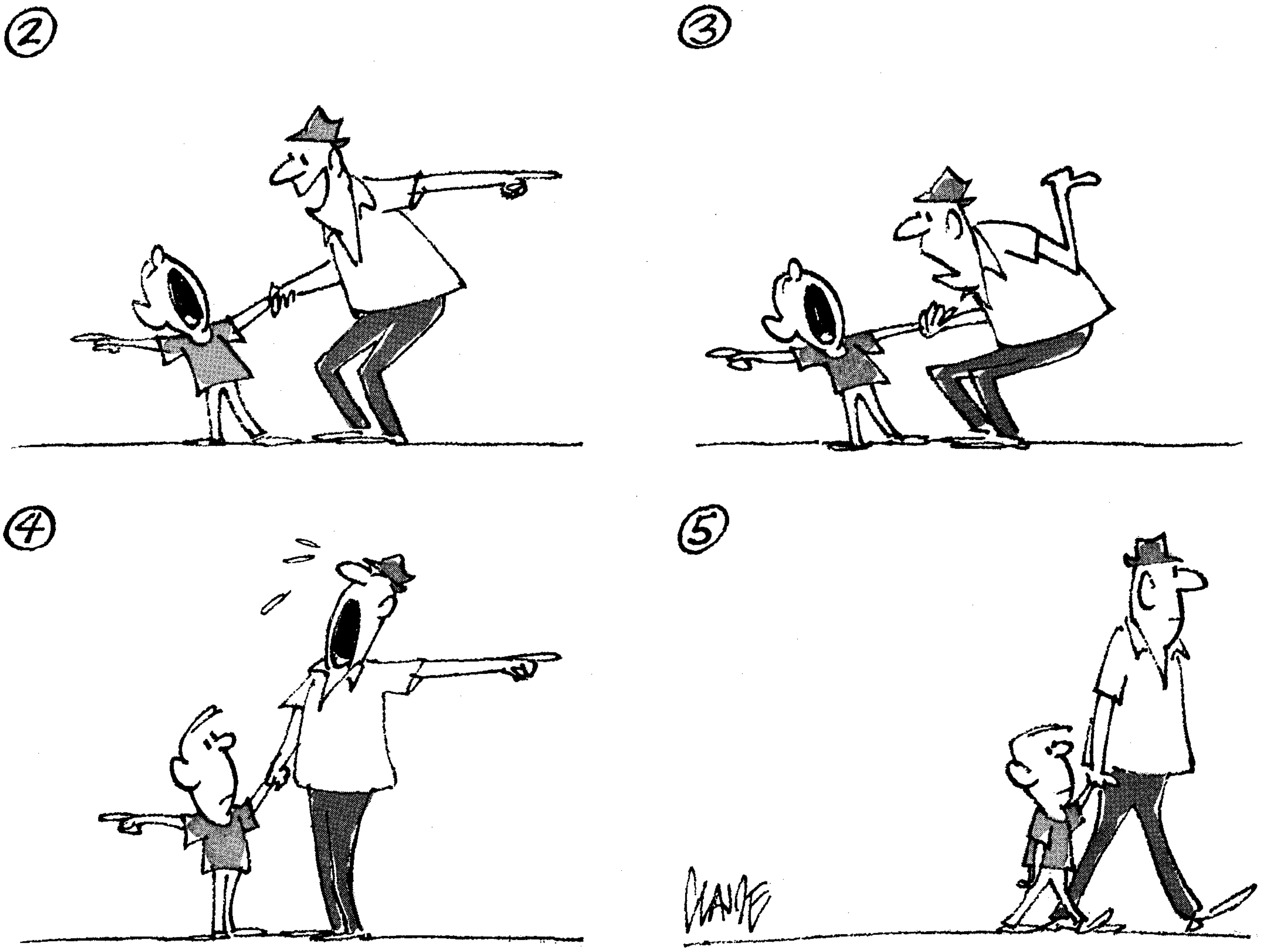
Either her mind spread and darted and flew, too fast for him to follow, or it tucked its head under its wing and slept. He told her, nevertheless, how in the old days they had all come here for One Europe and had eaten the hated garlic in a spirit approaching good will. There had been peaceful demonstrations. Once, the French-Italian frontier between Menton and Ventimiglia was left open for a few hours, and the whole Pax colony packed up and drove those bumpy miles in the midget rattly cars people had driven when Valerie was a little girl, with "Holland Believes in Europe" streaming from some, and any number of Scandinavian flags. That demonstration, legendary now, was confirmed in photos Fenwick kept in his bungalow. They showed the customs men grinning and waving while all the French sped into Italy to load up on cheap petrol and the Italians swarmed the other way, to get at Fenwick knew not what—perfume and bananas, it turned out. Nobody believed in anything now, he said. The pox-plague of Mediterranean restaurants had their food sent, frozen, from distant parts. You could buy the same salad bowl from San Remo to Marseille. Fenwick received all-Europe products, such as washing powder, with instructions in four languages, and in each of the four languages there would be mistakes in spelling and grammar. They held the universe lightly; it was not Fenwick's fault.

He perceived that he had talked too much; he seldom saw girls anymore, except for the inevitable English pair, one a case of sunstroke and one of food poisoning, and no longer knew how to talk to them. And here, this June, was his regal Valerie, burned to a bright pink but not complaining.

She waved her herring sandwich, having stood through this monologue, and perhaps even listened. "What's that thing?"

"A datura."

"Oh." Munching and staring.



• •

"Not a date palm. Nothing to do with dates."

"I know. I've seen a whole forest of date palms in Spain. I've forgotten where. I did see it, though, on a tour."

"If you sleep under a datura tree," said Fenwick, proceeding with his idea of courtship, "you might die."

"Who has? Anyone?"

"Just don't do it."

She threw the rest of the sandwich away and licked her fingers. She said, "If anyone's going down to Grasse or Cannes, I need some things for my transistor."

"I'll take you down a bit later," said Fenwick, staring at her arms. "I've been drying wood for the bonfire. I want to look at it first."

The peanut trench was a gathering place, a watering hole, for now Tom Waterford bobbed up and said, "I'll take you," and the last Fenwick saw of his Tudor queen was her flowered stretch pants as she climbed into the Waterfords' Mini-Minor, head first.

FENWICK was in time to join his guests for coffee. Between the straw mat and the edge of the table a strip of hot metal, a forgotten spoon, stung his wrist. Meg Waterford was talking about animals. "I love wild animals—tigers," she said, as if she had often been contradicted, as if all wild animals were to be taken away from her. A German told of having seen on television tons of strawberries ruined by hail somewhere, and farmers crying. Telling it, he could not keep his voice steady. Fenwick, mourning his beloved, left them—they were all getting on so well. They sounded like the ingenious all-Europe programs in which the best drummer from Denmark performs from a studio in Copenhagen, along with a trumpet from Stuttgart, an electric guitar from Milan, and France's finest clarinet. No musician can hear or see the others, for each is in his home city, but owing to the competence of sound technicians, they can be heard all playing "Dinah" at the same time.

Fenwick began to gather together wood and the dried herbs and plants for tonight's fire; he could still believe in magic. He needed seven elements to make the fire succeed, but they were woods found in the North. He would have to settle for rosemary, broom—whatever was sweet-smelling and would burn. Valerie might be induced to leap over the ashes. A fertility rite, but Fenwick would tell her it was for peace, harmony—anything that might appeal to her sleeping or soaring mind. The thought of great Valerie leaping cheered him.

"I do believe you are some sort of Druid," Meg called to him from the table.

"No, no," said Fenwick, "only a bard."

He began piling the dried herbs with some perception of happiness, all the while listening to Meg telling the others that she had lost, somewhere, once, long ago, in a place she could not remember, a really valuable ring.

—MAVIS GALLANT

•

The testimonial dinner to Edward J. Smith, past faithful navigator by the fourth degree, Knights of Columbus, originally scheduled for the Wayside Inn has been scheduled at the Ramapo Country Club next Saturday evening. It originally was scheduled elsewhere.—*Nyack (N.Y.) Rockland County Journal-News.*

Stop rambling!

HOMAGE TO EMERSON, ON A NIGHT FLIGHT TO NEW YORK

(To Peter and Ebie Blume)

I

Over Peoria we lost the sun;
The earth, by snow like sputum smeared, slides
Westward. Those fields in the last light gleam. Emerson—

The essays, on my lap, lie. A finger
Of light, in our pressurized gloom, strikes down,
Like God, to poke the page; the page glows. There is
No sin. Not even error. Night,

On the glass at my right shoulder, hisses
Like sand from a sand-blast, but
The hiss is a sound that only a dog's
Ear could catch, or the human heart. My heart

Is as abstract as an empty
Coca-Cola bottle. It whistles with speed.
It whines in that ammoniac blast caused by
The passage of stars, for,
At 38,000 feet, Emerson

Is dead right. His smile
Was sweet as he walked in the greenwood.
He walked lightly, his toes out, his body sweetly
Swaying in the dappled shade, and
His smile never withered a violet. He

Did not even know the violet's name, not having
Been introduced, but he bowed, smiling,
For he had forgiven God everything, even the violet.

II

The spider has more eyes than I have money.
I used to dream that God was a spider, or

Vice versa, but it is easier
To dream of a funnel, and you
The clear liquid being poured down it, forever.

You do not know what is beyond the little end of the funnel.

The liquid glimmers in darkness, you
Are happy, it pours easily, without fume.

All you have to do is not argue.

III

Not argue, unless, that is, you are the kind
That needs to remember something specific
In order to be, at 38,000 feet, whatever you are—and once
In New Orleans, in French Town, in
Front of the Old Absinthe House, and it
Was Saturday night, was 2 A.M., a drunk

Crip slipped, and the air was full of flying crutches,
Like a Texas tornado exploding with chicken feathers and
Split boards off busted hen-houses, and bingo!
It was prize money flat on its you-know-what, it
Was like a box of spilled spaghetti, but
I managed to reassemble everything and prop it
Against a lamp post. *Thank you,*
It said in its expensive Harvard-*cum*-cotton
Voice, then bingo!
Flat on its you-know-what, on the pavement,
And ditto the crutches. *Prithee,* the voice

Expensively said, *do not trouble yourself*
Further. This is as good a position as any
From which to watch the stars. Then added,
Until, of course, the cops come. I
Had private reasons for not wanting to be
There when the cops came. So wasn't.

Emerson thought that significance shines through everything,

And at that moment I was drunk enough to think all this was allegory.
If it was, it was sure-God one drunk allegory—and
Somewhere in the womb-gloom of the DC-8

A baby is crying. The cry seems to have a reality
Independent of the baby. The cry
Is like a small white worm in my brain.

It nibbles with tiny, insistent assiduity. Its teeth
Are almost too soft. Sometimes it merely tickles.

To my right, far over Kentucky, the stars are shining.

IV

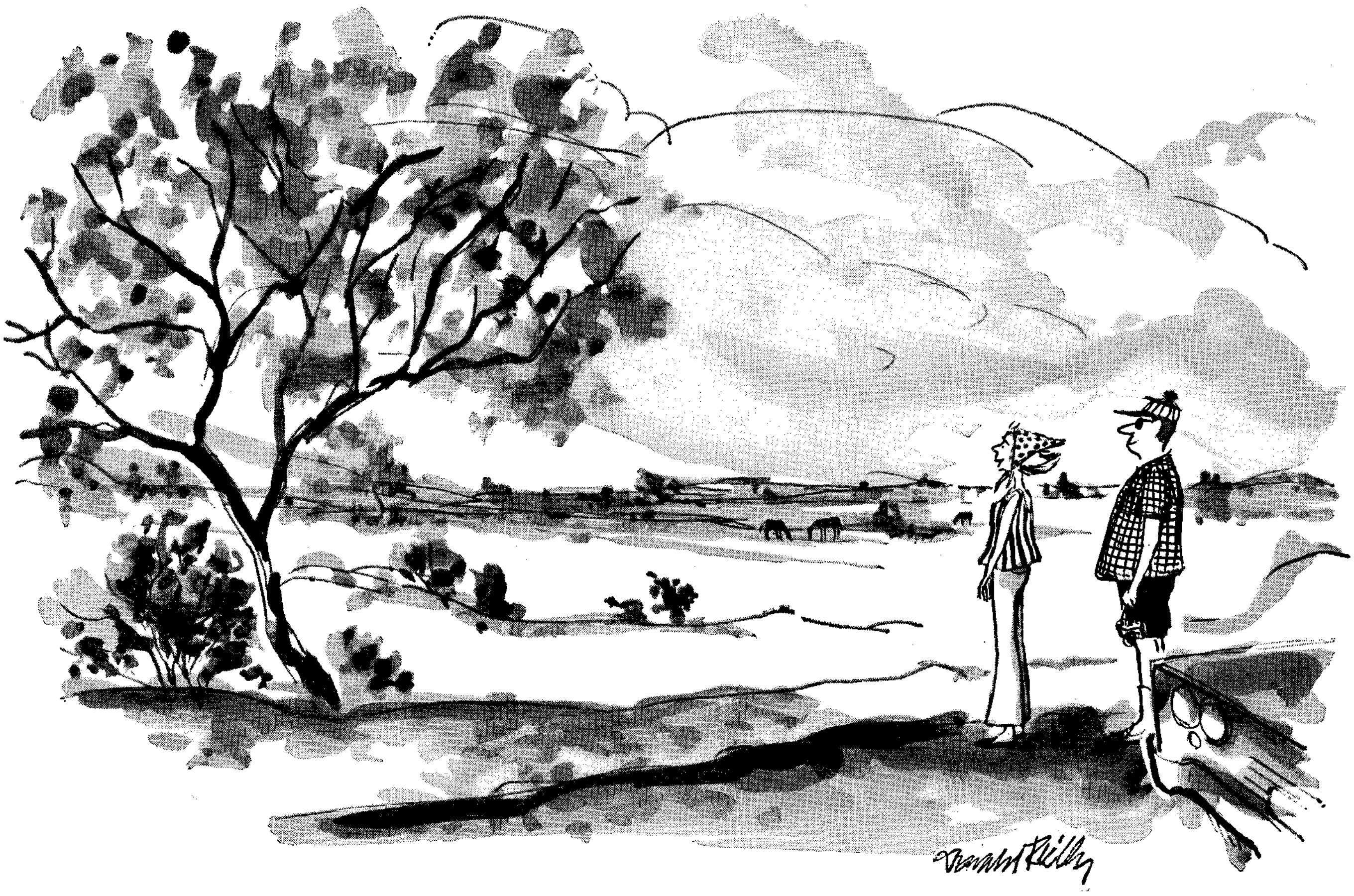
If the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center were
A billion times bigger, and you laid it
Flat down in the dark, and
With a steam roller waist-high to God and heavy as
The Rocky Mountains, flattened it out thin as paper, but
Never broke a single damned colored light bulb, and they were all
Blazing in the dark, that would be the way it is, but

Beyond the lights it is dark, and one night in winter, I
Stood at the end of a pier at Coney Island, while
The empty darkness howled like a dog but no wind, and far down
The boardwalk what must have been a cop's flashlight
Jiggled fitfully over what must have been locked storefronts, then,
Of a sudden, went out. The stars were small and white, and I heard

The sea secretly sucking the piles of the pier with a sound like
An old woman sucking her teeth in the dark before she sleeps.

The nose of the DC-8 dips, and at this point
The man sitting beside me begins, quite audibly, to recite
The multiplication table.

Far below,
Individual lights can be seen throbbing like nerve ends.
I have friends down there, and their lives have strange shapes



"My, what country! You almost expect to see L.B.J. himself come tearing along in his white convertible."

• •

Like eggs splattered on the kitchen floor. Their lives shine
Like oil-slicks on dark water. I love them, I think.

In a room, somewhere, a telephone keeps ringing.

V

The wind comes off the Sound, smelling
Of ice. It smells
Of fish and burned gasoline. A sheet
Of newspaper drives in the wind across
The great distance of cement that bleeds
Off into blackness beyond the red flares. The air

Shivers, it shakes like jello with
The roar of jets, oh, why
Is it you think you can hear the infinitesimal scrape
Of that newspaper as it slides over the black cement, forever?

The wind gouges its knuckles into my eye. No wonder there are tears.

VI

When you reach home tonight, you will see
That the envelope containing the policy
Of your flight insurance is waiting, unopened,
On the table. All had been in order,
In case—but can you tell me,

Does the wild rose know your secret
As the summer silence breathes?

Eastward, the great waters stretch in darkness.
Do you know how gulls sleep when they can't make it home?

Tell me, tell me, does the wild rose—tell me, for

Tonight I shall dream of small white stars
Falling forever in darkness like dandruff, but

Now let us cross that black cement which resembles the Arctic ice of
Our recollections. There is the city, the sky
Glows, glows above it, and there must be

A way by which the process of living can become Truth.

Let us move toward the city. Do you think you could tell me
What constitutes the human bond? How often do you imagine
A face half in shadow, tears—
As it would seem from that muted glitter—brimming in
The eyes, but

The lips do not tremble.

Is it merely a delusion that they seem about to smile?

—Robert Penn Warren

THE PIGEON

CLARA sat in a chrome-and-plastic chair on her porch in a small New England town. All the lights were out in the house. She liked it that way. With her five children married and gone, she felt at peace in the dark. Moths were flying around the street light, and fireflies were pulsating in the dark lot of wild growth and trees next to the house. Nothing looked clear. She was dreaming and listening to the crickets.

A car came racing down the hill, its headlights up bright, lighting the tops of maple trees. It crackled on the sandy macadam road as it slowed in front of the house. Clara stood up in the darkness of the porch, ready to fly into the house. She was barefoot. She pushed a rough braid of dull gray hair over her shoulder, and tried to smooth her unironed dress. She fingered a string of white beads that dangled over the front of her old cardigan. Squinting, she recognized the car; it belonged to Paolo, her youngest son. The front door opened on the passenger side. A heavyset man got out. It was him—her husband, Dominic. He spoke a few words and shut the door. The car pulled away skidding.

Perhaps if she were very still, he would not notice her. He had threatened yesterday, when she had taken the pigeon upstairs, and again this morning, to take the bird away from her. She had been foolish to tell him about it. Maybe he would think she was asleep and go straight past the porch to the back door and in to bed. But no. Ah, the nuisance. He stopped at the other side of the porch rail. He was still quite strong, his hair was white, his face almost black with suntan from working in his vegetable garden out back. She stood flat against the wall of the house, hanging on to her beads.

"Still up?" he asked in Italian. They always spoke in their native language. His voice, as always, was loud. "It's after eleven."

Her heart was beating fast. She could hardly see him; he looked like a white shirt and a pile of white silk hair floating by themselves in the dark.

He got right to the point. He said, "Paolo says you can't keep it. He says it's not healthy. He says we got to let it go or else stick it in a cage in back of the garage, but then we'll have plenty of troubles with the zoning laws and the cops when the neighbors find out. He says it's best if we get rid of it anyway—it will make you sick." Dominic laughed, and Clara could see his big teeth. He said, "Paolo says you are quite a character, catching a pigeon."

Clara spoke rapidly. "It was no trouble. I was hanging a towel on the line and the pigeon flew down from the sky and walked up to me, and I bent over and picked him up. He liked me. I wanted him, I took him to my room. So what of that?"

Dominic said, "Well, we got to let it go—right now. It'll only get you sick up in that closed, hot room." He went along the side of the house, and in through the back door. She heard him bump against the table in the kitchen—the clumsy old fool—and she heard the light switch go on at the foot of the stairs. Then he was climbing them slowly, as if he didn't want to go up, or was tired.

She stood on the porch for a moment and thought, Why didn't my baby—my Paolo—come in, or wave, or say hello? Then she went into the house through the front screen door. It slammed behind her. She padded through the dark living room and kitchen and went upstairs. Her bedroom was at the top of the landing, directly above her husband's room. The door was open, and the light was on. It was more powerful than the hall light, and it made a hard glare. She could hear a scraping and clucking sound coming from the room.

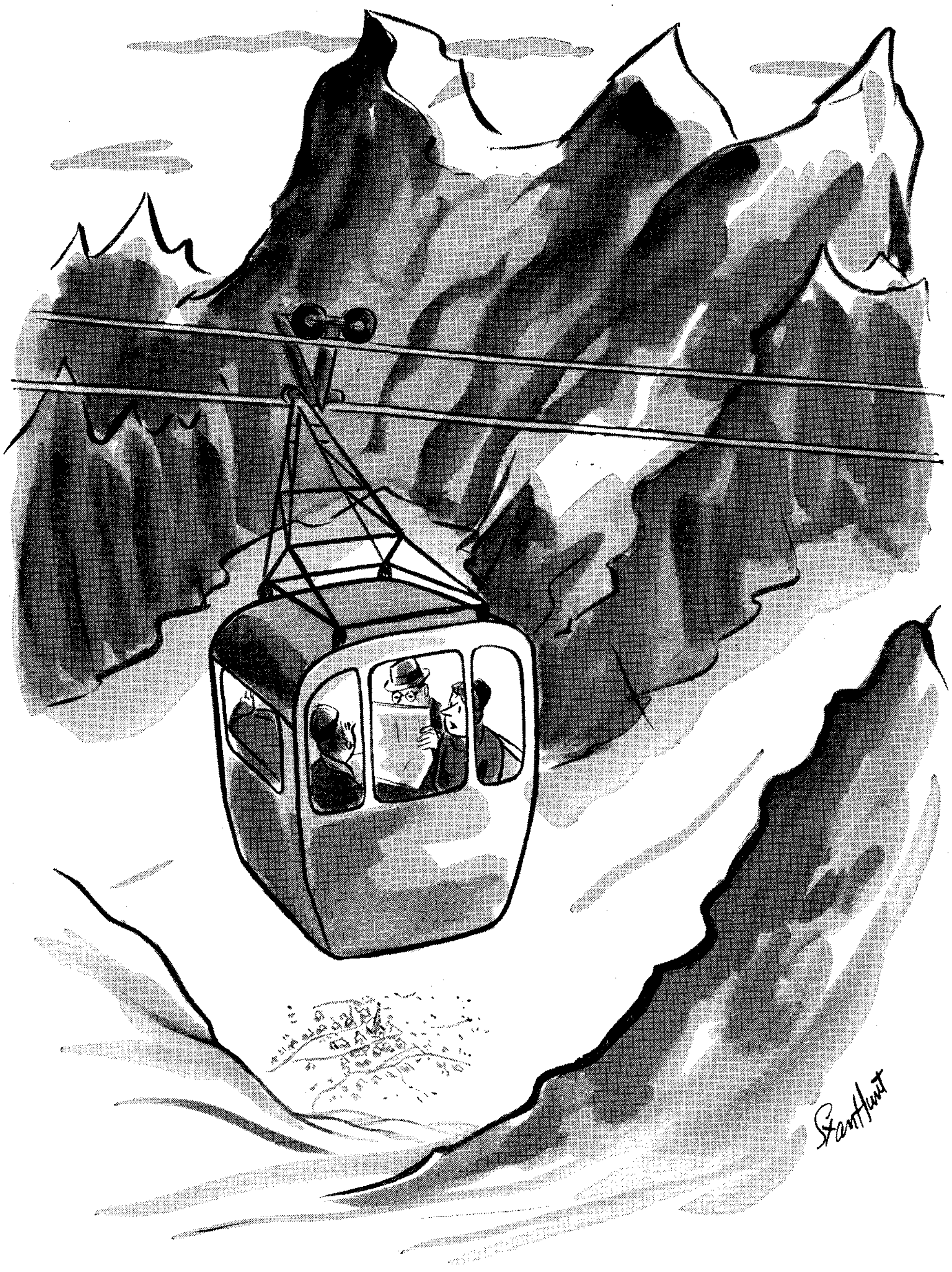
Clara stood in the doorway. The veins in her right leg hurt, and she held the heel of that foot up off the floor a little. Dominic was crouched down, his face almost touching the floor. Ah, the buffoon. Clara wanted to laugh, but he would have heard her. Moving his short, heavy arms, he was scraping a broom under the bed. He clucked with his tongue and made a sucking noise with his lips. She thought, What does he think he is calling—a dog? "Some of his smaller feathers are falling out," she said.

There was a whirring and a scrambling noise under the bed, and Dominic slid the broom swiftly across the floor.

"Some of his smaller *feathers* are falling out."

"Yes, I heard you. It's sick." He held up one tough palm, looked up at her, frowning, and said, "It was standing away far over in the corner, all puffed up. And it hasn't even touched this bread you have here." He turned his mouth down and said, "*Ah, mamma mia.*" He added some light curse words. His black eyes flashed. He looked under the bed, grunting, and again he scraped the broom in an arc. "Stupid. Foolish thing," he said, and pulled himself up on his knees. He pushed on his back with one hand and said, "Oh." The blood was heavy in his face, and the wrinkles in his forehead were deep and sweaty.

Clara stood in silence. She shut her eyes and the moment shifted. She was twelve years old. She thought, When Mama goes down to the well for



"My husband has lost the capacity for wonder."

• •

water, then I'll sneak it some corn.

Dominic turned the broom around, got down, pushed it once more, and swept the bird out. "There!" he said. Flapping by, the bird stepped in a cup of water that had been set down by one of the legs of the headboard. Dominic let the broom fall to the floor with a loud smack, and he swung forward. "Got you," he said, wrapping his big hands around the bird. It struggled. He held it tight and grinned. It tried to flap, and shuddered, moving its head in jerking motions. Then it was still for a minute.

Clara bent her head in pity, staring at the pigeon. It was gray, with one of its big red claws sticking out from under Dominic's hands. Around the throat, it was shining blue and cerise and silver, and it had a deep-blue head. Its eye was a tiny copper disk within a clear globe, with a black, wild-staring spot in the center. Clara put her hands together over her face.

"It's beautiful, all right," Dominic said. He groaned as he got to his feet.

Clara uncovered her face. She saw the veins beating at her husband's temple.

The pigeon struggled once more, with its claw splayed, and almost got away. Dominic moved out into the hall. Talking softly to the bird, he clomped down the stairs in his thick shoes and baggy black pants. Clara followed. He went out the front door, holding the bird high before him. The door banged. Clara went through, and it banged again. Dominic went down the porch steps, and Clara walked close in procession behind him, her arms stretched out, her hands together, mocking him. She moved with a slight lurch, her white beads swinging heavily, her braid flopping at her back. How I hate you, you vile one, she thought. Immediately, feeling guilty and afraid, she put her hand to her mouth.

Dominic lumbered through the lot next to the house; his shoes swished in the dry grass.

Surrounded by the noise of crickets that ceased and started hesitantly, Clara walked behind her husband among the trees to the far end of the lot. Branches and twigs bent and snapped. Fireflies sparked in clusters. Remembering that other bird, Clara thought, I must let it go before Mama kills it for supper. She smelled strong, wild honeysuckle, and it nearly made her faint.

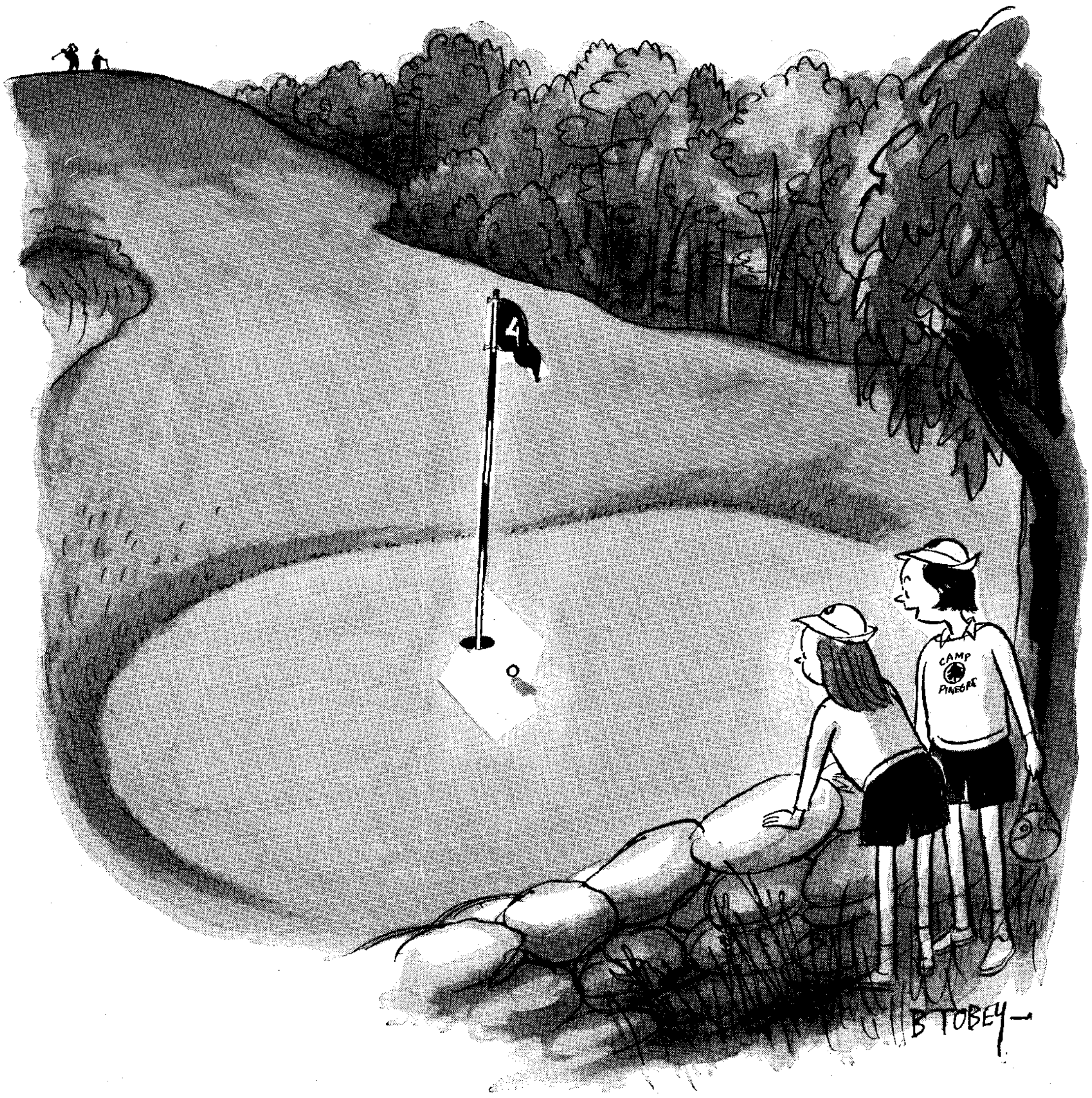
Under shadowy leaves, Dominic stopped and released the pigeon. It flopped to the ground. Dominic bent down, cursing, and felt in the weeds until he found it. This time, he threw the bird up in the air. "Go!" he commanded, and it flapped and floated down, disappearing among the thickets.

Clara wanted to cry. The pigeon. Her secret pet, cooing under a crude cupboard in the family hovel of her childhood village near Naples.

"That's all," Dominic said, brushing his hands together. "Birds carry diseases. It would have made you sick." He put his arm around his wife's shoulders, and they stood hidden together for a moment. Even in old age she was taller than he, and that fact flashed into her mind now. She was conscious of the appearance they must always have made together. She laughed gutturally. He said, "That's the way," and patted her back. They walked through the heavy grass in silence, back to the house.

WITH her head lowered, Clara followed Dominic upstairs again. He got the broom and, breathing heavily, swept up, making a pile of dry, hard, white bread and feathers. "Get the dustpan," he said.

She went down, got it, and came back. Climbing the stairs slowly, she thought, Cruel, cruel. She twisted the pigeon's neck behind the village hut. "They won't get you now," she said. She stroked the dead bird and wept. Quickly, under the hot sun, she dug a hole in the stony earth and buried the bird behind the outhouse. No one



"He missed. Now it's the other one's turn."

• •

will ever know, she thought as she reached the top of the stairs, cradling the red metal dustpan in her arms. She went into her room and handed it to Dominic without looking at him.

He swept up the debris. "Look," he said, "the poor thing never ate a crumb. It would have perished."

"He will perish in the darkness," Clara said, closing her wet eyes, shaking her head. She felt exhausted.

"No. It's got a better chance outside."

"A better chance," Clara said.

Her husband took the cup of water into the bathroom across the hall and emptied it. "You must wash this cup in boiling water," he said.

"In boiling water," she repeated.

He went to her room, picked up the full dustpan and the broom, and started slowly down the stairs. She began to follow.

"No," he said, looking up. His face was black and scowling in the dim light of the stairwell. Big drops of sweat shone on his forehead. "You go to bed now. It's late. And don't bring no more goddam animals in the house." Then after a pause he said softly, "You understand, eh?"

She whimpered.

He continued down the stairs. "I'm going to bed myself," he said to the bottom step. "Don't worry. It'll be all right out there." He turned his face up to her and said good night.

"Why didn't Paolo come in to see me?" Clara cried out.

"He had to go pick up his wife from the bingo. Why do you bother me?"

She put her hand over her mouth, repressing another whimper, trying to have some dignity.

"Go to bed now," Dominic said. "Tomorrow night, Paolo will come. Or Mary or Tommy or somebody, and they will take you for a ride and get you some ice cream."

Tomorrow night, she thought, and shook her head. She went to her room and undressed. She put on a pink, flowered nightgown and undid the braid of hair. She heard Dominic knocking the dustpan against the trash can in the back hall. She waited, her thin lips hanging open. The light switch snapped off in the kitchen. He shuffled through and shut off the light at the bottom of the stairs. The hall went black. A relief. Below, Dominic muttered, "It would have croaked in there."

She heard a click as he turned the ceiling light on in his room. She sat on her bed and combed out her hair with a big comb. She felt lighter. He would lie there now on the double bed that had been theirs, and read the Italian paper and smoke one of his crooked little black cigars. Then he would cough for a while. Before going to sleep, he might go to the kitchen for some wine. Maybe his light would still be on in the morning—maybe not. These days, nothing was sure. What ever had been? That he had loved her with the light on and with the light off, with and without cigar and wine breath. When? Oh, when had that been? Trembling, she put out the light, crossed herself, and lay down on the bed. At once, her legs began to ache and throb.

After a long time, she could see in the room. Shadows of leaves moved on one wall. The crickets sang outside. Downstairs, Dominic began coughing.

Clara smiled, dreaming herself toward sleep. Someday, she would get away from this dirty hovel. She would marry. She would love her husband, and he would love her. And no one would ever find out. After all, they would have killed and eaten him. Or he would have perished, that beautiful bird, in darkness.

—H. L. MOUNTZOURES

•

More legal objections will have to be met before the Braves are firmly ensconced in Atlanta, of course, but there is nothing like a *fête accompli.—The Times Book Review.*

Of course there isn't—it's delicious.

ANNALS OF LEGISLATION

MEDICARE

III—WE DO NOT COMPROMISE

TO most members of Congress, politics is the art of the inevitable. Under ordinary circumstances, they would more readily insult the flag than back a lost cause, however worthy. But once it becomes clear that a significant piece of legislation is bound to pass, they are quick to try to modify it to suit their own political needs, or, that failing, to accommodate themselves to it. They have no other choice, for, as Everett McKinley Dirksen, Minority Leader of the Senate, reminded his colleagues the day before he cast his vote for the civil-rights bill of 1964, "no army can withstand the strength of an idea whose time has come." Nor, he might have added, is anything more difficult than the business of bringing an idea to that point—particularly an idea that proposes a radical change in the way the country deals with, or doesn't deal with, its basic social problems. For one thing, Congress has to be inundated with evidence that a great number of people are getting less than their share of the nation's elementary benefits—so much less, in fact, that they are unable to function properly as citizens. Then their needs must be studied and discussed and publicized until lawmakers and voters both have come to feel that the needs are actually basic rights that are being denied. By that time, the deprivation will probably be so widespread and so acute that it can no longer be ignored. When that happens, Congress can be expected to act.

After John F. Kennedy was elected President in 1960, an increasing number of influential men in Congress concluded that it wouldn't be long before the time had come for an idea that had been debated, in Congress and out, for almost half a century—compulsory government health insurance. Originally, the idea had been to provide health insurance for just about everyone in the country, but by the mid-fifties it had become clear that private health insurance, non-profit and commercial, which had grown at a phenomenal rate under the stimulus of collective-bargaining demands by labor unions, could meet most of the needs of a large segment of the population. It had also become clear that private insurance was not adequate for the people whose needs were greatest—the nation's sixteen million men and women aged sixty-five or more, many of whom were living, and dying, without medical care of any kind. To cite a few statistics out of the bales of them that were compiled by government and private researchers during the fifties, almost two-thirds of the members of this age group had an average income of less than a thousand dollars a year, or one-third that of the rest of the population, while their medical expenses—largely hospital costs, which had risen three hundred per cent in twenty years, or three times as much as the general price index—were two and a half times as high as those incurred by the rest of the population. To make matters worse, the aged were nearly all ineligible for the kind of private health insurance that was both comprehensive enough to fulfill their needs and inexpensive enough to fit their budgets. By 1960, the question of what to do about these millions (whose number was being increased by a third of a million a year) had become, in the words of an editorial in *Life*, "the hottest political potato" of the year.

A good deal of the fuel that heated the potato was provided by the American Medical Association, which had spent many millions of dollars over the previous decade on vast publicity campaigns to defeat various national health-insurance measures. By bringing the issue to the attention of millions of people who might otherwise have remained unaware of it, the A.M.A. accomplished something it had never intended—it stirred up a great national debate. Health insurance for the elderly had become a basic, and perhaps the pivotal, issue of the 1960 Presidential campaign. Senator Kennedy wanted to provide the elderly with limited hospital and nursing-home care, along with certain other services, and to pay the bill by means of a small increase in Social Security taxes so that the program would be self-supporting. Vice-President Nixon favored an administration plan that would use Treasury funds to subsidize the insurance industry in providing low-cost insurance for older people who wanted it. After tossing the potato back and forth throughout 1960, Congress, deciding that it was far too hot to handle in an election year, dropped it and, instead, passed the Kerr-Mills bill, which provided for welfare aid rather than an insurance program. The new law made funds available, according to a federal-state matching formula, for the care of persons defined as "medically indigent"—that is, persons who weren't indigent but would become so if they had to pay substantial medical bills. The law stipulated that each state must apply a means test before giving assistance to an individual, but left the maximum levels of income and assets up to the states. Although in theory about ten million people could benefit from the program, a more realistic figure was something under two million, chiefly because the states had to match federal funds, and many states were finding the welfare programs they already had difficult to support. No one was very happy with the compromise—except the A.M.A., which had initially opposed the program but had come around to supporting it as the best way of fending off government health insurance. An unnamed government official was quoted by the *Wall Street Journal* as having said, "Congress couldn't reconcile its conflicting viewpoints, so it passed the buck to the states." Late that year, Kennedy, as President-elect, made it clear that the buck had come back to Washington when he told reporters that just about the first order of business for his administration would be the enactment of a bill providing health insurance for the aged. Before long, the newspapers began calling the program Medicare—a name that had first been applied to a law passed in 1956 to provide medical care for dependents of servicemen. Whatever the name, it was generally agreed in Washington that the program was, in the words of the *Times*, "the greatest social innovation the government has undertaken in a generation."

JULY IN INDIANA

The wispy cuttings lie in rows
where mowers passed in the heat.
A parching scent enters the nostrils.

Morning barely breathed before
noon mounted on tiers of maples,
fiery and still. The eye smarts.

Moisture starts on the back of the hand.

Gloss and chrome on burning cars fan out
cobwebby lightning over children
damp and flushed in the shade.

Over all the back yards, locusts
buzz like little sawmills in the trees,
or is the song ecstatic?—rising
rising until it gets tired and dies away.

Grass baking, prickling sweat, great blazing tree,
magical shadow and cicada song
recall
those heroes that in ancient days, reclining
on roots and hummocks, tossing pen-knives,
delved in earth's cool underworld
and lightly squeezed the black clot from the blade.

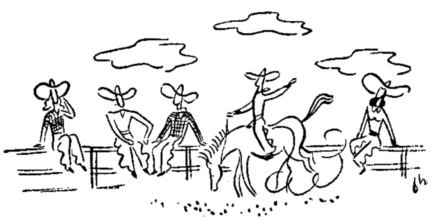
Evening came, will come with lucid stillness
printed by the distinct cricket
and, far off, by the freight cars' coupling clank.

A warm full moon will rise
out of the mothering dust, out of the dry corn land.

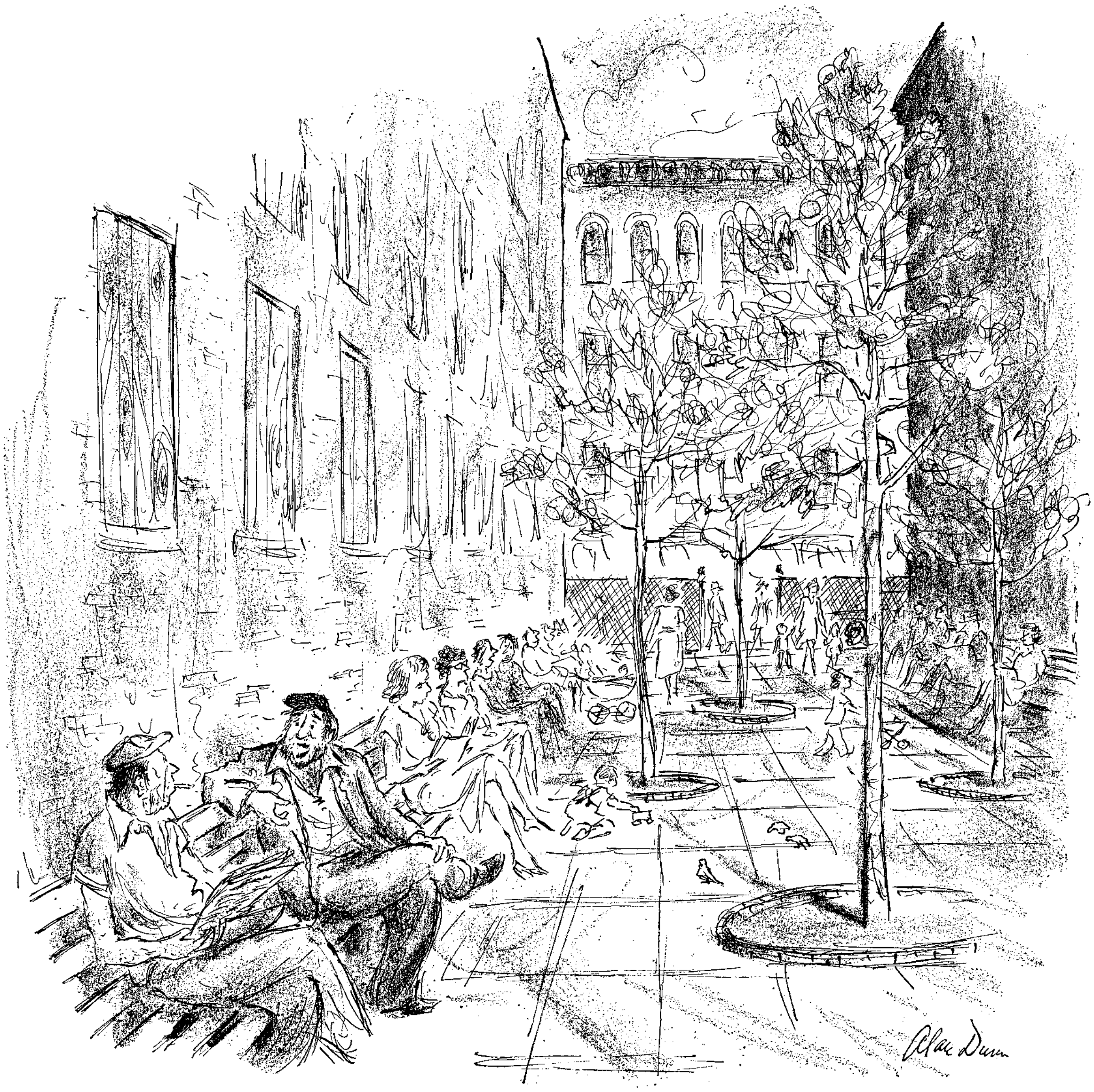
—Robert Fitzgerald

• •

ELEVEN days before leaving office, President Eisenhower convened a White House Conference on the Aging, pursuant to a congressional resolution passed a couple of years before. At the time of the resolution, few people had expected that the conference would be held in the middle of a heated debate on the most pressing problem the aging faced, and since the President had firmly opposed any form of compulsory government health insurance, it was widely assumed that the conferees—around twenty-seven hundred authorities in the field—had been carefully chosen so that a majority would support the administration's views. This assumption was so strong that some experts who had been invited decided to boycott the meeting, and some who did attend announced on arriving in Washington that the deck was stacked. It *was* stacked, but not the way most of the participants thought. The A.M.A.'s representatives at the convention had got control of the panel that seemed the most likely one to take up Medicare. However, with the approval of Arthur Flemming, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, who was publicly opposed to Medicare and privately for it, the pro-Medicare forces had got control of the panel that finally did take up the program. To the A.M.A.'s dismay, this panel strongly endorsed President-elect Kennedy's view. Shortly afterward, it got even more support when both Marion B. Folsom, President Eisenhower's former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, and Arthur Larson, a former Special Assistant to the President and his favorite political philosopher, got up and did the same thing. The A.M.A. blamed the outcome on George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., who, it charged, had waged "a reckless campaign of rule or ruin and the public be damned." Another interpretation—this one by Edward T. Chase, a writer on the social and economic aspects of medicine—suggested that the conferees, in repudiating the A.M.A., had given "overwhelming support to the thesis that medical care has become



a basic human right.”



“You could say I’m an under-achiever.”

On January 30, 1961, President Kennedy, in his first State of the Union address, told Congress that “measures to provide health care for the aged under Social Security . . . must be undertaken this year.” Two weeks later, he sent a special Health Message to the Capitol, in which he appealed for legislative action to deal with “the harsh consequences of illness,” and within a few days Senator Clinton P. Anderson, Democrat of New Mexico, who had been co-sponsor with Kennedy of the previous year’s bill, introduced the administration’s Medicare bill in the Senate, and Representative Cecil King, Democrat of California, introduced it in the House. The new Medicare bill provided for ninety days of hospital care (with a maximum deductible—the amount to be paid by the patient—of ninety dollars), outpatient diagnostic services (with a maximum deductible of twenty dollars per service), a hundred and eighty days of nursing-home care, and two hundred and forty home visits by nurses or other health specialists. Its provisions were available to all Social Security beneficiaries sixty-five or older, or about fourteen million people. The annual cost of the bill was estimated at a billion and a half dollars—including federal grants for the construction of medical-school facilities and for loans to medical students, both of which the A.M.A. also opposed. The medical care was to be paid for by an increase of one-quarter of one per cent in the Social Security tax on both employees and employers.

The A.M.A. called the Medicare bill “the most deadly challenge” that the medical profession had ever faced, and appealed to its hundred and eighty thousand members for an “all-out” effort to defeat it. A small part of what was expected of them showed up a few days later when a copy of the *AMA News*, a weekly tabloid newspaper containing general medical information and Cadillac advertisements, was sent to each member. A box on the front page called attention to a double-page “advertisement-poster” inside and stated that it was for display in all members’ offices. The announcement explained that the poster, which was entitled “Socialized Medicine and *You*,” was “designed as a conversation piece between physician and patient on this important topic.” The poster itself (and a leaflet, with the same text, that was later mailed to all members so that it might be handed to patients or sent to them along with bills if the doctor was too busy for conversation) started out by saying, “The time has come for all of us to stand and be counted on the question of Socialized Medicine,” and concluded:

> Your freedom is at stake. Freedom is what we all stand to lose. Your freedom to choose the doctor *you believe is best for you*. And your doctor’s freedom—his freedom to treat you in an individual way, adapting his knowledge and skills to your particular problems.
>
> These freedoms are bound to be lost when the Federal Government enters the privacy of the examination room—controlling both standards of practice and the choice of practitioner.
>
> And lost with these freedoms will be one of the basic principles of our responsibility to you. A principle expressed in the physician’s pledge—“*I will hold in confidence all that my patient confides in me.*”

Like all the other health-insurance measures that had been submitted to Congress over the years, the Medicare bill specifically prohibited any restriction of a patient’s choice of physician (except that one could not choose a doctor who wasn’t properly licensed or who refused to participate in the program, every doctor being free to refuse if he liked), any interference with medical practice, and any control over the doctor (except that no doctor could treat patients in hospitals that were not approved by state health agencies, which have always been run by doctors). Nor did the bill empower the government to enter the privacy of the examination room or to pry a patient's confidences out of the doctor's files. Of course, the kinds of treatment and tests given were to be recorded, so that they could be paid for, but that was true of Blue Cross and every other health-insurance program. In passing, the poster praised the Kerr-Mills plan, to which, as it happened, all the charges it had erroneously levelled at Medicare applied much more accurately. Under the Kerr-Mills plan, patients rarely had freedom of choice, since it was a welfare program, and welfare patients got what they were given—often whichever interne happened to be on duty when they arrived at a hospital. As for privacy, applicants for Kerr-Mills assistance in many states were subject to having their incomes and assets checked, their homes searched for evidence of valuable personal property, and their medical records opened by the lowliest welfare-department clerk. Furthermore, the Kerr-Mills law put control over the medical care it provided firmly in the hands of local and state politicians. "It is incredible that the American Medical Association fails to see that a law based on the insurance principle would be free from the political domination over individual physicians, which is a major feature of the present law," said Dr. David Rutstein, head of the Department of Preventive Medicine of the Harvard Medical School. Political domination takes various forms, of course, and local and state politicians have always been far more susceptible to pressure from groups like the A.M.A. than their counterparts in Washington have. Probably the best explanation for the Association's fear of a federally administered insurance program was offered by Chase in a speech he delivered before the City Club of Cleveland at about that time. Chase pointed out that Medicare included a fee schedule for hospitals, nursing homes, and nurses. "And it is here that we come close to the heart of organized medicine's rejection of the Social Security approach," he said. "Even so limited an instance of a fee schedule as this, for government-paid medical services to the retired aged—and the administration's bill does not include physicians' services, incidentally—panics the medical leadership. They anticipate a time when doctors' services will be covered and hence a fee schedule will be used."

DEAN'S
GARAGE
GROCE
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

". . . and $12.50 for a carburetor and $8.20 for a new set of plugs comes to $38.22. A wheel alignment at $19 and a new muffler at $25.45 bring it to $82.67—you know, when I first came here I couldn't add two and two—all that, plus $30.50 for labor and a $4.18 sales tax, makes a total of $117.35."

In the early nineteen-fifties, the A.M.A. had mounted a vast and very expensive publicity campaign to defeat a bill, put forward by the Truman administration, that provided for national health insurance for everyone—a bill that no one outside the A.M.A. believed had the remotest chance of passing. Now, late in February of 1961, the Association announced that it was preparing a similar campaign against Medicare—an effort that many people in Washington considered as fu-

Ambush
Dana
Eugene Karlin
Ambush
perfume by
Dana

BEST & CO.
Fifth Ave. at 51 St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

Switch on

the evening in a night-lighting costume that's quietly elegant with its jacket, très gai without. Take it on your travels for it has a practical side, too. It's packable metallic Mylar® polyester and acetate knit. Black or white checkered with a silvery gleam. By Rappi, sizes 6 to 16, **70.00** Evening Shop, 3rd Floor

Sorry, no mail or phone orders

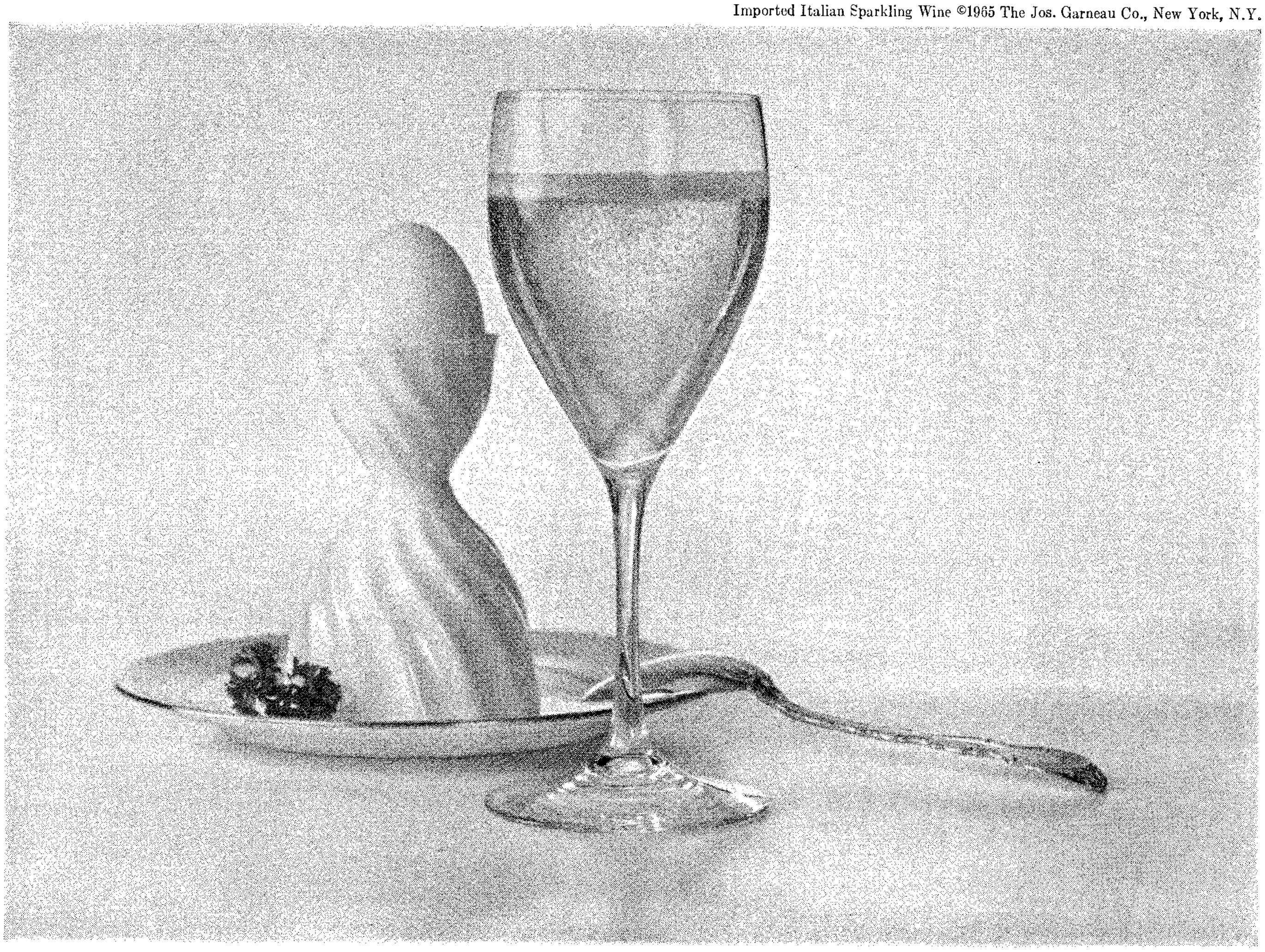
Also at: Eastchester East Orange Garden City Manhasset Paramus Stamford Watchung White Plains

tile as the earlier one had been unnecessary. "Whether this particular bill or one like it gets through this year or not, no organized force is going to prevent any large segment of the public, such as the elderly, from getting adequate medical care and getting it in a dignified, humane, efficient way," Chase said at the time. "Americans are ingenious and insistent in achieving what they consider their basic social rights." A Democratic member of the House who also believed that passage of federal health-insurance legislation was inevitable remarked that the leaders of the A.M.A. probably believed it, too. "Back in 1949, they levied dues on their members for the first time—twenty-five dollars a head per year—to fight Truman," he added. "That brought in between three and four million dollars annually. And now the dues are up to thirty-five dollars. I wouldn't be at all surprised if some of those fellows in the A.M.A. hierarchy got to like having all that money around, considering what it must have done to build up their power."

The A.M.A. hierarchy and representatives from all the state medical societies held a special two-day meeting in Chicago a month after the King-Anderson bill was introduced. Conducted in strict secrecy—a squad of private policemen made sure that all outsiders stayed outside—the meeting was devoted largely to a discussion of the A.M.A.'s plans for its all-out effort. Various materials were passed around, including a thick "Do-It-Yourself Kit," which was later distributed in bulk to the Association's two thousand state and county medical societies. Among the items it contained were "fact sheets" that defended the Kerr-Mills program and attacked Medicare on statistical grounds; speeches for delivery to medical audiences; speeches for delivery to non-medical audiences; press releases announcing that the speeches had been delivered; one-minute radio advertisements; reprints of favorable editorials, articles, and public statements; sample letters-to-the-editor for local papers; advertising mats; leaflets, posters, and booklets; instructions to the women's auxiliary (doctors' wives) on how to conduct a letter-writing campaign that would produce three-quarters of a million letters to Congress by the end of the year; and descriptions of the best ways to line up support among influential organizations and citizens on the local level. Also on display was a full-page advertisement that the A.M.A. had scheduled for appearance in twenty-nine large-city newspapers the following month. At the top was the statement "Speaking for 180,000 physician-members, the AMA believes you deserve to know exactly where we doctors stand on the question of: Medical Aid for the Aged." Below, the advertisement proceeded to praise the Kerr-Mills program on the grounds that its "benefits are unlimited" (which would have been true if all states had made unlimited services available, but not one of them had), that it was "being put into operation in 46 states" (it was actually in operation in nineteen states, and the figure is still under forty-six), and that it "avoids waste of tax dollars" (it was financed out of general tax revenues, while Medicare was self-supporting). As for the administration's plan, the A.M.A. found it unacceptable because it was "compulsory" (its only compulsory feature was a tax increase of less than eighteen dollars a year) and because its benefits were available to everyone under Social Security, "regardless of need" (like Social Security itself). Unaccountably, the advertisement left out some of the A.M.A.'s favorite claims—that, like the British National Health Service, Medicare would be ruinously expensive, widely unpopular, and medically inferior. However, these points were covered in some of the other material distributed at the meeting and were widely used in the campaign that followed.

Later in 1961, a group of A.M.A. officers met at the Drake Hotel in Chicago to hear William Demougeot, a professor in the Speech Department of the North Texas State University, present an evaluation of their publicity. Assuring them that he was opposed to federal health insurance, he said, "I *want* you people to win your fight." However, he warned them, they might lose it if they were not more careful about what they said and where they said it. Charges that Medicare amounted to socialized medicine were "a big help in prejudicing the public," he went on, but they had best be used sparingly and never with "sophisticated people." The denial of free choice was also useful, but, again, only with an audience that didn't know the facts, because, he said, "it simply is not true." The best way of putting opponents at a disadvantage, Professor Demougeot said, was the assertion that Medicare would be compulsory. "Sociologists and economists can demonstrate that a national compulsory system is justifiable and probably cheaper, but it's a difficult line of reasoning to present," he ex-

Imported Italian Sparkling Wine ©1965 The Jos. Garneau Co., New York, N.Y.



Breakfast Italian style

Gancia
460250
Asti Spumante
Asti
Gancia
Italian Sparkling Wine

The egg itself may be poached, fried, scrambled or boiled.

The wine must sparkle. With true Italian sparkle. The flavor must be natural. No sugar added to conceal an undeveloped grape.

Asti Gancia Spumante is such a wine.

Spumante tells you the wine is sparkling.

Asti tells you the grapes are grown in Italy's lush northern vineyards.

Gancia tells you it is Italy's best-loved sparkling wine.

The first sip tells a lot more. Asti Gancia has all the lightness and gaiety of champagne. But without the price tag.

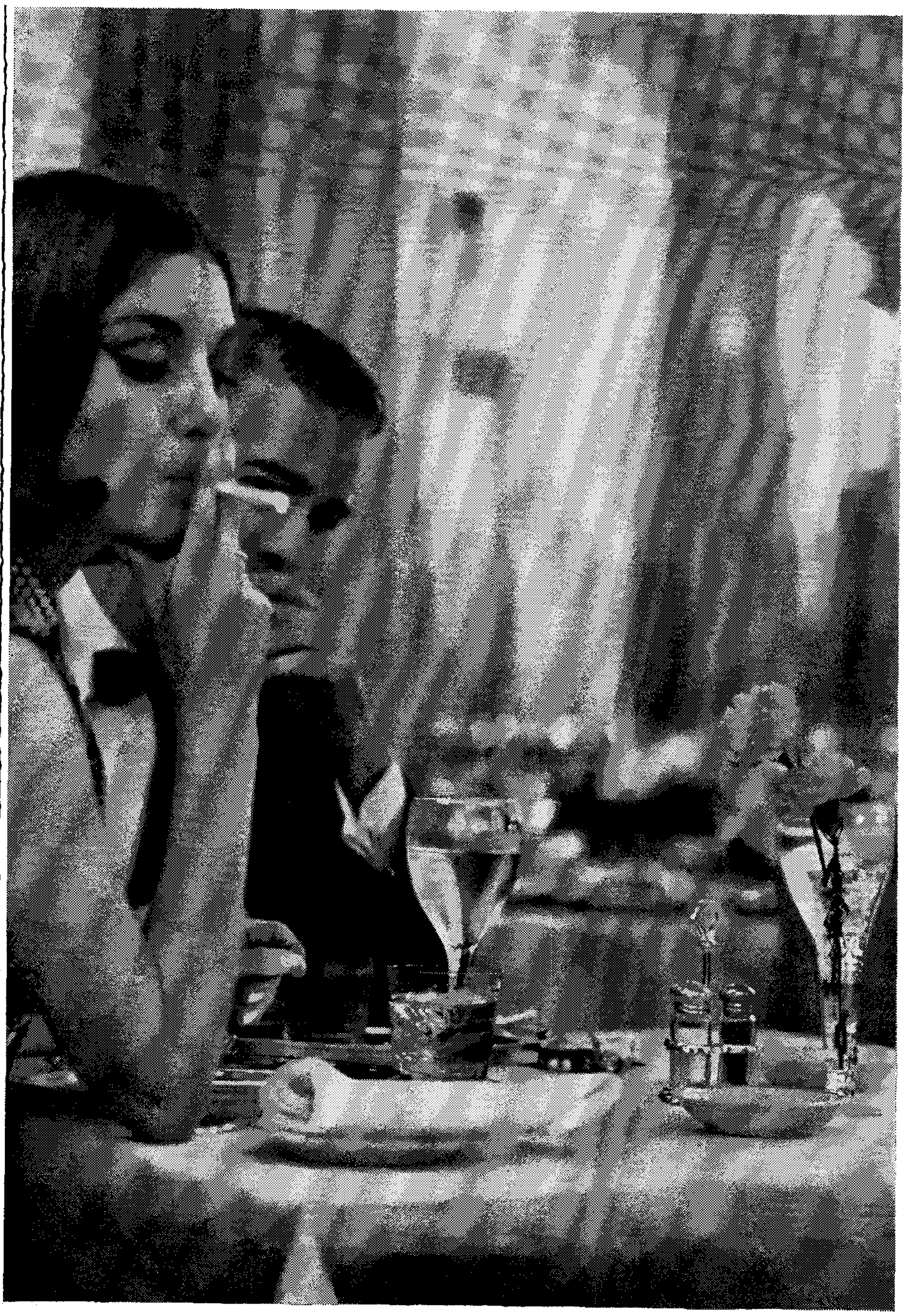
Next time you buy eggs, don't forget the Asti Gancia Spumante.

WE spin a dashing yarn

Vivacious, too. C&A yarns of alpaca and wool are like that.
They take to color beautifully. And to styles you can wear anywhere.
Typical of the adaptability of all our fine yarns.
Of their quality, too. Our skilled yarnmakers are sticklers for quality.
Their yarns turn into fabrics that drape easily, wear beautifully.
This handsome two-piece knit is full of bounce and spring.
Perfect to take you through Fall. Comes in rajah green, swinging blue, caraway brown, lime green, plum, beige. Sizes 8 to 18.
About $25, at fine stores everywhere.

COLLINS & AIKMAN
210 Madison Avenue, New York 10016

plained. When he got to the claim about the British system, he said, "You'd better not use it if you have an audience, or an opponent, who knows how foreign systems are run." Pointing out that in England both patients and doctors had complete freedom of choice, he went on to cite a Gallup poll showing that sixty per cent of the doctors and nearly ninety per cent of the patients were quite happy with the system. The A.M.A. had often charged that the National Health Service had reduced England, medically, to the second rank. The statement was not entirely accurate, Professor Demougeot said, because while England *was* in the second rank, it hadn't been even as high as that before the program was adopted. He also pointed out that statements about the exorbitant cost of government health insurance as opposed to private health insurance were difficult to justify. In the United States, the administrative costs of private group plans ran as high as twenty-five per cent of premiums, while in England the administrative costs were around twelve per cent, and, he added, "Their percentage is going down while ours is rising." He also advised the doctors to steer clear of statements about how much it cost to run our Social Security system, because its administrative costs were only six per cent. (On this point the Professor was wrong; the costs were two per cent.) "I wonder if it has ever occurred to the members of this audience that the United States is the only major nation in the world that does *not* have a national compulsory system of state payment for medical care," he continued. "If the system is really as bad as it is usually pictured here, would fifty-nine nations have adopted it? Wouldn't the conservative party in some nation rally all those discontented people to its cause by proposing to abolish that low-quality, high-cost system?" Still another argument that he felt was "not worth using against an intelligent opponent" was that American medicine was the best in the world and had been made that way through free enterprise and private practice. That was no reason for not making it better, he remarked, and went on to point out that the country's physical well-being was also due to improved standards of food, shelter, clothing, and sanitation, and to the fact that most people had more money available to pay for a doctor's services than they used to have. Almost every advance in medicine had been made by a doctor working on salary (an arrangement the A.M.A. frowned on), and, furthermore, that salary was



This is one of the most elegant European hotels. It has the ultimate in French cuisine. Luxurious Louis XVI rooms and suites. Magnificent Italian marble floors. Tapestries woven in 18th century France. And the most understanding Belgian concierge. It's at 61st and Park.

The Regency Hotel

61ST STREET AND PARK AVENUE, NEW YORK 21. PLAZA 9-4100. EDMOND A. RIEDER, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

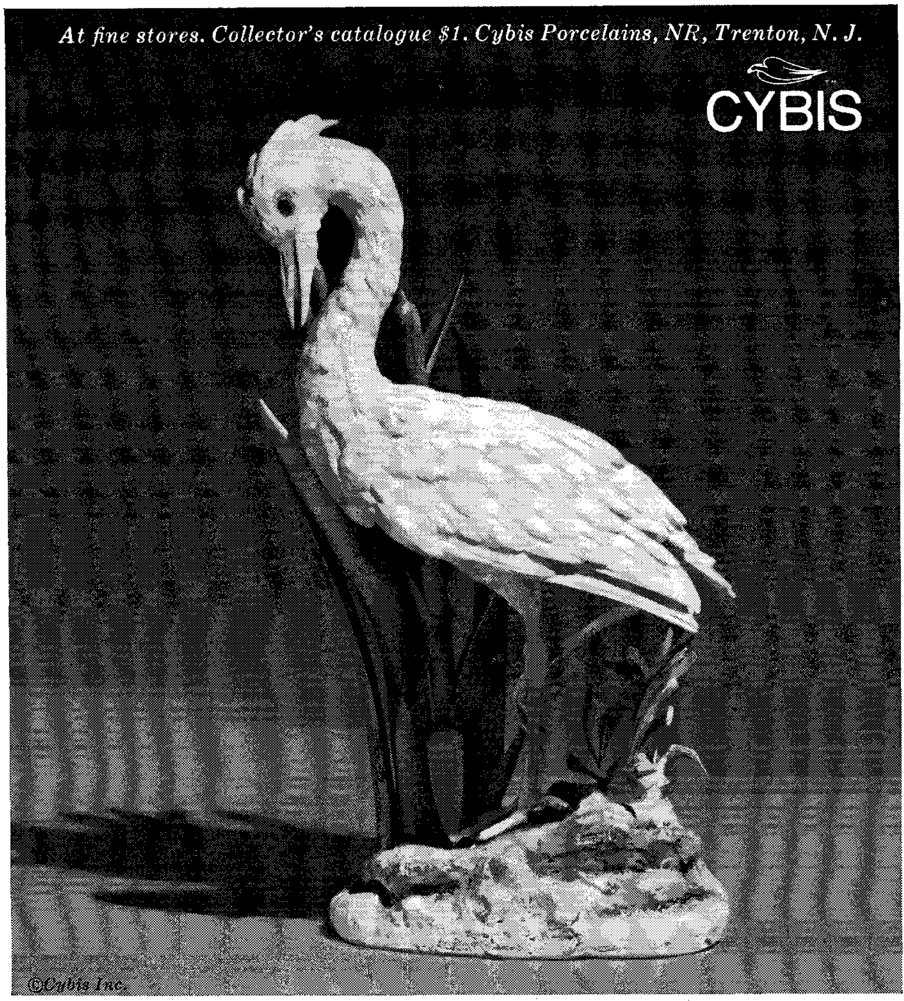
Imperial Convenience

Decreed by an Emperor in 1890 for you to enjoy today

It was the Emperor Meiji who provided the present site of the Imperial Hotel—on the very grounds of his palace in 1890—for the convenience of his first distingushed guests from overseas. Since then, modern Tokyo has built up around the hotel, allowing Imperial guests to avoid much of the inconvenience of taxi travel around the world's largest city. Today, you get your trip to Japan off on the right foot—at the Imperial—just footsteps away from the center of Tokyo's business, culture and entertainment.

IMPERIAL HOTEL Tokyo

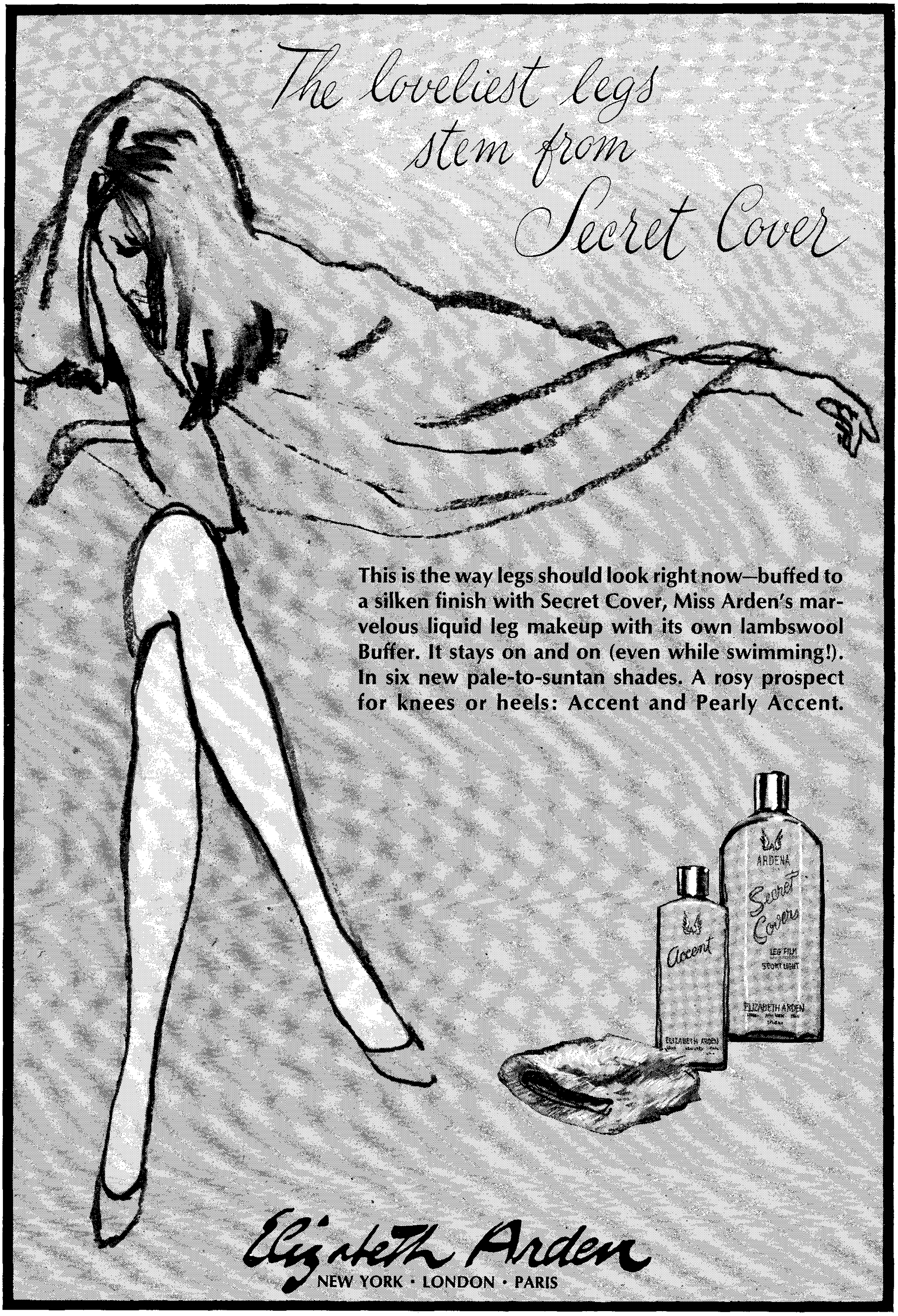
T. Inumaru, President and General Manager


At fine stores. Collector's catalogue $1. Cybis Porcelains, NR, Trenton, N. J.
CYBIS
©Cybis Inc.

often paid by the government. Despite all this, American medicine still wasn't the best in the world—at least, not by some standards. Not only did six nations have a higher longevity rate and nine a lower infant-mortality rate, Professor Demougeot said, but "the nations ahead of us have one thing in common—the national government pays for medical care."

LATE in the spring of 1961, the *Medical Tribune* reported that eighty-one per cent of the doctors were against Medicare, and that summer a Gallup poll showed that sixty-seven per cent of the lay voters were for it. "It was clear then what the outcome would be," said Representative John D. Dingell, Jr., Democrat of Michigan, whose father had been one of the chief sponsors of the first bill ever submitted in Congress to provide comprehensive national health insurance, back in 1943. "It was a case of the doctors versus the people. Naturally, the people were going to win." For the moment, though, it appeared that the doctors were winning. Despite the President's call for action on the King-Anderson bill, it was locked fast in the House Committee on Ways and Means, whose chairman—Wilbur Mills, of Arkansas, a co-sponsor of the Kerr-Mills bill and one of the two or three most powerful men in Congress—seemed determined to prevent a Medicare bill from reaching the floor of the House.

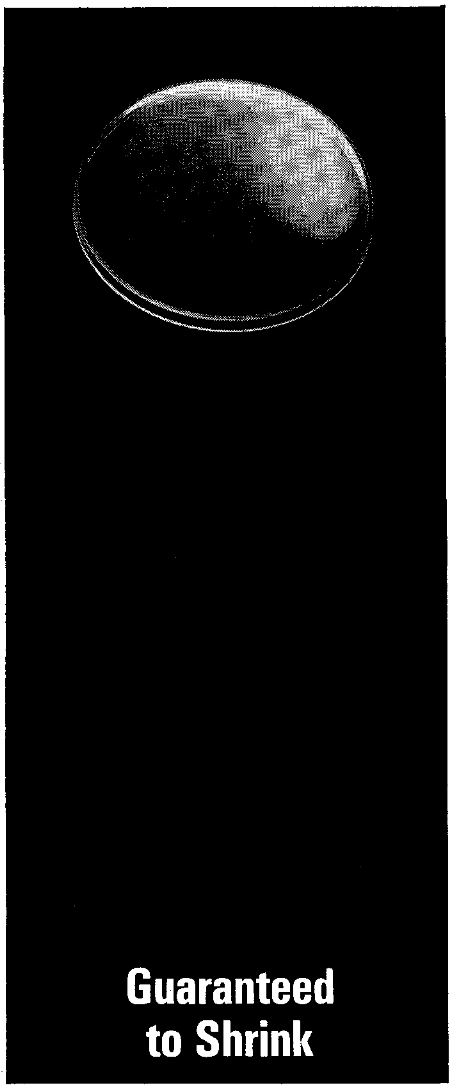
While the King-Anderson bill's supporters in Congress mustered their forces for an attack on Mills, the A.M.A. went on trying, as it had for twenty-five years, to keep its allies in line and, if possible, to attract new ones to its cause. Back in February, the A.M.A. had unexpectedly been rebuffed by the General Board of the National Council of Churches, which endorsed the Medicare bill. Afterward, it was generally assumed in religious circles that the United Presbyterian Church would second the endorsement when its General Assembly met in June. As June approached, the delegates to the assembly—there were nine hundred of them—became the object of an astonishing amount of attention from local medical societies, chambers of commerce, business and civic groups, prominent members of their churches, and, often, their personal physicians. It was, the *Christian Century* reported later, a "tremendous, amazingly well-organized, and well-financed" campaign. It was also an effective one. As the magazine put it, "a pressure group



The loveliest legs
stem from
Secret Cover
ARDENA
Secret Cover
LEG FILM
SPORT LIGHT
ELIZABETH ARDEN
Accent
ELIZABETH ARDEN

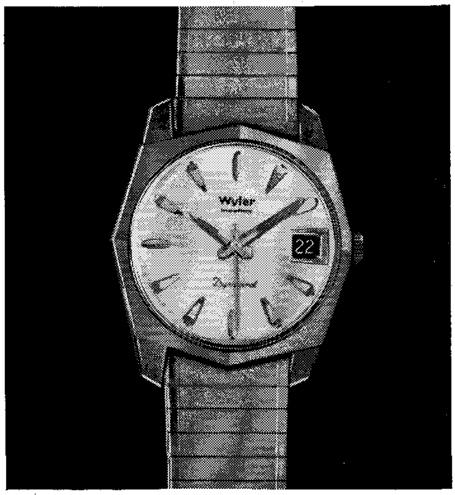
This is the way legs should look right now—buffed to a silken finish with Secret Cover, Miss Arden's marvelous liquid leg makeup with its own lambswool Buffer. It stays on and on (even while swimming!). In six new pale-to-suntan shades. A rosy prospect for knees or heels: Accent and Pearly Accent.

Elizabeth Arden
NEW YORK · LONDON · PARIS



Guaranteed to Shrink

A waterproof watch crystal can't be labeled "Sanforized"—it is bound to shrink "away" from the case wall. Result: Water seeps through. But in a Wyler waterproof, the crystal locks *over* the case wall. The more it shrinks, the tighter the fit. Our written waterproof guarantee is renewable for the life of the watch, as long as crystal is intact and genuine parts used.
The Trident—Duraclad yellow, self-winding, date, $79.50



Wyler incaflex

WYLER WATCH CORPORATION, NEW YORK 10

barked and the church retreated." The retreat consisted of a refusal to take any stand at all beyond referring the question to a committee for further study. Not long afterward, the Young Women's Christian Association announced that it supported Medicare, whereupon the A.M.A. sent an indignant letter, expressing "shock" at the decision, to the Y.W.C.A.'s board, which, it declared, was unqualified to judge "such a controversial, technical issue." The ladies were apparently made of sterner stuff than the churchmen, and stood fast. The A.M.A. had also been having trouble with another group of women—a hundred and eighty thousand of them, who made up the membership of the American Nurses' Association. The A.N.A. had endorsed Medicare in 1958, and thirty-five of the nurses' state societies reported that doctors had made various efforts to change their minds, including threats of reprisal against office or hospital nurses who retained their membership in the national organization and offers to pay all the expenses of any nurse who wanted to take a trip to Washington (and publicly express her disapproval of the bill while she was there). In 1958, the American Hospital Association—which had always gone along with the doctors up to that time—had officially stated that some kind of federal health insurance might ultimately be necessary, and now it was rumored that a good many of its members had concluded that the ultimate was at hand. The A.M.A. moved in quickly to suppress the revolt. Hospital staff physicians, hospital trustees, and heads of local chambers of commerce that participated in hospital fund-raising drives began dropping in with surprising frequency to chat with hospital administrators. One administrator, a member of an important committee in the A.H.A., heard from twenty graduates of the medical school that was affiliated with his hospital; each of them threatened to stop contributing to the school if he took the wrong stand at the next A.H.A. meeting. "I didn't feel so intimidated when I checked up and found out that none of them had been making contributions anyway," he said later. When the A.H.A. met to consider the issue, the A.M.A. increased its pressure. "The heat was terrific," a delegate has recalled. "If it hadn't been for all that lobbying, I think we would have gone for a flat endorsement of Social Security financing. As it was, we had to fudge the issue." Like the Presbyterians, the hospital administrators ended up by endorsing nothing. But they did issue a statement noting that federal help of some sort had to be given to the elderly poor, and adding, "The tax source of funds is of secondary importance to us." The statement was not at all to the A.M.A.'s liking, but it put on a brave face and said that it was "gratified" by the hospital administrators' stand. During the same period, the American Public Health Association, representing forty thousand public health specialists, approved a resolution in favor of Social Security financing for health care, and a growing number of doctors broke away from the A.M.A., with a maximum of publicity. In the San Francisco area, two young physicians who objected to statements contained in some one-minute radio spots that had been sponsored by the local medical society paid for twenty-eight one-minute announcements of their own to refute their colleagues. Then they founded the Bay Area Committee for Medical Aid to the Aged through Social Security, and soon signed up two hundred doctors and a thousand laymen. The founding of this committee and a similar but smaller one in Chicago led to the establishment of a national organization—the Physicians Committee for Health Care for the Aged through Social Security. The members of the national organization included Caldwell B. Esselstyn, president of the Group Health Association of America, who served as chairman; David P. Barr, chief physician at New York Hospital; Walter Bauer, head of medical services at Massachusetts General Hospital; Martin Cherkasky, director of Montefiore Hospital; Leona Baumgartner, New York City Commissioner of Health; Ray E. Trussell, New York City Commissioner of Hospitals; Arthur Kornberg and Dickinson W. Richards, Nobel laureates in medicine; Benjamin Spock, the pediatrician; Helen Taussig, one of the developers of the blue-baby operation; and Michael E. DeBakey, the heart surgeon. Shortly after the committee was set up, it sent an advertisement stating its principles and its purpose to the *Journal* of the A.M.A.; the ad was turned down as "misleading."

THOSE who hope to control the events of history in Washington must first understand that the process of gaining, and keeping, political power is an extraordinarily complex one. Men who have reached the top in other fields

Beauty serves the tastiest saké.

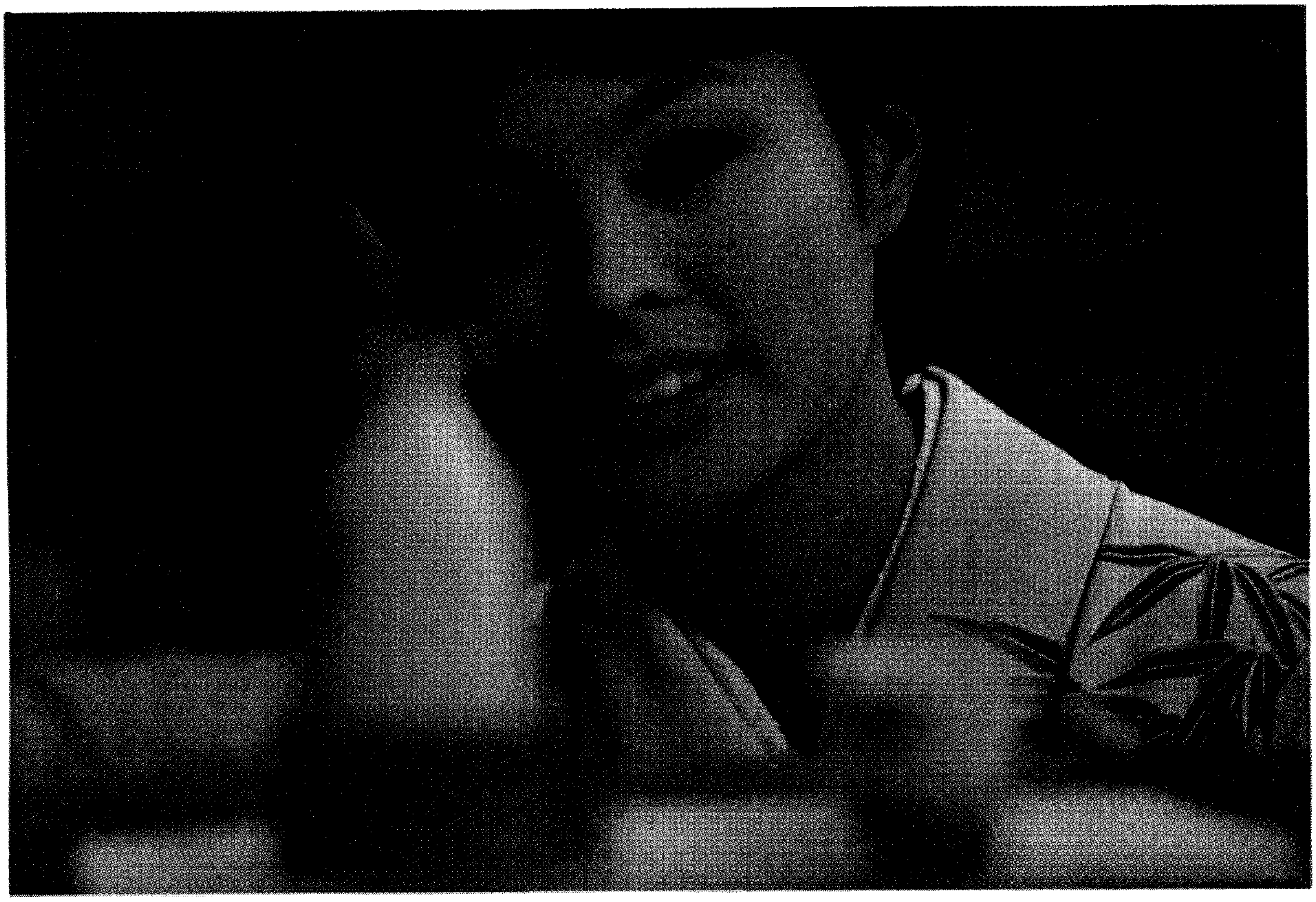
It is a tradition — centuries old and very Japanese — that feminine grace is part of perfect service. A tradition that your Japan Air Lines hostess has been schooled in since childhood.

Classic beliefs like this

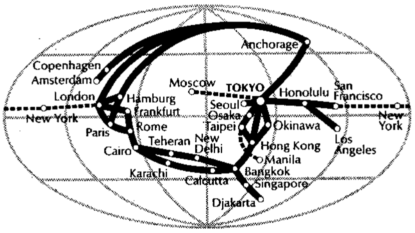
How charmingly your kimono-clad hostess offers the age-old graces of Japan. The welcome of warmed *saké*, exquisitely served in its tiny cup. The pleasing refreshment of an o-*shibori* hot towel. The piquance of *tsumami mono*, Japanese hors d'oeuvres, before your superb Continental cuisine.

Are the special charm of JAL today.

Wherever in the world you fly, you can savor this unique blend of Jet-Age airmanship and the timeless Japanese tradition of gracious, personal service . . . only on Japan Air Lines, "the calm beauty of Japan at almost the speed of sound."



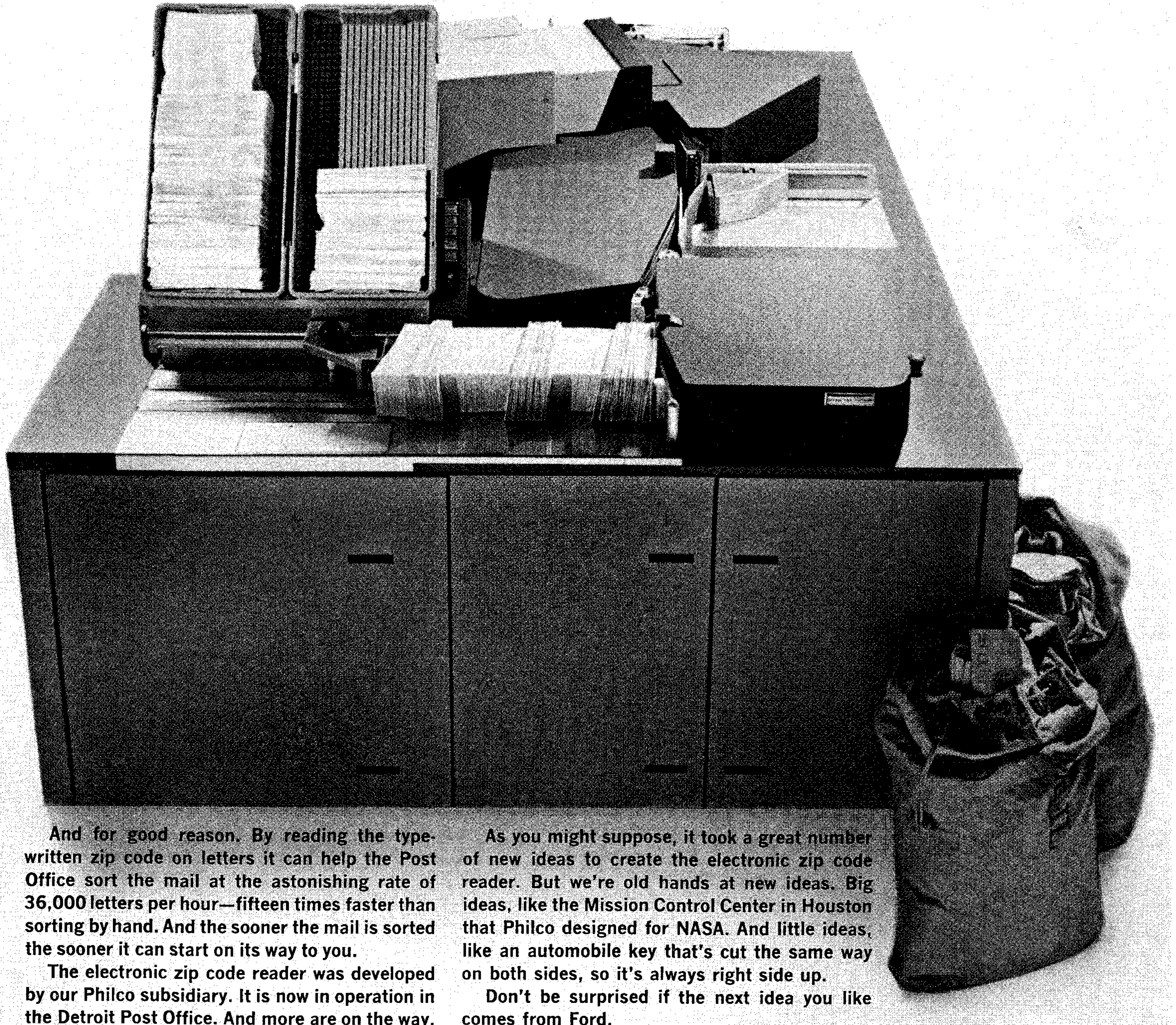
ENJOY THE SPECIAL CHARM OF JAL AT NEW LOW FARES. Take advantage of year-round savings on transPacific fares . . . up to 15% on winter Economy Class travel. Plan a Hawaii stopover at no extra fare. Plan also to fly JAL between the U.S. and the Orient, the Middle East . . . throughout Europe. Ask your travel agent about Japan Air Lines.


Anchorage
Copenhagen
Amsterdam
London
New York
Hamburg
Frankfurt
Moscow
TOKYO
Honolulu
San Francisco
Seoul
Osaka
Taipei
Okinawa
New York
Paris
Rome
Cairo
Teheran
New Delhi
Hong Kong
Los Angeles
Manila
Karachi
Bangkok
Calcutta
Singapore
Djakarta

JAPAN AIR LINES

the worldwide airline of Japan

We taught it to read zip codes.

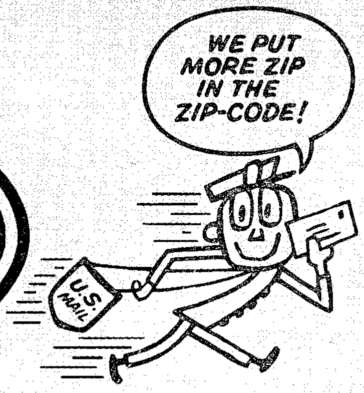


And for good reason. By reading the typewritten zip code on letters it can help the Post Office sort the mail at the astonishing rate of 36,000 letters per hour—fifteen times faster than sorting by hand. And the sooner the mail is sorted the sooner it can start on its way to you.

The electronic zip code reader was developed by our Philco subsidiary. It is now in operation in the Detroit Post Office. And more are on the way.

As you might suppose, it took a great number of new ideas to create the electronic zip code reader. But we're old hands at new ideas. Big ideas, like the Mission Control Center in Houston that Philco designed for NASA. And little ideas, like an automobile key that's cut the same way on both sides, so it's always right side up.

Don't be surprised if the next idea you like comes from Ford.

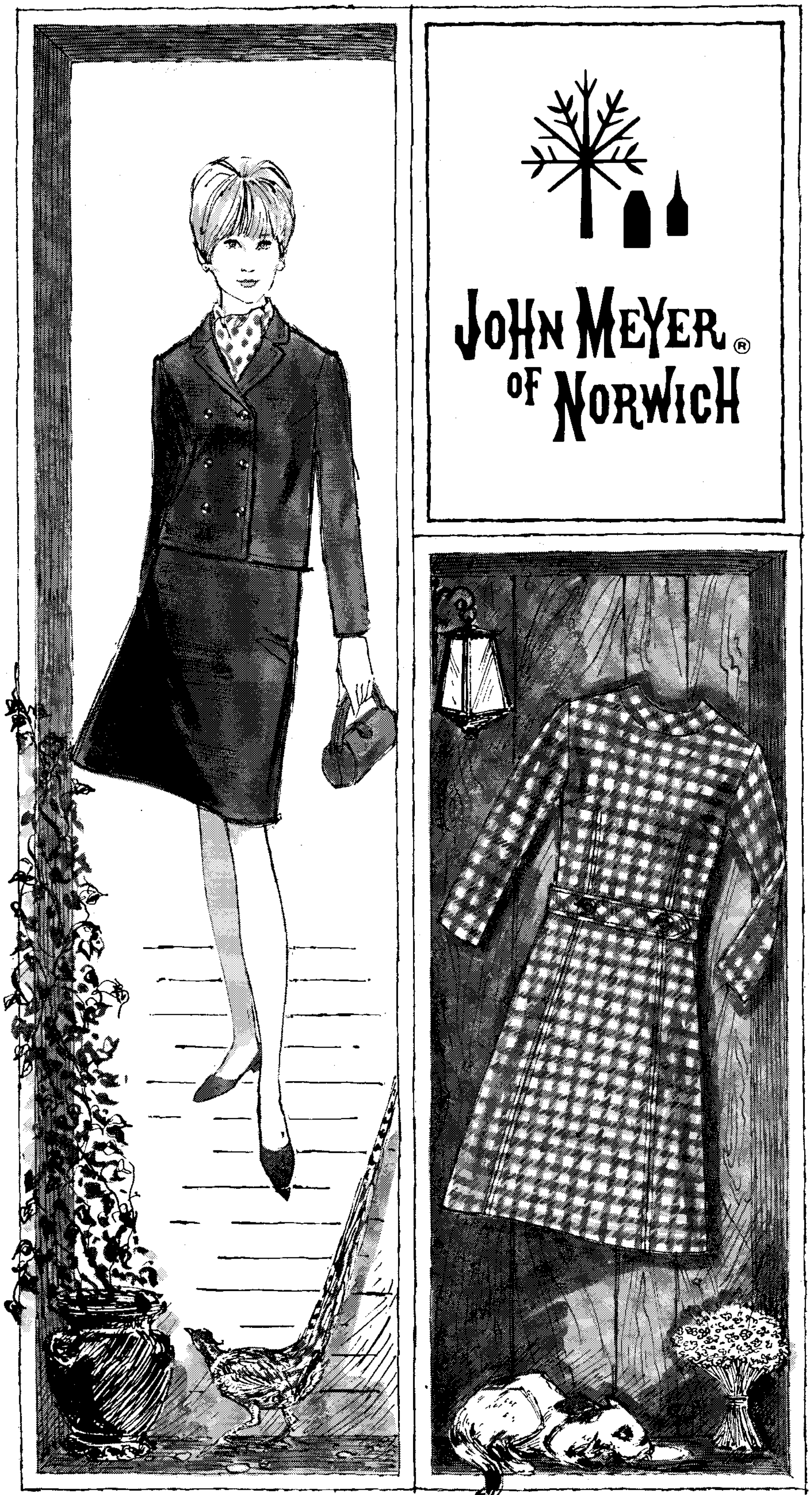

WE PUT MORE ZIP IN THE ZIP-CODE!
U.S. MAIL

often find themselves completely outclassed when they enter public life, for politics requires a unique intellectual and emotional capacity. The successful politician devotes years—with a prudent investment of his influence here and an occasional well-considered plunge on a vote there—to accumulating a nest egg of power that will then accumulate substantial interest from the seniority system. Because power is so hard to come by, clever politicians seldom risk it in any large measure. A financier can lose a million dollars and make it up within the week, but a politician who suffers a comparable reverse is faced with political bankruptcy. (In the past hundred and twenty-five years, only one defeated nominee for the Presidency came back to win the office, and that was Grover Cleveland, who had already been President.) In short, when a man loses in politics, he loses big. And the same thing may be said of organizations that hope to wield power in Washington.

In the summer of 1961, the A.M.A.—either overconfident of its strength or unaware of the dangers involved—decided to enlarge its all-out effort against Medicare by participating in the next year's congressional campaign. As a non-profit corporation, it could not, under federal law, engage directly in a political campaign without endangering its tax-exempt status, so an independent group was set up with a contribution from the A.M.A. of fifty thousand dollars—for "educational" purposes, which the law permits. This new organization was called the American Medical Political Action Committee and came to be known as AMPAC. The A.M.A.'s board of trustees chose the directors of AMPAC, and chose all Republicans until someone pointed out that this meant writing off the entire South. With that, AMPAC became bipartisan, although the bipartisanship had its limits, as one of the directors indicated by publicly stating, "We are out to elect conservatives." As a part of its fund-raising activities, AMPAC published a newsletter, called *Political Stethoscope*, that appealed to all doctors to make contributions, or at least become members. "If we want to keep politics out of medicine, we must get into politics," wrote AMPAC's chairman, Dr. Gunnar Gundersen, who was a former president of the A.M.A. Dr. Gundersen went on to tell his colleagues that "the dollars you use for political purposes may well mean more to your children and your family's future than any other investment you will ever make."

Between 1949 and 1952, the medi-

©JOHN MEYER OF NORWICH, INC.



All prices are "about."

Pheasants in the yard and these John Meyer niceties, engaging signs of Fall. Tailored with an accomplished hand: splendidly shaped double-breasted suit in wool hopsacking $40. The "go with" mini-bag $12. Crisply checked wool dress $32. In clear Autumn colorings. For store nearest you, write John Meyer of Norwich, Norwich, Connecticut.

People who care about the martini have given it a first name.

BEEFEATER®

First name for the martini

FROM ENGLAND BY KOBRAND, NY • 94 PROOF • TRIPLE DISTILLED • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

The new Baker album illustrates more than five hundred choice "collector's items." For your copy, please send $3.00.

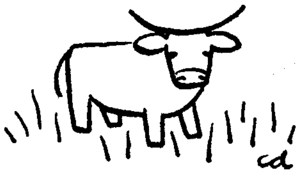
Baker Furniture, Inc.
CABINET MAKERS
307 MILLING ROAD, HOLLAND, MICHIGAN 49423

DISPLAYS MAY BE SEEN IN: NEW YORK • CHICAGO • PITTSBURGH • LOS ANGELES DALLAS • PHILADELPHIA • SAN FRANCISCO • ST. LOUIS • ATLANTA • GRAND RAPIDS

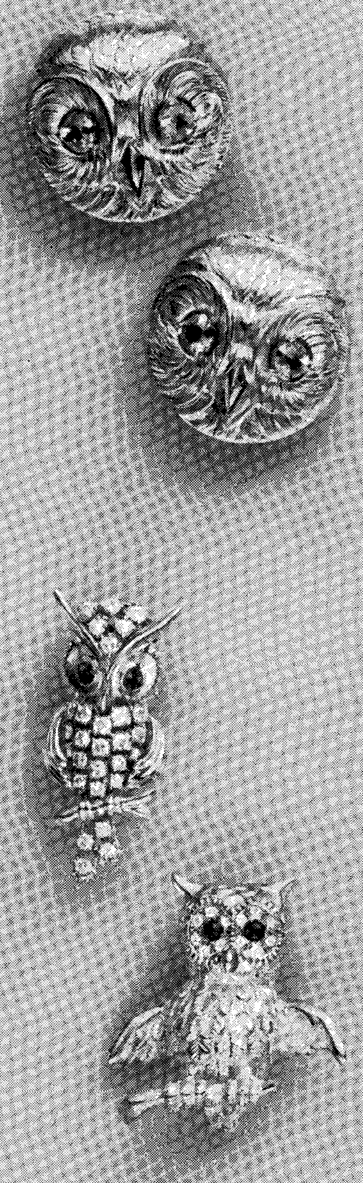
cal profession had got involved in a number of congressional campaigns, but in a relatively modest and wholly local way, through what were called healing-arts committees. Their efforts to get particular candidates elected not only had failed much more often than they succeeded but had drawn a good deal of criticism from the public at large because of the outlay of money involved, which was enormous, and the tactics employed, which were often questionable. To avoid this kind of criticism, AMPAC conducted its affairs pretty much in secret, although from time to time its members were unable to refrain from boasting about their accomplishments, and even their expenditures. "AMPAC officials are closemouthed about the size of their membership and campaign kitty," the *Wall Street Journal* reported several months after the organization went into action, but before long it became apparent that AMPAC was thriving. Within a year, forty-six state medical societies had set up their own local political committees, which were autonomous but contributed part of the donations and membership dues they collected to the national headquarters. In return, the national headquarters supplied them with campaign literature, advice on precinct organization, instructions about voter-registration drives, and suggestions for getting out the vote on Election Day; in addition, a special AMPAC squad toured the country and held seminars to teach local groups of doctors some of the more refined techniques of political campaigning and advise them on handling local problems. Half the doctors in Iowa enrolled in the Iowa Physicians Political League, which turned over forty per cent of its dues to AMPAC. The Texas Political Action Committee asked all doctors in the state who had been in practice for five years or more to take out sustaining memberships in AMPAC, and it was said that two-thirds of them complied; a single fund-raising dinner in Texas produced eighteen thousand dollars for AMPAC. The Indiana Health Organization for Political Education, or I-HOPE, enrolled a thousand doctors, who contributed fifty thousand dollars, and a hundred and twenty of its members spent additional sums in attempts to become delegates to the state conventions of both political parties.

In July of 1961, the same month in which AMPAC was set up to oppose Medicare, another group was set up to support it. Called the National Council of Senior Citizens, it was built around the remnants of the Senior Citizens for

Kennedy, which had been organized for the 1960 campaign. The earlier group had been headed by Representative Aimé Forand, of Rhode Island, who, in 1957, had introduced the first widely publicized bill to provide health insurance for the elderly. Because he himself was elderly and in poor health, he retired from Congress the year Kennedy was elected, but he still lived near Washington and was as active in the Medicare fight as his physical condition permitted. At the White House Conference on the Aging, Forand had got into a discussion with several union leaders who were considering whether it was desirable to organize older people to work for Medicare. Some of the men he talked with opposed the idea, on the ground that it would inevitably lead to a kind of Townsend movement. Among those who held this opinion was Nelson Cruikshank, head of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s Department of Social Security. "The Townsend people, back in the thirties, were wildly irresponsible," he recalled not long ago. "If they'd had their way, the United States would have been bankrupt inside a year. I was afraid we might create a sort of gerontocracy that would plague the government for one handout after another. We just couldn't get tied up with anything like that." Then, in the summer of 1961, two men who ran programs for retired workers in A.F.L.-C.I.O. affiliates—Charles Odell, of the United Auto Workers, and James Cuff O'Brien, of the United Steelworkers—decided to go ahead with the project on a part-time basis, despite the opposition of Cruikshank and other labor leaders. They persuaded their unions to put up small amounts of money, prevailed on Forand to lend his name as chairman, and, in the name of the National Council of Senior Citizens, set up a modest office in Washington with a staff of three. Forand had never got around to answering some six thousand letters from old people who had written to thank him for his efforts on their behalf; now he sent each of them a form letter asking them to join the council and to bring their friends and neighbors along. The idea caught on among the elderly as quickly as AMPAC had among doctors, and within a few months the council had half a million members, a monthly newsletter, and a sizable debt. At the end of 1961, the Democratic National Committee completed its analysis of the previous year's vote, and found that elderly voters had contributed significantly, and in some key districts decisively, to Kennedy's victory. Convinced by this that the new council could be helpful in the forthcoming campaign for Medicare, the National Committee started giving it small donations at intervals to keep it going. About the same time, Cruikshank's associates persuaded him that the best way to keep the council on the right track, now that it was running, was to contribute to its upkeep. (Over the next five years, the council's total budget was about half a million dollars, supplied in more or less equal parts by the Democratic National Committee, the A.F.L.-C.I.O., and individual members, who, if they could afford it, paid dues of a dollar a year.) With funds available, the council was able to hire a man to run it full time, and the man who got the job was William R. Hutton, a naturalized immigrant from Great Britain who had been, seriatim, a foreign correspondent for the London *Daily Mail*, a heavily decorated colonel in the British Commando forces, director of the British Information Services for Central Europe, and a New York public-relations man. "When I came down here, it was a bucket-shop operation," Hutton has recalled. "The office was a dilapidated flat, the one secretary worked at the kitchen table and kept the press releases in the bathtub, and there was precious little in the way of funds. The A.M.A. had all the money, and we had all the old people. My job was to switch them from the bingo circuit to social action."



President Kennedy was also impressed by the analysis of the election returns, and after discussing the matter with members of his staff he decided to make a push for passage of the Medicare bill in 1962. "With a pivotal congressional election coming up this fall," the *Times* noted a little later, "it was patent the Democrats hoped to claim a major achievement if the bill passed, or a campaign issue with real bite if it failed." The stakes were very high. Kenneth O'Donnell, a special assistant to the President, and Richard Maguire, a top man on the Democratic National Committee, were convinced—and they convinced President Kennedy—that the Medicare issue was the only thing big enough to cut down the losses that the party in power normally suffers in off-year congressional elections. The Kennedy administration was having great difficulty in getting most of its program passed, and it was clear that if



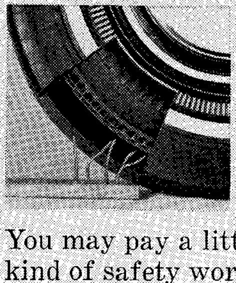
Brilliant little owls...
perched in our collection
of precious jewels.
Peridot eyes in 14 karat
yellow gold earclips. 125.00
Pin-on-owls in 18 karat
yellow gold. Emerald eyes
and diamond plumage. 700.00
Sapphire eyes circled in
diamonds. 175.00
Neiman-Marcus
Dallas • Houston • Fort Worth

When there's no man around,

Goodyear should be.

The loneliest place in the world is anywhere a lady gets a flat tire. That's why Goodyear makes the Double Eagle tire with optional LifeGuard Safety Spare inside. To give her a second chance.

The Double Eagle, the outer tire, is the finest Goodyear makes. No other tire body is as durable. And the thick, wide, wrap around tread is made with Tufsyn rubber for thousands of extra miles.



The LifeGuard Safety Spare inside the Double Eagle is a complete tire, with its own tread and its own air. If the outer tire goes flat, this inner tire takes over, keeps the steering wheel from wrenching out of her hands, keeps the car from swerving off the road.

You may pay a little more for this tire but isn't this kind of safety worth it? See your Goodyear man for a demonstration.

LIFEGUARD SAFETY SPARE

GOODYEAR

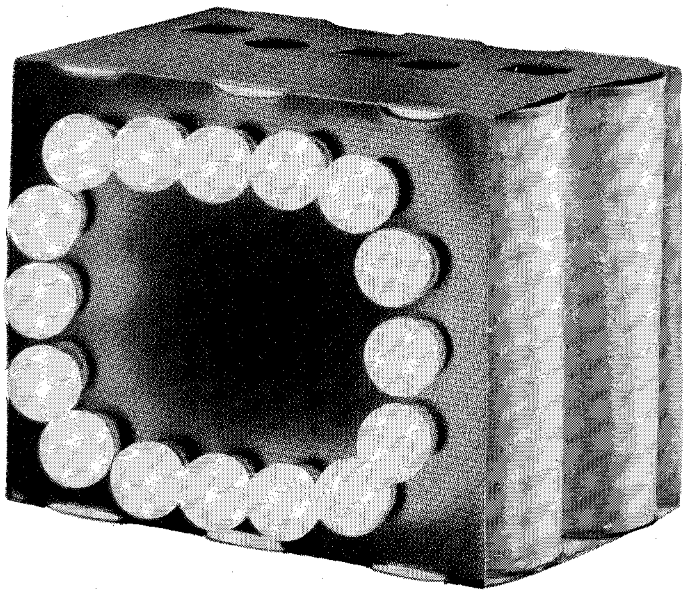
The safety-minded company.

Double Eagle, LifeGuard, Tufsyn—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

Two all-time hits: Take Me All The Way Home and Cheaper By The Half-Dozen. Make your product the star in a Mead Cluster-Pak®. You'll be breaking records at the checkout counter. It's like having your name up in lights. Not all good ideas come from Mead. But you'd be amazed how many do.

MEAD packaging

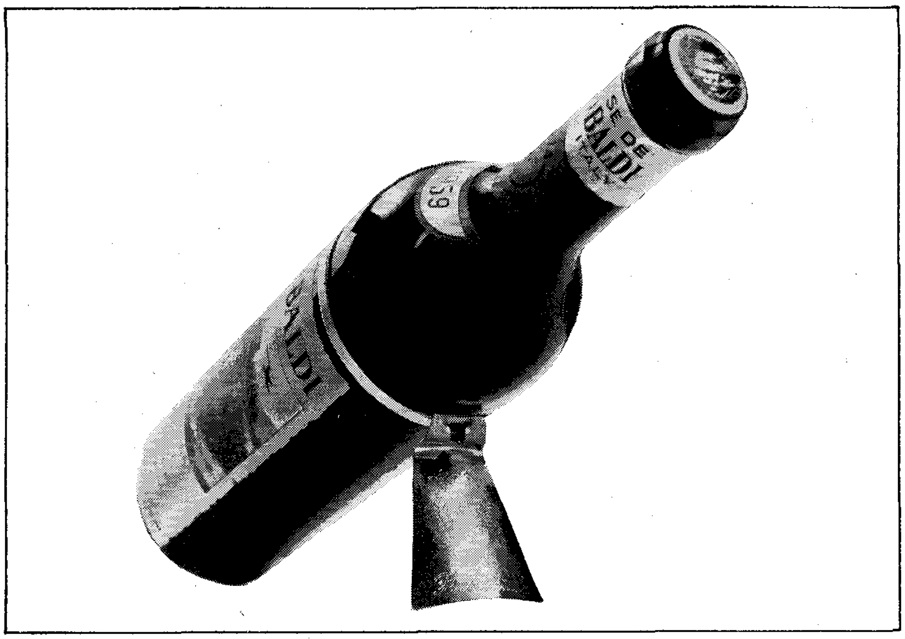
Double feature at the supermarket.



Mead Packaging, a division of The Mead Corporation, Dayton, Ohio

Frescobaldi Chianti

is so wonderful, one really should cradle it properly.



That's why we're offering this clever little device.

Now every bottle of Frescobaldi Chianti Superiore comes with a "cradle" to tilt the bottle at table...save your precious tablecloth...add a gracious touch to your dining. And it will enhance the most delicious Chianti you ever poured! Why not enjoy a bottle this evening?

Sole U.S. Distributors: Fontana Hollywood Corp., N.Y.C.

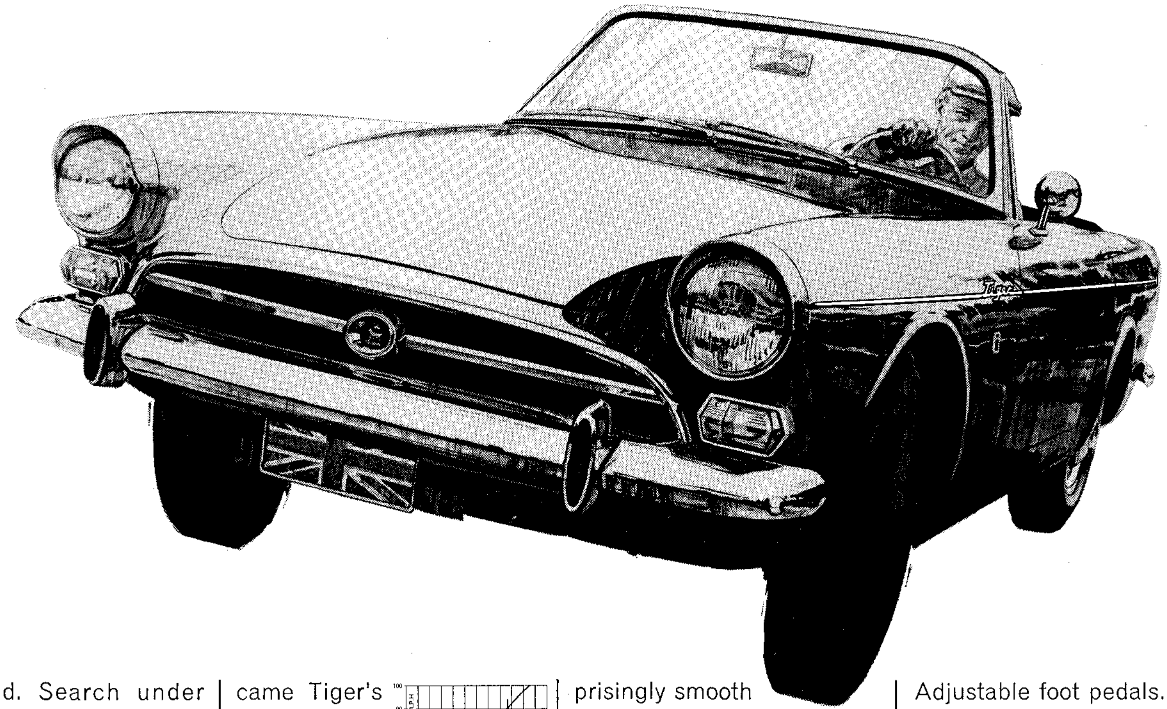
the Party lost heavily that fall, there would be almost no chance of getting anything at all through Congress.

The news that the President was determined to press hard for enactment of Medicare produced a good deal of excitement in medical circles. Early in January, 1962, just after Congress convened, the Blue Cross Association announced that it had made "a historic decision . . . to finance a program of comprehensive health-care benefits for the aged," that the program was all arranged, and that nothing remained to be done except to translate it into "technical language." Since Blue Cross had always been sensitive to the views of the American Hospital Association, and the American Hospital Association had always been sensitive to the views of doctors, whom it had to get along with on a day-to-day basis, it was generally taken for granted in Washington that the A.M.A. had suggested the idea. Whatever the source of the program may have been, Blue Cross seemed to encounter extraordinary difficulty in translating it into technical language, for the benefits never appeared. The headlines that the announcement created across the country may have momentarily tempered the public demand for enactment of Medicare, but they did not allay the A.M.A.'s strong fear that the bill would be passed before AMPAC could show its strength at election time.

To forestall action in Congress, the A.M.A. and AMPAC stepped up their campaigns. The women's auxiliary was the first to attack. In a program called Operation Coffee Cup, thousands of doctors' wives held afternoon parties for friends and neighbors, at which they ate cookies, drank coffee, and listened to a recording of a talk by Ronald Reagan. "One of the traditional methods of imposing statism or Socialism on a people has been by way of medicine," Reagan informed his listeners, and he urged the ladies to write letters, and get their friends to write letters, to members of Congress. "If you don't do this," he said, "one of these days you and I are going to spend our sunset years telling our children and our children's children what it once was like in America when men were free." Sample letters were printed on the jacket of the record, and after it was played, the hostess passed out pens, writing paper, preaddressed envelopes, and stamps. The A.M.A. speakers' bureau sent seventy of its members around the country to talk to anyone who would listen, and thousands of clubs, fraternal societies,

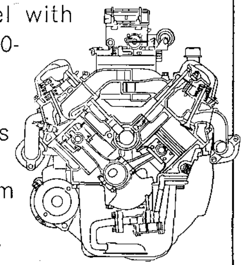
World's fastest sports car priced under $3600.†

With a gung-ho V-8 and a sure-footed British chassis, our Sunbeam Tiger puts high-priced competitors on their very best behavior.



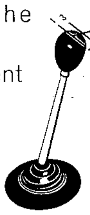
Go ahead. Search under $3600 for a sports car that (1) delivers ultra performance, (2) does 0 to 60 in 9.2 seconds, (3) turns 164 hp @ 4400 rpm.

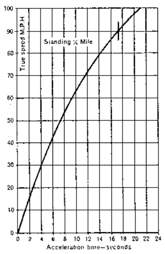
There's one—Sunbeam Tiger V-8. It puts you wheel-to-wheel with the $5500-$7000 jobs.



Tiger's secret? Sunbeam and Chrysler Motors Corporation started with a very tough Class F Alpine, built to sell in volume. (A truly hot car, yet priced under $2500† in the United States!)

They gave it a potent V-8 and matching powertrain and modifications to accommodate same, and out came Tiger's unique performance/price proposition.





Spectacular specs

Tiger's own four-speed gearbox is close ratioed, starting with 2.32:1 in 1st. With a 2.88 axle and quick clutch, things happen in a hurry here.

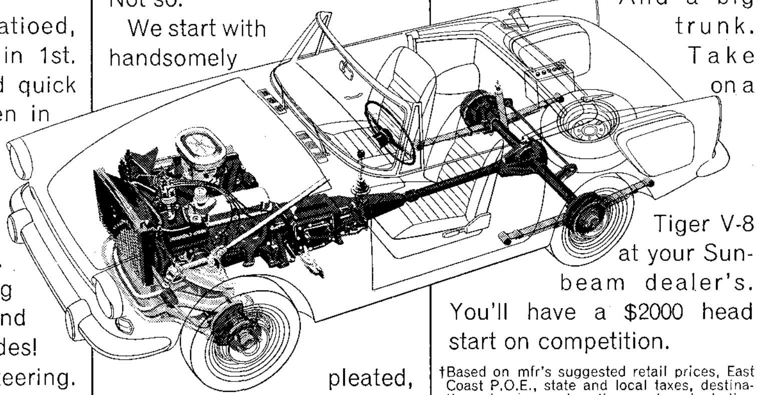
That includes braking. Girling discs (9.85″) up front, 9″ drums behind. They're self-adjusting at all four corners—and power assisted besides!

It also includes steering. Rack & pinion, 3.1 turns lock-to-lock. Very positive.

On the road, Tiger reacts without surprises in an ess-curve or a drift, and is surprisingly smooth over both bad roads and tar strips.

Comfortable cockpit

With this much punch at the price, you might suspect some short-changing inside. Not so.



We start with handsomely pleated, foam-padded bucket seats. Then make them fully adjustable—with reclining backs.

Then we give you a telescoping steering wheel. Adjustable foot pedals. And footwell ventilation to take the curse off a hot day.

You also get a two-speed heater (standard) for cold days. Plus niceties like a lockable console. A walnut dash. An easy-to-work top. And a big trunk.

Take on a Tiger V-8 at your Sunbeam dealer's. You'll have a $2000 head start on competition.

†Based on mfr's suggested retail prices, East Coast P.O.E., state and local taxes, destination charges and options extra, including outside mirror. West Coast slightly higher. **FOR MONEY-SAVING EUROPEAN DELIVERY,** ask your dealer about Sunbeam's Overseas Delivery Plan.

ROOTES
SUNBEAM

ROOTES DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

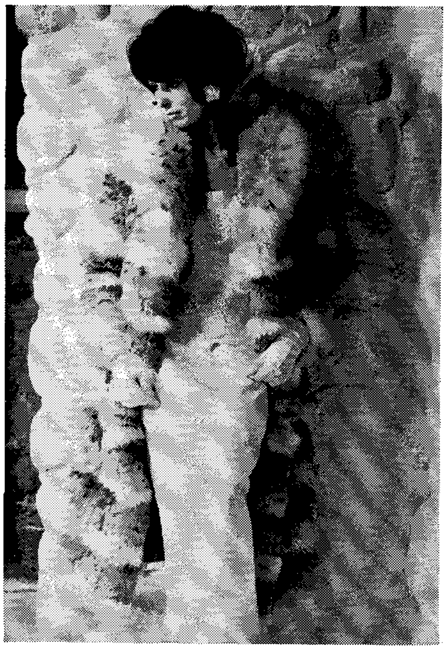
veterans groups, and business and civic organizations did. All over the country, individual doctors joined the assault. In Indiana, eleven members of the Clinton County Medical Society—its total membership—prevailed on five hundred fellow-citizens to write to their congressman. And downstate, in Corydon, six doctors spent four days canvassing each of the town's thousand homes. In West Virginia, a group of doctors placed a full-page advertisement in the Wheeling *News-Register* asking "Are Doctors Crying Wolf?" Professor Demougeot's advice had apparently not reached West Virginia, for their answer was "The Socialist Party Doesn't Think So! Authorities in England Don't Think So!"

EARLY in 1962, the National Council of Senior Citizens announced that it would hold a rally of elderly people in Madison Square Garden in May, and in March the White House revealed that the President would speak at it. The administration's timing gave the A.M.A. two months to devise ways of countering the effect of the rally. It appeared that something impressive would be required, for early in May word leaked out that at a White House breakfast for Democratic congressional leaders the guests had told President Kennedy they had found a groundswell of public support for Medicare during the Easter recess. "Prospects for favorable congressional action . . . have shifted from bad to good in the last few weeks," the New York *Times* reported. Alarmed by this news, the A.M.A. mounted a vast advertising drive during the week before and the week after the President spoke. In that period, thousands of daily and weekly newspapers around the country carried anti-Medicare advertisements, which had been prepared in mat form by the A.M.A. and placed by local medical societies. A typical advertisement declared, "Surveys show that relatively few of the aged are in poor health . . . [and] that those over 65 are in better financial circumstances than other age groups." These were surveys that had been prepared for the A.M.A. before the 1960 election and discredited at the time by professional sociologists, including some who had actually worked on the surveys. Another advertisement charged, "The plan would overcrowd hospitals through overuse . . . with throngs of people with minor complaints, imaginary ailments or a desire for a checkup and a day off." Later, Representative King remarked of this argument, "If the A.M.A. ex-

NARDIS
Dimensional Knit
in
DACRON®
Distinctive design in an easy manner . . . carefree wearability in Dacron® double knit, washable and packable. Turf green, chocolate or black.

NARDIS
OF DALLAS

AT LEADING STORES IN ALL 50 STATES

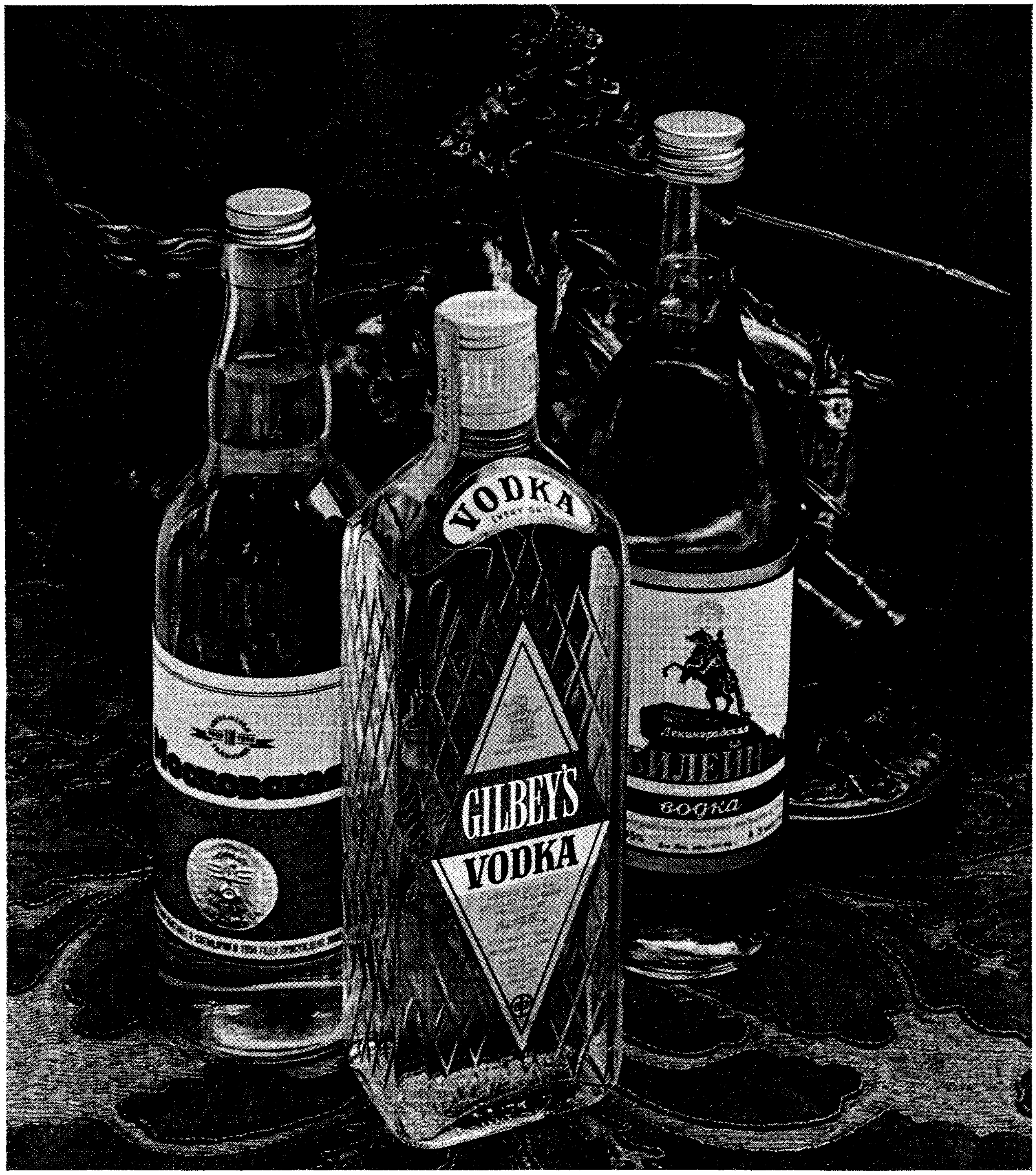


How can you tell a "native daughter" of Amager from a "native daughter" of fashion? Simple. One wears a lovely white, lace-edged head scarf. The other wears one of our exciting fur originals.
BIRGER CHRISTENSEN
38 Ostergade-Copenhagen-Denmark
By Appointment to the Royal Danish Court

Red Carpet vacation at economy rates
IN SUMMER! • 800' PRIVATE BEACH • 2 POOLS • TENNIS • COMPLIMENTARY GOLF • 3 PAR GOLF • CHILDREN'S PROGRAM • SHOPS • ENTERTAINMENT • GUEST ROOMS • EFFICIENCIES • APARTMENTS • VILLAS
YOUR INQUIRY IS INVITED
Lago Mar
A SELF-CONTAINED RESORT CLUB
Under Ownership-Direction of Sidney Banks
FORT LAUDERDALE, FLA.

Had any hibachi steak lately?
Don't know what hibachi steak is?
Let us show you . . . tonight!
61 West 56th Street
120 East 56th Street
BENIHANA OF TOKYO
LT 1-0930

Charging Cossack in bronze is by the famous 19th-century Russian sculptor Lanceray.

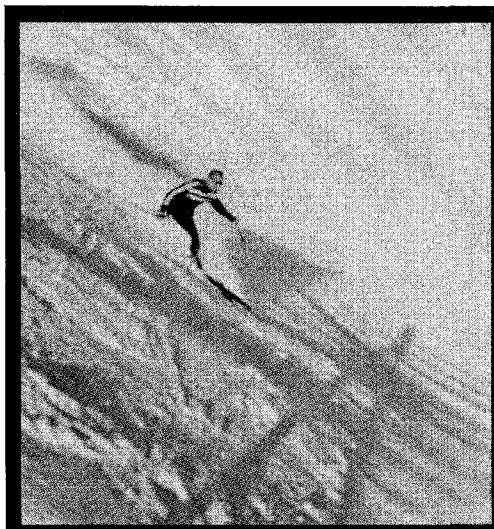

VODKA
GILBEY'S
VODKA
Ленинградская
водка

Three of the world's great vodkas.

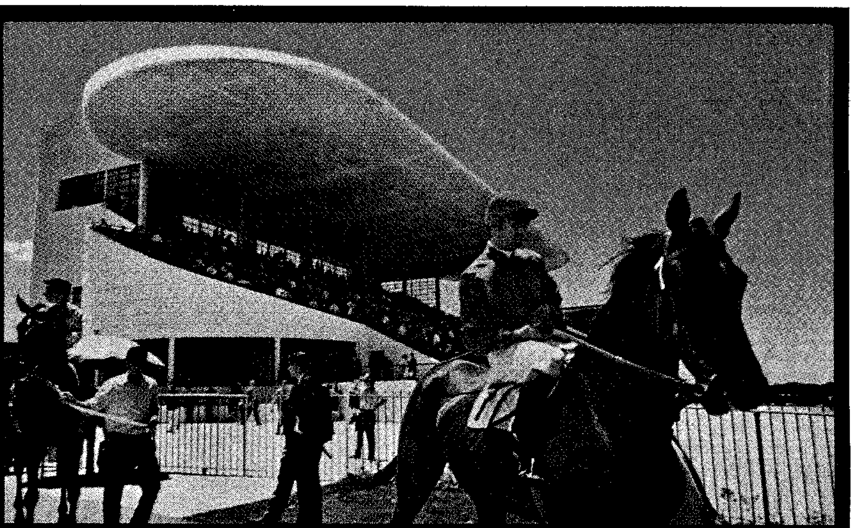
Gilbey's is the one
you can buy without a passport.

VODKA 80 PROOF. DIST. FROM 100% GRAIN. W. & A. GILBEY, LTD., CINN., O. DISTR. BY NAT'L DIST. PROD. CO. PRODUCT OF U.S.A.

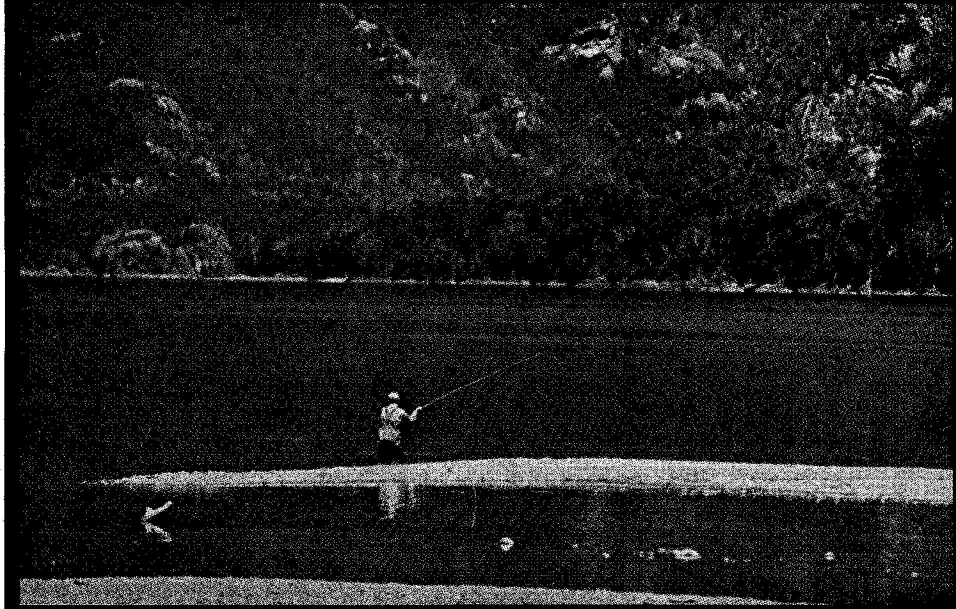
South America a vacation hideout for the few...



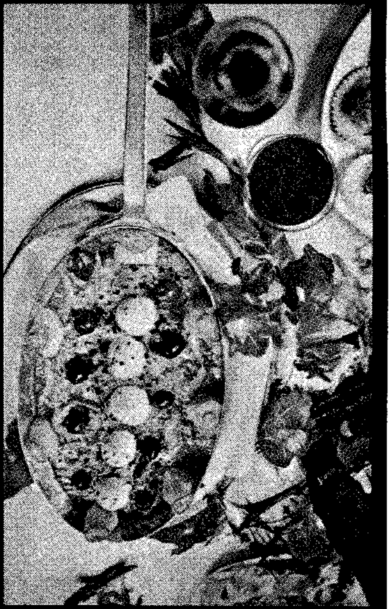
Portillo, Chile. 8″ powder on 100″ base—in August!



Buenos Aires Hippodrome—minimum bet 55¢!



Chilean-Argentine lakes—the greatest fishing in the world!



Corvina a la Huancaina—delicious!

Panagra goes there every day

Not everybody knows about South America—yet. That's what makes a vacation there so great—there's no waiting in line. And it's so very easy to get to. On Panagra, the one U.S. airline specializing only in South American travel. Flying over the routes of National, Pan Am and Panagra, our *El InterAmericano* DC-8's leave from New York and Miami for South America every night of the week. They're the most frequent jets to Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, Chile and Argentina. Now, you can fly from New York to Buenos Aires, with stops at all the fun places in between, for only $550, round trip Jet economy excursion fare. Got a little vacation time? See your Travel Agent!

FLY PANAGRA
TO SOUTH AMERICA

pects an increase in unnecessary hospitalization, it must subscribe to the view that physicians are either collaborating with their patients in unethical practices or are unable to make proper medical judgments."

On the afternoon of May 20th, a Sunday, President Kennedy stood before a capacity audience of twenty thousand old people in Madison Square Garden, smilingly accepted their long and enthusiastic welcome, and then put aside his prepared text to deliver one of the worst speeches of his career. At the time his limousine arrived at the Garden, he had been seen scribbling on a yellow legal pad—making a last-minute attempt to write his own speech, it was learned, because he was dissatisfied with the one that had been prepared for him. But time was running out, since arrangements had been made for national television coverage to begin at precisely four o'clock, so he decided to speak extemporaneously. "It was a fighting stump speech, loudly delivered and applauded," Theodore Sorensen observed later. "But the President had forgotten the lesson of the campaign that arousing a partisan crowd in a vast arena and convincing the skeptical TV viewer at home require wholly different kinds of presentation. He already had support from the senior citizens; he needed more support from the home viewers, and that speech did not induce it." Down in Washington, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. people who had been working for Medicare watched the televised speech with mounting dismay, which finally turned into despair. "We didn't know it was merely a miscalculation on Kennedy's part," one of them said later. "We thought the President didn't care, that he wasn't really behind the bill at all. Otherwise, how could he have given such a terrible speech? All of us had looked forward to the occasion as the first big opportunity to unite the elderly, arouse the general public, and create an overwhelming consensus. But instead of steam for the Medicare pistons we got a pail of cold water."

The A.M.A. demanded equal time on television to present its case, but the networks turned it down, so it bought half an hour of prime television time on May 21st and rented Madison Square Garden, too, at an estimated cost of a hundred thousand dollars. (The National Council of Senior Citizens and its affiliate the New York Golden Ring Club had paid the rent for the Garden by charging a dollar a seat.) The A.M.A.'s TV presentation, which was produced by the Troy-Beaumont Company, of New York, opened with a shot of the crowd leaving the Garden the day before, and then switched to the littered arena inside as an offstage announcer said, "The empty seats calmly await the next event. . . . But right now these seats are yours. There will be no pageant. But there will be an appeal to you from physicians of America." The appeal was made by Dr. Edward Annis, a surgeon from Miami and the head of the A.M.A. speakers' bureau, who was the most indefatigable opponent of national health insurance since Dr. Morris Fishbein. Dr. Annis began by saying that he had been asked whether he would feel foolish addressing an empty auditorium, and that he had replied, "I'm not a cheerleader. I'm a physician." Of the President's address, he said, "These people know how to rally votes, rally support, rally crowds and mass meetings. That's quite a bit of machinery to put behind something, isn't it? Who can match it? Certainly not your doctors. . . . Men and women of America, I appeal to your sense of fairness! Nobody—certainly not your doctors—nobody can compete in this unfamiliar art of public persuasion against such massive publicity, such enormous professional machinery, such unexplained money, and such skillful manipulation!" Then, having warned his listeners that "doctors fear that the American public is in danger of being blitzed, brainwashed, and bandwagoned," he brought up the Kerr-Mills program, which, he declared, had "already been accepted by thirty-eight states," and said, "Why aren't you hearing more about it? It works!" (One place where it didn't work was Dr. Annis's home state; Florida was not participating in the program. The following month, a Senate report on the Kerr-Mills program showed that it was working not in thirty-eight states—already a mysterious decline from the A.M.A.'s claim of forty-six states the year before—but in twenty-four. Of these, New York, Massachusetts, Michigan, and California were getting ninety per cent of all the federal funds being distributed—chiefly because they were the only states able and willing to match government grants in any significant amounts. Where the Kerr-Mills program was operating, the report continued, it was usually operating in a very limited way. In March, a total of eighty-eight thousand people, or about one-half of one per cent of the country's aged population, had received

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Seasoning

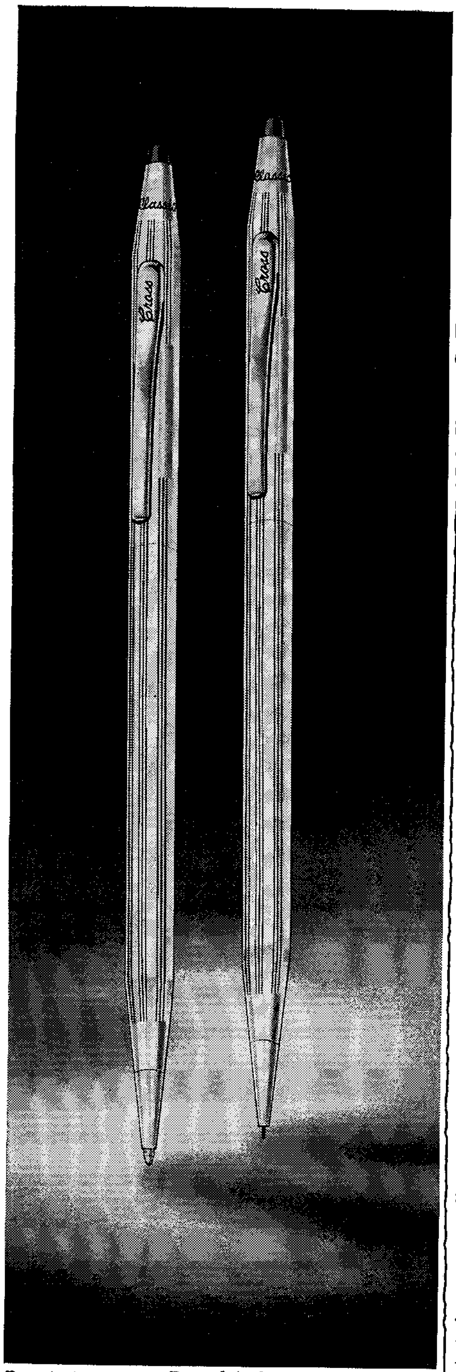
For the collector, a cotton shirtdress of considerable freshness and dignity. The long cuffed sleeves give it a more formal touch . . . the pan collar, the full skirt remain. The print is of herbs and seasonings, their improbable colors reducing their usefulness to the botanist. Dirt Brown, Cactus Green, Foggy Blue. Sizes 6 to 16.

About twenty dollars at good stores and college shops

The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1966, MANNEQUIN DES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



Pen $10. *Pencil $10.* *Set $20.*

14 Karat Gold Filled
writing instruments
created in
timeless good taste

CROSS®
SINCE 1846

© 1966 A. T. CROSS COMPANY, LINCOLN, R. I. 02865

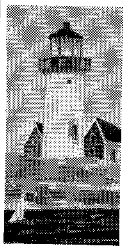
some form of assistance, and more often than not the assistance hadn't amounted to much. For instance, Kentucky provided six days of hospital care, but only for "acute, emergency, and life-endangering conditions;" Oregon provided fourteen days, but the recipient paid seven dollars and a half a day for the first ten days; and Idaho provided fourteen days, but only for critical cases. All twenty-four states required means tests, under which applicants qualified only if their annual incomes were less than a certain amount, ranging from a low of a thousand dollars, in South Carolina, to a high of eighteen hundred dollars, in New York. In half the states, means tests were also given to the applicants' relatives.)

Once Dr. Annis had finished praising the Kerr-Mills program, he turned to the King-Anderson bill. Holding up a copy of it, he read the official title—"The Health Insurance Benefits Act"—and asked, "Is it genuine insurance?" Answering himself, he said, "No, it is not. The Supreme Court has held more than once that the Social Security system is not an insurance system." (The A.M.A. was extremely fond of this allegation, which may have planted in some people's minds a suggestion that the government could take payments from those covered under Medicare with no legal obligation to pay out any benefits. Actually, the only statement that the Supreme Court had ever made on this subject appeared in a decision handed down in 1960, which said, "The Social Security system may be accurately described as a form of social insurance, enacted pursuant to Congress's power to 'spend money in aid of the general welfare.' ") As for the bill itself, Dr. Annis was particularly concerned over a provision in it requiring any hospital that participated to set up a "utilization committee" to review the records of all Medicare patients who had been hospitalized for more than thirty days. "If your illness required hospitalization for more than thirty days, it'd have to be passed on by a special committee who'd have to consider a lot of other people, too, don't ya know," Dr. Annis's script read. "After all, the government has to treat everyone fair and equal, don't ya know. They know all about how to make things exactly alike—like human illnesses. Like a broken toe and cancer. A bed is a bed. Thirty days is thirty days. Your doctor won't decide. The committee will decide—when it meets." (Under the bill, the utilization committees were to be set up by the hospitals and be answerable to the hospi-

Saks Fifth Avenue

INTRODUCING OUR NEW BELT PASSPORT-CASE, $20

Handy hot-weather travel companion, our imported passport case with belt-loops also has a gusset-pocket for bills and a double snap-over section for other addenda. Black or brown wild bison hide. Small Leather Goods. Mail and phone orders filled.



TAKE YOUR CAR ALONG
and enjoy the full flavor of an Island vacation on

MARTHA'S VINEYARD
or
NANTUCKET

Year-round car and passenger service to these enchanting islands is offered by the Steamship Authority. Frequent daily service operates between Woods Hole on Cape Cod to both islands. Car reservations should be made in advance.

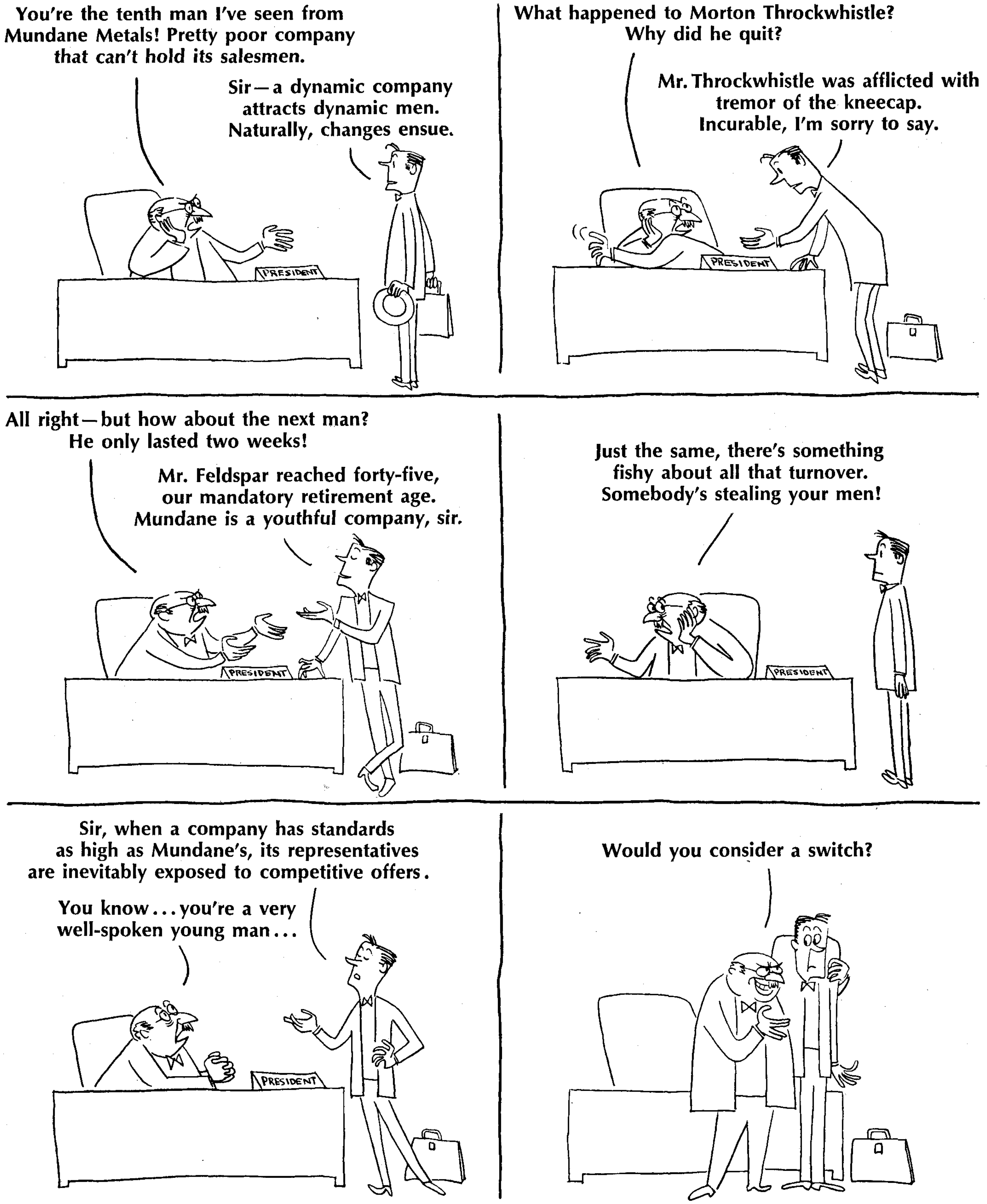
From NEW YORK (direct line) 966-1929

or write for brochure and schedules
WOODS HOLE, MARTHA'S VINEYARD and NANTUCKET STEAMSHIP AUTHORITY
Woods Hole, Mass. Tel. (617) 548-5011

Continental
Cuisine

the Windsor

SEVENTH at CATALINA
LOS ANGELES


You're the tenth man I've seen from Mundane Metals! Pretty poor company that can't hold its salesmen.
Sir—a dynamic company attracts dynamic men. Naturally, changes ensue.
PRESIDENT
What happened to Morton Throckwhistle? Why did he quit?
Mr. Throckwhistle was afflicted with tremor of the kneecap. Incurable, I'm sorry to say.
PRESIDENT
All right—but how about the next man? He only lasted two weeks!
Mr. Feldspar reached forty-five, our mandatory retirement age. Mundane is a youthful company, sir.
PRESIDENT
Just the same, there's something fishy about all that turnover. Somebody's stealing your men!
PRESIDENT
Sir, when a company has standards as high as Mundane's, its representatives are inevitably exposed to competitive offers.
You know... you're a very well-spoken young man...
PRESIDENT
Would you consider a switch?

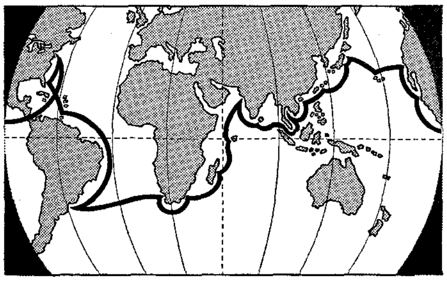
Two out of every three sales trainees hired by industry this year will leave their jobs within 24 months!

Sales staff turnover is a headache—and the worst of it is, it constantly interrupts contact with the market place. But there's a way to minimize the problems it causes: put your sales message in consistent and frequent advertising—in McGraw-Hill business publications. They are in continuous contact with the men who can buy your product.

Ask yourself whether you're advertising often enough—in the kind of magazine that talks business to the people you're trying to sell.

McGRAW-HILL
market-directed ®
PUBLICATIONS

Big World Cruise



In 1967, Cunard's Caronia—now more luxurious than ever—will sail on the greatest cruise of any lifetime—around the world.

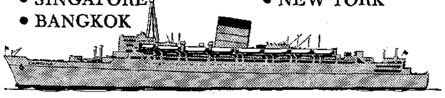
Sail on the air-conditioned *Caronia* from New York Jan. 26 or Ft. Lauderdale, Fla., Jan. 29, for 31,000 miles of adventurous cruising in summery weather *all the way*. There are 95 days of resort living and discovery to fill your memory.

Feel the fascination of Africa, the mystery of India, the intrigue of the Orient. Venture inland and see the weird, wonderful, exotic worlds that few travelers ever experience. (Optional shore arrangements under the expert guidance of Thos. Cook & Son.)

And all the while, you'll call the *Caronia* home. And what a home! 35,000 tons of *British* luxury and elegance. The new Lido Deck sports a country-club-sized pool. Every meal is a gastronomical adventure. Impeccable Cunard service pampers you. All for as little as $2,895.*

*Minimum rate subject to space availability.

- FORT LAUDERDALE
- PORT OF SPAIN
- RIO DE JANEIRO
- CAPE TOWN
- DURBAN
- TAMATAVE
- PORT VICTORIA
- BOMBAY
- COLOMBO
- SINGAPORE
- BANGKOK
- HONG KONG
- OKINAWA
- KOBE
- YOKOHAMA
- HONOLULU
- LOS ANGELES
- ACAPULCO
- BALBOA
- CRISTOBAL
- NEW YORK



CUNARD CARONIA

All Cunard liners are of British Registry... you will appreciate the difference.

See your travel agent or CUNARD LINE *25 Bdwy., N.Y., N.Y. or* THOS. COOK & SON, *587 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.*

tals—not the government, which was forbidden to interfere in any way. Many of the better hospitals in the country already had such committees, and Blue Cross had recommended making them mandatory for accreditation.) In conclusion, Dr. Annis addressed himself to "the millions of Americans who may have a doubt," and said, "I implore you as your doctor, ask your doctor."

"PRESIDENTS have tried to marshal public opinion before this for a favored and politically potent bill, but probably never on such a scale as has Mr. Kennedy for the health measure," the *Times* commented after the President's address in New York. Although Dr. Annis was generally credited with having won the contest in the Garden—as one union official put it, "his distortions were simply more credible than Kennedy's truths"—the whole experience seemed to have stiffened the President's determination to get the bill passed. For some time, he had been trying to bring several anti-Medicare men on the House Ways and Means Committee around and had persistently kept after its chairman to come out for the measure. Mills, who was described by Sorensen as being "tentatively opposed," finally sent word to the White House, through Speaker John McCormack, that he would do what he could, given enough time, and suggested that the best approach would be to attach Medicare as a rider in the Senate when a bill that had been passed in the House came up for a vote; that way, his committee would be circumvented, and the bill could emerge from the joint conference committee right onto the floor of the House. In the special session of Congress just before the 1960 campaign, Senator Kennedy had tried that strategy, without success. The prospects didn't appear much better in 1962. However, the 1960 defeat had produced an effective issue for the campaign that fall, and there was no reason to believe that if it had worked once, it wouldn't work again. Accordingly, the administration waited to make a move until early July, when the Senate began debating a bill to implement President Kennedy's public-welfare program—a measure that the House had already passed.

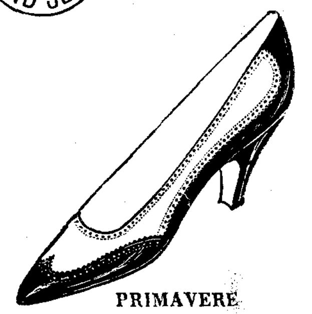
The debate was perfunctory until Senator Anderson rose and offered Medicare as an amendment to the public-welfare bill. The A.M.A. had apparently been expecting the move. "The pressure was the most intense I've ever experienced," a senator from the

De Busschere

Belgian Shoes

HAND MADE · HAND SEWN

MR. HENRI BENDEL
Owner-President



PRIMAVERE
$55
Black patent with beige suede trim
Brown baby llama with white buck trim

Classic, timeless styling.
Brochure on request

BELGIAN SHOES
60 East 56 St., New York 10022
(212) PLaza 5-7372
In California: I. Magnin & Co.

RESCUES DRY SKIN...
pampers your complexion
Hershey Estates
IDEAL GIFT

THE ONLY COCOA BUTTER SOAP

Only Hershey Estates soap is made of highly-refined cocoa butter, a nearly perfect skin conditioner. Excellent for dry skin because it conditions as it cleanses . . . leaves skin soft and refreshed. All-vegetable oil soap makes rich, velvety lather in any type of water. Delicately perfumed. GIFT BOXED. 3 cakes of toilet soap or 2 cakes of bath size or 10 cakes of guest size for $1.50, postpaid.

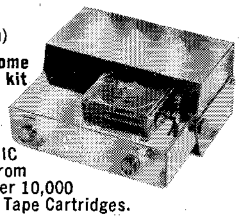
SPECIAL: 6 boxes (your selection) $8.50; 12 boxes for price of 11, $16.50, ppd. (Sorry, no C.O.D.'s)

HERSHEY ESTATES, DEPT. 30, HERSHEY, PA.

STEREO IN YOUR CAR

$79.95 (plus installation)

4 track, in chrome with 4 speaker kit



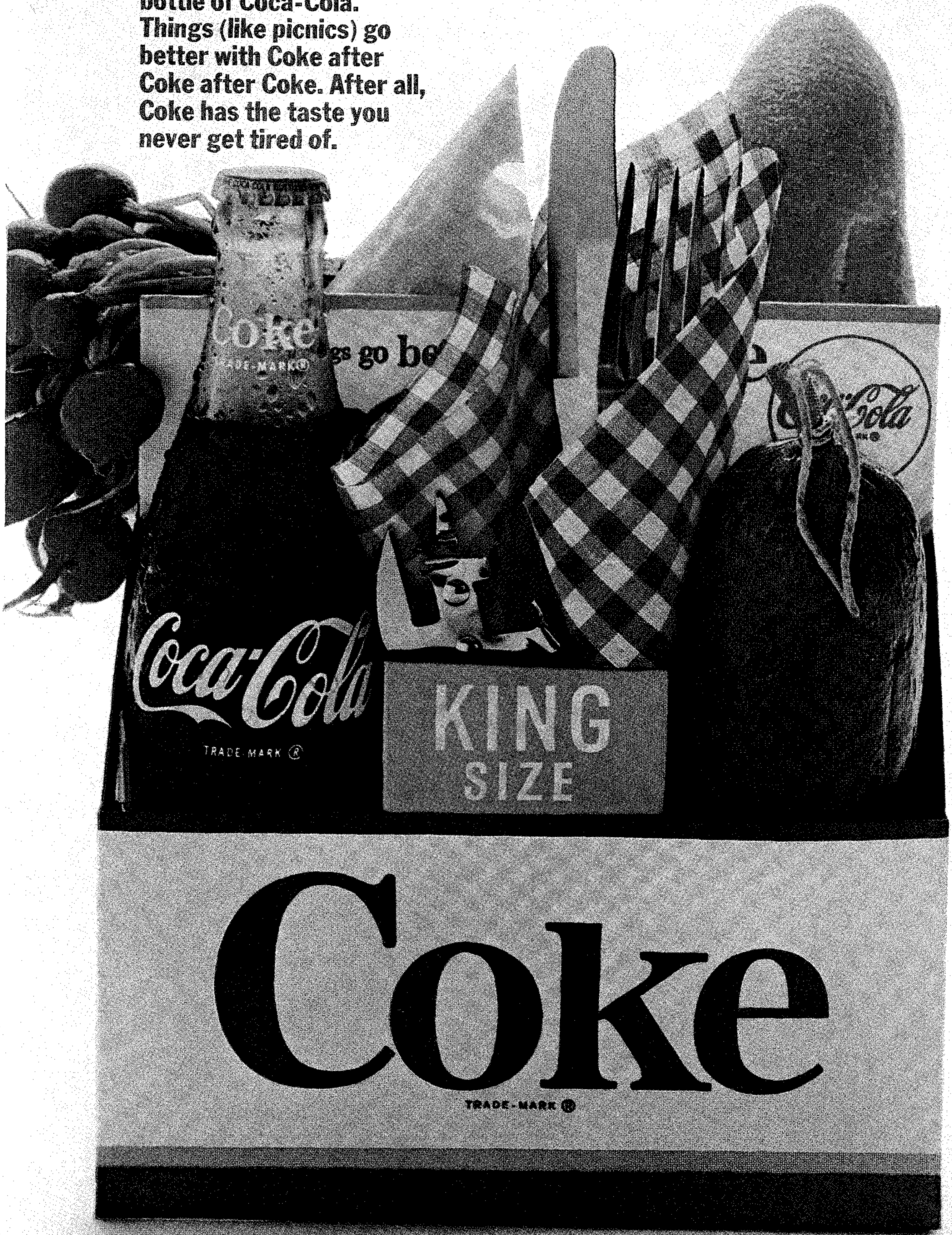
STEREO Tape Cartridge Players give hours of uninterrupted MUSIC OF YOUR CHOICE from our selection of over 10,000 4 & 8 Track Stereo Tape Cartridges.

Write for FREE Literature & Tape Lists
MAIL ORDERS ACCEPTED

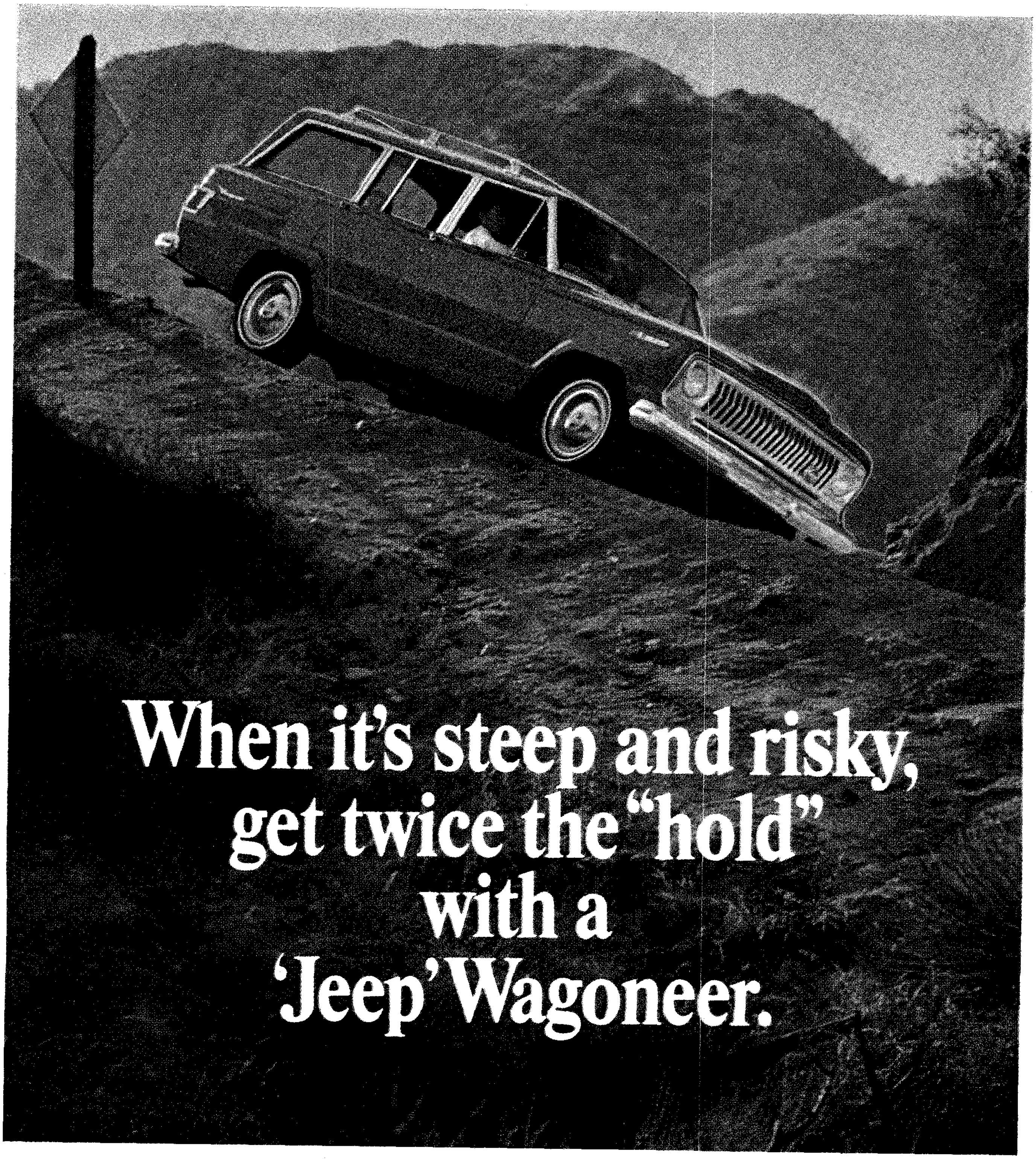
SALES • INSTALLATIONS • SERVICE

Wally's EST. 1922 STEREO TAPE CITY
550 W. 54th St., N.Y., N.Y. 10019
212 — JU 2-6118

The complete picnic kit?
Not with just one
bottle of Coca-Cola.
Things (like picnics) go
better with Coke after
Coke after Coke. After all,
Coke has the taste you
never get tired of.


Coke
TRADE-MARK®
...gs go be...
Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK®
Coca-Cola
TRADE MARK ®
KING
SIZE
Coke
TRADE-MARK ®

COPYRIGHT © 1966, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY. "COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADE-MARKS WHICH IDENTIFY ONLY THE PRODUCT OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY.



Just flip one simple lever into 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive.

Your 'Jeep' Wagoneer drives like any other station wagon—until you tackle a hill like this. Or some other danger spot. Then, shift smoothly into 4-wheel drive, at any speed, and you've got twice the safety of other cars—because you've got twice the traction. Twice the "grip" on wet, slippery pavement. Or ice. Or snow. In emergencies like these, it's the world's finest protection for your family. Very reassuring—especially with kids in the back! Yes, your 'Jeep' Wagoneer gives you all the comfort, riding and handling ease of any fine car. Plus the incomparable safety—and fun—and adventure—of 'Jeep' 4-wheel drive!

All the features and options you'd expect in any fine car: 250 hp V-8 or Hi-Torque 6-cylinder engines. Turbo Hydra-Matic* automatic transmission. Power steering. Power brakes. Air-conditioning. 'Picture Window' visibility. 10 added safety features. Choice of colors, custom trim, accessories. Also available in 2-wheel drive. **KAISER Jeep CORPORATION**
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

*TRADEMARK GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

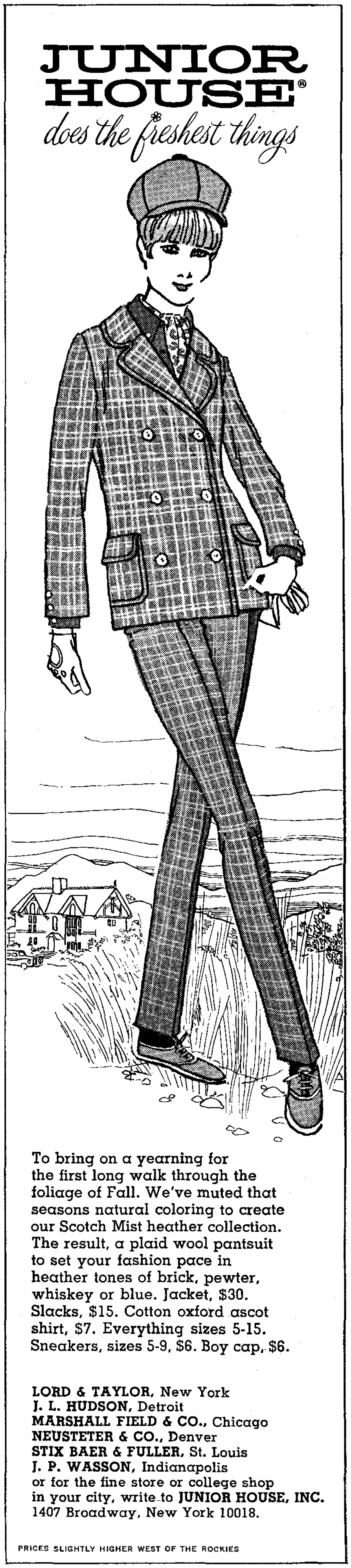
You've got to drive it to believe it. See your 'Jeep' dealer. Check the Yellow Pages.

West observed not long afterward. "I had made it absolutely clear that I was going to vote for the bill, but the A.M.A. wouldn't listen. They sent a delegation from home to visit me—my doctor, my wife's doctor, three other doctors I was friendly with back home, and four state party officials who had a lot to say about campaign funds. They were here for a week, and they pounded away at me every chance they got. It was intolerable. I learned later that the local medical society picked up the tab for their trip, which came to over five thousand dollars." Doctors from all over the country flew into Washington by the thousand—some of them in the private plane of Senator Robert Kerr, of Oklahoma, a co-sponsor of the Kerr-Mills bill, who had always worked closely with the A.M.A. Medical societies in states near the capital visited their senators *en masse*, and doctors who were on vacation in the vicinity stopped off in Washington to make their views known.

On July 10th, Lawrence O'Brien, the chief White House liaison man with Congress, reported to the President that a head count in the Senate showed a lineup of fifty-one to forty-nine in favor of the bill, as a result of switches by four liberal Republicans and one moderate Southern Democrat from their 1960 positions. However, doubts were raised almost immediately about the head count; it had been made by Robert Baker, the secretary to the Senate majority, who enjoyed a far closer relationship with Kerr than with his boss, Senator Mike Mansfield, of Montana, the Majority Leader. A week later, O'Brien reported that he had made a head count of his own, which showed a fifty-fifty tie vote at best, and he added, "Senator Randolph has a problem." This was Jennings Randolph, Democrat of West Virginia, and his problem was that his state had spent more federal funds on various welfare programs than it was entitled to, and was faced with an unmanageable debt. Kerr gave him a way out—a clause in the public-welfare bill forgiving his state its indebtedness. It was assumed in the White House that the favor expected from Randolph in return was his vote against Medicare, which he had backed in 1960. President Kennedy, Democratic officials in West Virginia, and influential labor leaders went to work on Randolph to keep him in line. Before the final vote was taken, on July 17th, the administration was assured that forty-eight votes were solid for Medicare, and, in addition, Senator Carl Hayden, Democrat of Arizona, had told the administration that he could be counted on if his vote was needed to win, but that if it wasn't, he would cast it against Medicare. With Randolph and Hayden supporting the measure, the vote would have ended in a tie, which the Vice-President would have broken in favor of the bill. When a vote was taken on a motion to table the amendment, however, Randolph returned Kerr's favor. Hayden went along with Randolph, and the bill was defeated, fifty-two to forty-eight. President Kennedy, Sorensen wrote later, "never got over the disappointment of this defeat." The President went on television to tell the public that it had been a "most serious defeat for every American family," and then he ordered the Director of the Budget to cancel a public-works project for West Virginia.

The leaders of the A.M.A. were jubilant—to the point, apparently, where they began to feel that they had won not just another battle but the war itself. In large part, their confidence was based on a new Gallup poll, showing that public support for Medicare had fallen from sixty-seven per cent the year before to forty-four per cent. But Hutton and his National Council of Senior Citizens had by no means given up hope. In commenting on the vote in the Senate, he said, "The significant thing was that when two-thirds of the public supported the bill, back in 1960, it lost by seven votes. Now, with less than half the people supporting it, it lost by only one vote, discounting Hayden's. That made it clear that the Senate knew the people were being fooled, and didn't intend to be fooled much longer itself. And we all knew that the people wouldn't go on being fooled, either. All the publicity in the world won't convince a man that he isn't hungry when he *is* hungry."

As the law required, the national headquarters of AMPAC filed an affidavit with the government declaring its expenditures for the 1962 congressional campaign—$248,484. The figure did not include its outlays for "educational" purposes or any of the money spent by its state and county affiliates, which were not subject to federal law. According to Joe D. Miller, AMPAC's executive director, the national office handled only one out of every six dollars contributed by doctors; the remaining five were raised and spent locally, and were not reported. On the basis of this



To bring on a yearning for the first long walk through the foliage of Fall. We've muted that seasons natural coloring to create our Scotch Mist heather collection. The result, a plaid wool pantsuit to set your fashion pace in heather tones of brick, pewter, whiskey or blue. Jacket, $30. Slacks, $15. Cotton oxford ascot shirt, $7. Everything sizes 5-15. Sneakers, sizes 5-9, $6. Boy cap, $6.

LORD & TAYLOR, New York
J. L. HUDSON, Detroit
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., Chicago
NEUSTETER & CO., Denver
STIX BAER & FULLER, St. Louis
J. P. WASSON, Indianapolis
or for the fine store or college shop
in your city, write to **JUNIOR HOUSE, INC.**
1407 Broadway, New York 10018.

PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES

Executive V. P.

IN CHARGE OF FACE CLOTHS

Our Executive Housekeeper, Mrs. Elizabeth Mary Bahnsen, is Executive V.P. in charge of face cloths. (She's forever re-ordering them!) And plumping up pillows. And keeping up with all the little niceties that put a proper polish on a smart intimate hotel. Mrs. Bahnsen does a slow burn when she catches a chambermaid letting a speck of dust settle in her domain. (She doesn't get burned very *often.*) Our guests probably take it all for granted, but a lot of caring goes into the beauty and comfort of our air-conditioned rooms. It's the same story—personal service—throughout the hotel. Right down to Delmonico's world-famous Restaurant for luncheon, dinner and dancing. Next trip to New York, give Mrs. Bahnsen's boss—our General Manager, John Francis Isard—a call to reserve a room and a face cloth.

Singles from $18 Doubles from $24
Suites from $40
Monthly rates on request.

DELMONICO'S
HOTEL
PARK AVENUE AT 59th STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10022
TELEPHONE: 212-EL 5-2500
CABLE: ELEGANCE, N.Y.

ratio, the nation's physicians put a million and a half dollars into some seventy House and a dozen Senate races. Representative King charged on the floor of the House that they had actually spent seven million dollars, and there were those who felt that even this figure was too low. One rather sizable indirect contribution to the 1962 campaign came from the Blue Cross Association. Shortly before the election, it placed large advertisements in *Life*, *Newsweek*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Time*, and *Look* announcing once again that it was offering "amplified programs of protection" for the aged. Senator Harrison A. Williams, Democrat of New Jersey, instructed his staff to call Blue Cross offices around the country and check on the new plan; thirty-three offices were called, and not one of them had heard of it. The announcement, Williams said in the Senate, "was obviously politically motivated and a hoax on our older citizens."

The results of organized medicine's participation in the congressional elections of 1962 were not impressive. In an average off-year election, the party in power loses thirty-odd seats in the House and two or three in the Senate. In that year's election, the Democrats lost two seats in the House and picked up four in the Senate. Not a single seat was lost by a candidate who had spoken out publicly in favor of Medicare. Doctors fought fiercely for Representative Walter Judd, Republican of Minnesota and a fellow-physician, but he was defeated. They fought fiercely against Senator Olin D. Johnston, Democrat of South Carolina, who had defected to the Medicare forces that year, but he won. In Miami, Dr. Annis's home town, the medical society waged one of the bitterest battles of the year against former Senator Claude Pepper, who was running for the House in an attempt at a comeback. In the late thirties and throughout the forties, Pepper had been one of the Senate's most outspoken advocates of national health insurance, and the A.M.A. had helped take his seat in the Senate away from him in 1950, when it successfully backed a former protégé of his, George Smathers, in the Democratic primary. In the 1962 Democratic primary, Pepper piled up a bigger vote than all three of his opponents, and went on to win the election in a walkaway. The general failure of the A.M.A.'s ambitious venture into big-time national politics was not lost on Congress. Neither was a rather poignant demonstration of the fact that the medical profession was prepared to turn

the lively life

Chalfonte • Haddon Hall
on the Boardwalk, Atlantic City, N. J.
Call Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York/Chicago/Washington/Boston/Toronto
For reservations: Call collect 609-344-5131

MONMOUTH PARK
Resort of Racing

OCEANPORT, N. J.
2 miles from Garden St. Pkwy., Exit 105
SPECIAL TRAINS Direct to Grandstand (DST)
Lv. Penn. Station, NY ....11:48 AM Daily
Lv. Newark (Penn.) ....12:04 PM Daily
Lv. Liberty St., NY (CRRNJ) 12:00 Noon Daily
Lv. Newark (CRRNJ) ....12:10 (Sats. 12:00)
SPECIAL BUSES, Garden St. Pkwy: Lv. Port Auth. Term., 8 Ave. & 41 St., 10 to 12:30 Daily
CHILDREN UNDER 16 NOT ADMITTED

NOW thru Aug. 6

POST 2 PM • Daily Double 1:50 PM

OLD • DROVERS • INN
DOVER • PLAINS • N.Y.

LUXURY COUNTRY DINING
Overnight Accommodations
Res.: (914) Temple 2-3811 • CLOSED WED.

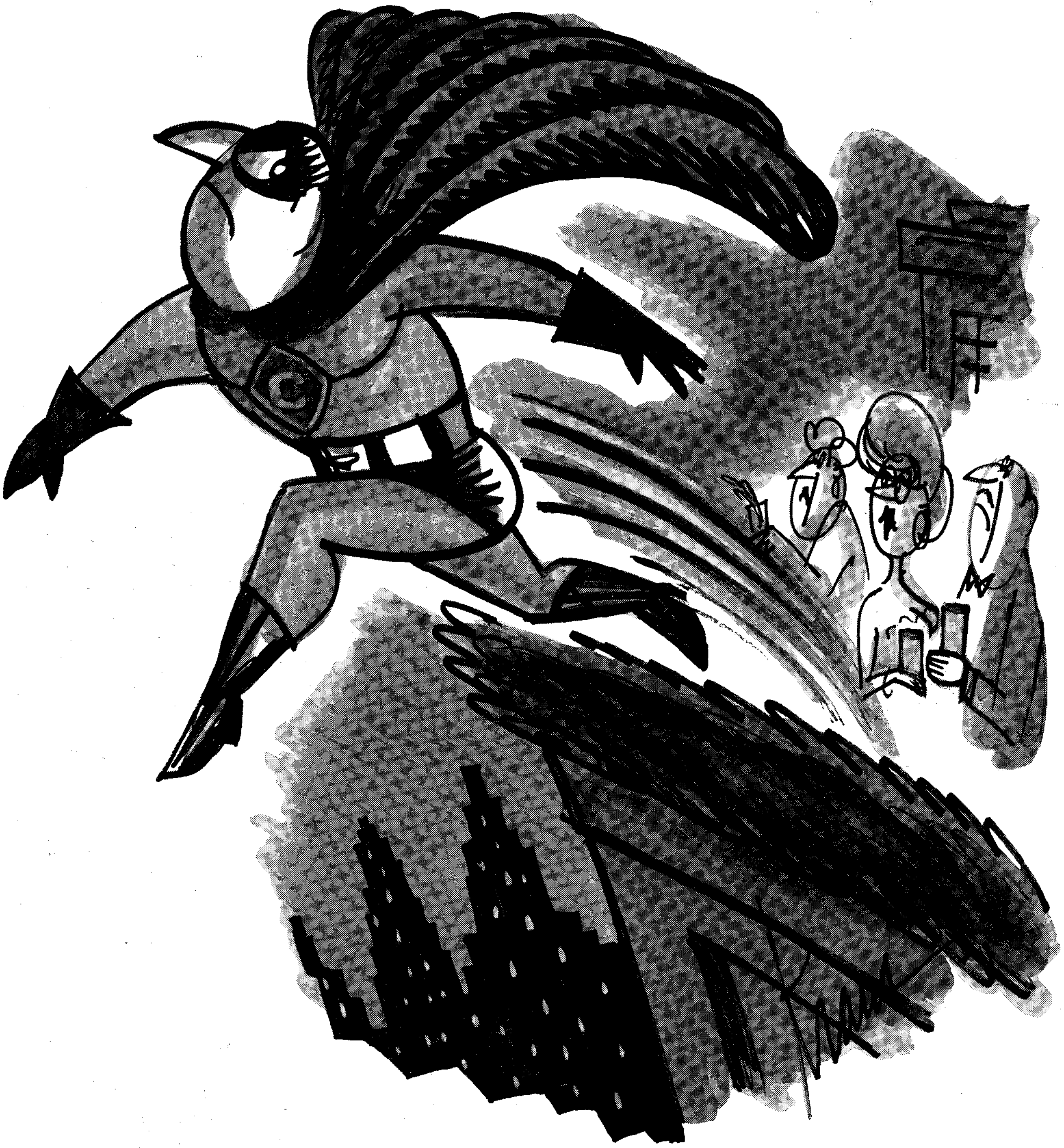
If Canada Dry Quinine Water isn't there, maybe you shouldn't be, either.

More hosts serve Canada Dry Quinine Water than any other brand. So, few guests make themselves conspicuous by leaving too early. The drinks taste too good.

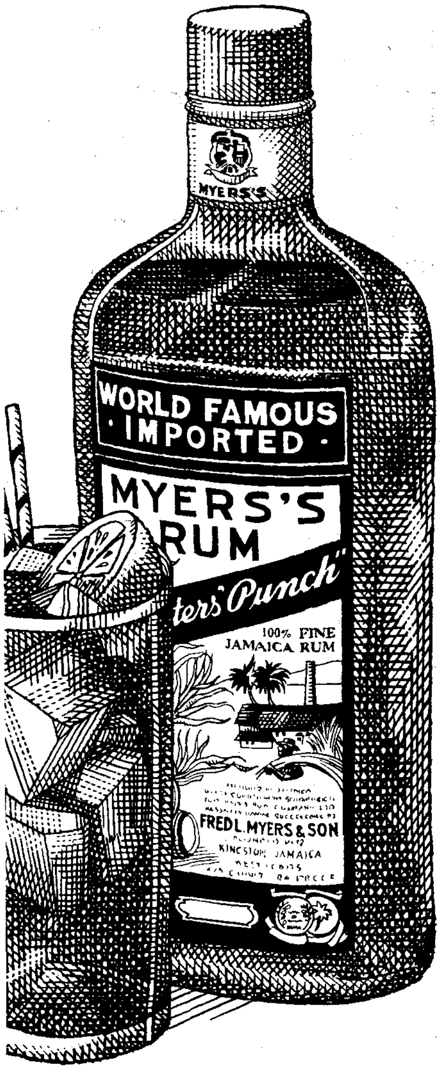
Canada Dry Quinine Water is better because we start with water so pure, we call it "polished." Then add just the right amount of quinine flavor. And cap it off with exclusive pinpoint carbonation that keeps drinks alive to the not-so-bitter end.

Make sure you have plenty of Canada Dry Quinine Water on hand at your next party and perhaps we will learn the true identity of the man in the cape.

Quinine Water



This is no ho hum rum.



This is a yo ho ho rum.

Myers puts the emphasis on flavor in a rum and cola. Real Jamaican Rum flavor. Mix yourself up one: pour 1½ oz. Myers Rum into an ice-filled highball glass, fill with cola, add slice of lemon or lime.

Myers—the true Jamaican Rum. 84°

FREE BOOKLET—Full of exciting food and drink recipes using Myers Rum. Write GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., Dept. Y716, 375 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

on even its oldest friends. The A.M.A. had always been able to count on the support of Senator Lister Hill, of Alabama, whose father, a doctor, had named him after Joseph Lister, the originator of the principle of antisepsis. Thousands of doctors had benefited directly from a piece of legislation that Hill had been chiefly responsible for—the Hill-Burton Act of 1946, which provided large federal funds for the construction and expansion of hospitals across the country. In the 1962 vote on Medicare, Hill not only sided with the A.M.A. but persuaded his colleague from Alabama, Senator John Sparkman, to go along with him, thereby providing the winning margin. But Hill was a moderate in general, and when he came up for reëlection in 1962, Alabama doctors apparently decided that they did not care for moderation. After a bruising fight, which Hill won by the narrowest margin of his career, he was reported to be deeply embittered by the treatment he had received at the hands of his old friends, and it was predicted that he would not come to their aid again. The prediction proved to be correct. When Medicare was finally enacted, a year ago, Hill voted for it, and he persuaded Sparkman to go along with him.

Shortly after the 1962 election, Dr. Annis, who had become president-elect of the A.M.A. a few months earlier, addressed a meeting of the Public Relations Society of America in Boston and said that although the A.M.A.'s expenditures had been substantial, they had not been enough. "The siren songs of the politicians were more appealing than the voices of reason and experience," he declared. He went on to say that the medical profession would now have to step up its "educational campaign," especially through national advertising, but that, even so, it would be up to the individual doctor to carry most of the fight. "We want the whole truth, not the incomplete and distorted story, told, and the local physician, acting as a citizen, will be the one to do it," he explained. When someone mentioned the fact that many doctors avoided any kind of newspaper publicity, out of reluctance to do anything that might constitute unethical self-advertising, Dr. Annis advised reporters to get in touch with local medical societies if doctors refused to be quoted. "The sin of silence will no longer be condoned," he said.

ONE of the A.M.A.'s persistent complaints about Medicare in 1962 was that it didn't cover the three

This professional camera has some amateur features.

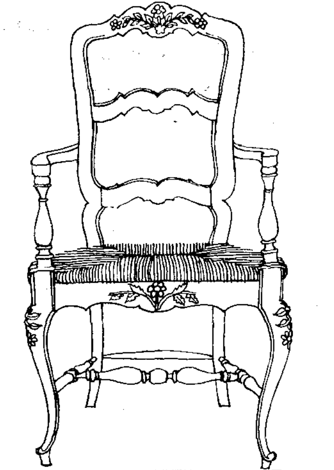
Like price. And automation.

"The Lens Alone is Worth the Price"

Looks and performs like the luxury, professional camera it is. But you don't have to be a 'pro' to own or use it. Fast, sharp Hexanon f1.8 lens is cross-coupled to a super-sensitive CdS electric eye. You get perfect pictures, automatically, under most any lighting conditions. Bright range/viewfinder window shows you exactly what the camera sees. You say, "smile", and Konica Auto-S2 does everything else. Under $110 (plus case) and "the lens alone is worth the price." See your dealer or write for brochure: Konica Camera Corp., P.O. Box 1070, Woodside, N.Y. 11377. A BERKEY PHOTO COMPANY

Konica Auto S-2

PROVINCIAL



Magnificent imports, direct from Italy at great savings for you. French country chair. H41"xW22"x StHt18". Natural rush seat. Hand-carved, solid Italian walnut, ready-to-finish, $89. Side chair, $79. Finished, add $25; give color. No COD's. Shpd. Exp. Coll. Catalog: Imports, Furniture-In-Parts, 50¢.

DOOR STORE OF WASHINGTON, D. C.
Dept. N7, 3140 M Street, N.W., Wash. 7, D.C.

bar, paintings and fine French food around the clock.

RES. 752-0520

la galerie 798 LEXINGTON AVENUE

You can add up to 16 pleasant hours to your stay in Tokyo—by flying Northwest round trip.

PHOTO BY CARROLL SEGHERS, II

Business in Tokyo?

Save up to 8 hours getting there on Northwest Orient.

Get off to a head start. Gain valuable time in the Orient by flying Northwest.

There's no faster way to Tokyo.

Why? Because Northwest flies there by the shortest route. Straight across.

That way, you can save up to 8 hours traveling time compared to going by way of the mid-Pacific. A distinct advantage when every minute counts.

You'll have extra time for both business and pleasure in the Orient. Time to visit your Japanese friends. Or head for the *Marunouchi business district. Or just relax* and window-shop along the Ginza.

Whatever you do, you'll be awfully glad you flew Northwest to Tokyo. It's the fastest way from the U.S.A.

And the most convenient way, too.

You can step aboard our smooth, quiet Fan-Jets in New York (or 8 other cities) and fly direct to Tokyo.

There's no changing planes. You fly one Fan-Jet straight through.

So get off to a head start next time you take off for the colorful Orient.

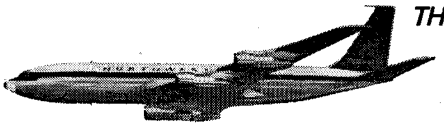
Fly Northwest.

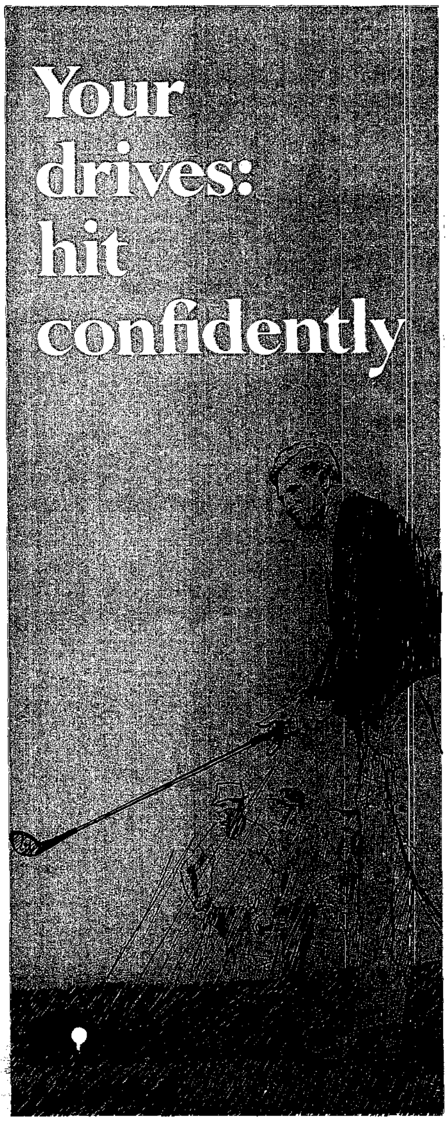
For reservations to Tokyo—or anywhere in the Orient—call your travel agent or Northwest Orient Airlines.

We have the most flights from New York to Tokyo—14 a week. Also, the only direct flights from Washington, Philadelphia, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis/St. Paul, Seattle and Anchorage. Total: 23 weekly.

NORTHWEST ORIENT

THE FAN-JET AIRLINE



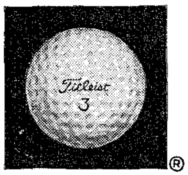


You’ve got enough to think about on the tee without worrying about your golf ball. With Titleist you can try any shot you dare — confidently.

Cut the corner, take the short way home if you feel strong enough. Titleist won’t let you down. Every Titleist performs like every other: no “rocks,” no “duds.” Each Titleist Golf Ball gives maximum response.

No other ball can claim more — or near as much, for that matter.

Play precision-made Titleist, the ball that more professionals and top amateurs have relied on than any other — for seventeen straight years.



ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

Sold through golf course pro shops only

million people sixty-five or over who were not in the Social Security program. When President Kennedy remedied this shortcoming early in 1963 by presenting a revised bill, which extended coverage to those three million, the A.M.A. condemned the new measure on the ground that it was “more sweeping” than its predecessor. The bill was put on the shelf that year, because the Ways and Means Committee, where all such legislation must originate, was fully occupied with consideration of an omnibus tax measure that the President considered to be of more immediate importance.

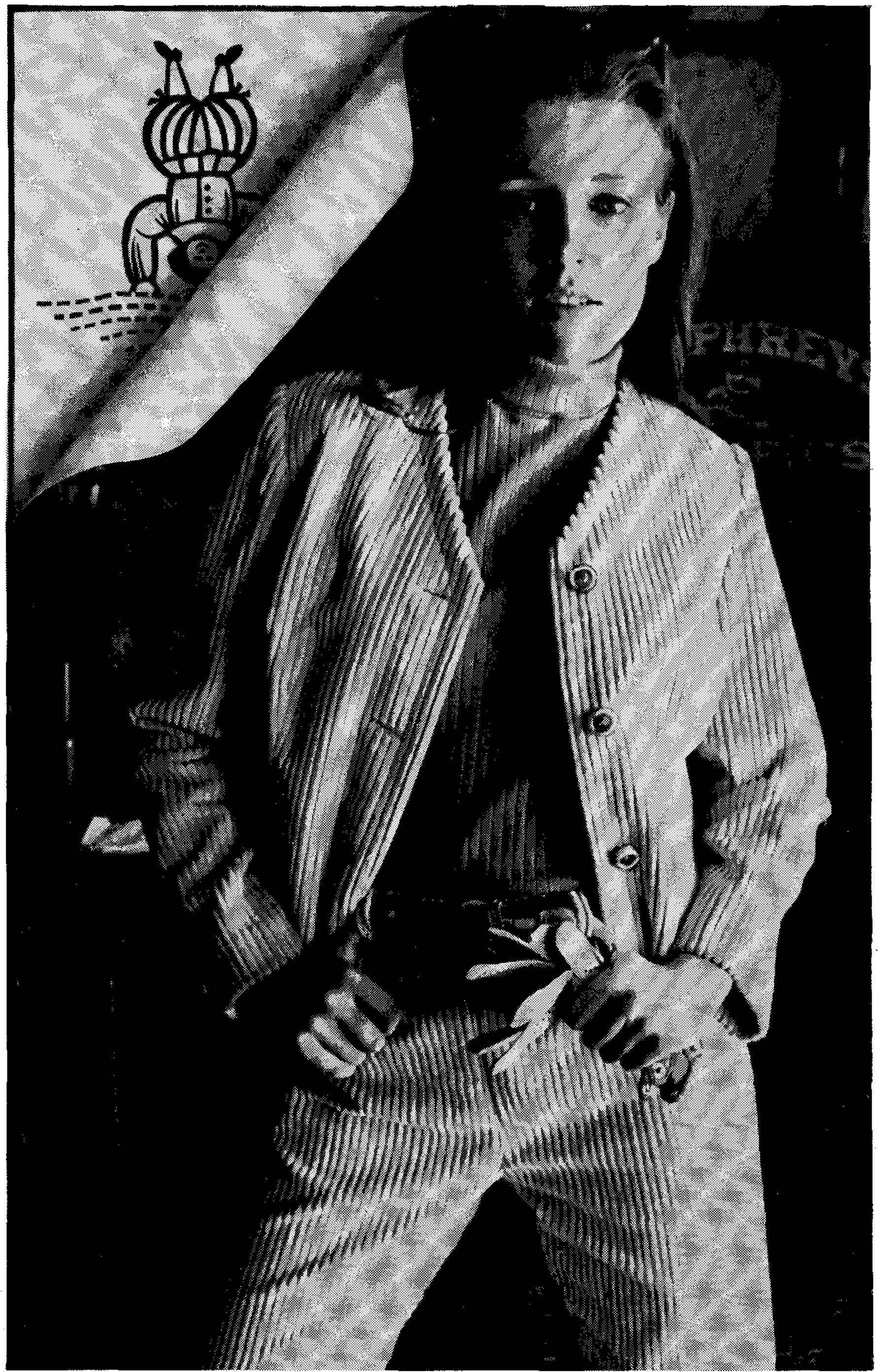
During the legislative lull, both sides in the Medicare battle concentrated on strengthening their support outside Washington. By this time, the National Council of Senior Citizens had over a million and a half members. The more active among them spoke at meetings of social clubs, distributed literature produced by the council, and continued a program of letter-writing to congressmen. As for the A.M.A., in March of 1963 it organized a plan called Operation Hometown, as part of a continuing effort to keep local medical societies involved—an effort that had received greater emphasis since the large turnout for AMPAC had suggested that doctors would give money in direct ratio to the control they retained over the way it was spent. In order to “stimulate every voter to let his Congressman know that Medicare is really ‘Fedicare’—a costly concoction of bureaucracy, bad medicine, and an unbalanced budget,” the A.M.A. sent each local society a package containing seven thick folders of materials, with directions for using them. Among other things, there were speeches, from ten to twenty minutes long, accompanied by a “check list” that advised speakers to “look interested during the meeting,” to “be friendly, warm, humble, *smile*,” to “radiate authority,” to “avoid scratching,” and to “quit while you are ahead.” One of a number of booklets that were available to be placed in doctors’ offices, drugstores, and veterinarians’ waiting rooms was entitled “New Concept of Aging,” and it asserted that “there are no problems of people over sixty-five, except those imposed by retirement, that are not also the problems of all other age groups.” Advertising mats that the A.M.A. distributed in the course of Operation Hometown showed a gradual shift of emphasis that was clearly intended to win over the low-income workingman. “Can you afford a 16% increase in your payroll tax?” several of the advertisements asked. “That is the minimum payroll tax increase all workers earning $100 or more a week would be forced to pay if the Medicare bill now before Congress becomes law.” This must have sounded to some people as if the total taxes taken out of their pay checks, including income taxes, would go up by sixteen per cent to pay for Medicare. Actually, the increase would affect only the Social Security tax, and, furthermore, the specific increase for Medicare would be not sixteen per cent but ten per cent. (The remaining six provided for in the bill was to pay for an increase in Social Security cash benefits.) The maximum increase would be less than eighteen dollars a year. In any event, the sixteen-per-cent figure apparently didn’t sound bad enough, and it was later changed to twenty-three per cent. Since the maximum taxable wage base under the bill was $5,200, the A.M.A. was able to point out that a man making a hundred dollars a week would pay as much tax as a man making a hundred thousand dollars a year. (This was true—and had always been—of the entire Social Security system.) Dr. Annis was especially fond of the suggestion that the poor would be paying for the medical care of the rich. “When I’m in Chicago riding in a taxi,” he would tell groups of his colleagues, “I wait until I see an elderly couple in a Cadillac drive by, and then I ask the cabdriver if he wants to pay for their medical bills. ‘No, sir,’ says that cabdriver.”

As its contribution to Operation Hometown, AMPAC sent out five thousand recordings of a talk that it claimed Paul Normile, a member of the executive board of the United Steelworkers, had given to some of his co-unionists. In the recording, a tough-sounding voice demanded that funds be collected for use in electing pro-Medicare candidates to Congress. “For those that don’t want to give, you shop stewards can always let them know there is still a graveyard shift,” the voice said at one point. “They’ll kick in.” AMPAC suggested that state and county medical societies use the recording “to stimulate membership dollars both for you and AMPAC.” It at least stimulated Normile; he sued AMPAC for four hundred thousand dollars, charging that the recording was slanderous, because the voice was not his. At the trial, the executive director of the Pennsylvania branch of AMPAC testified that a man named Irv had told him that a man who called himself Cousin had an interesting record, and that he had met Cousin on a dark street corner one night and had bought the recording from him for twenty dollars. The A.M.A., assuming responsibility for the actions of its political affiliate, printed an apology to Normile in its *Journal*, and paid him twenty-five thousand dollars.

THE House Committee on Ways and Means completed its work on the tax bill late in the 1963 session, and convened in November for another round of hearings on government health insurance. A rather heated exchange took place on the fifth day, while Representative Al Ullman, Democrat of Oregon, was questioning H. Lewis Rietz, who was testifying as a representative of five hundred and twenty-five insurance companies—nine-tenths of the industry. Ullman was particularly interested in a claim by Rietz that fifty-three per cent of all people sixty-five and over were covered by voluntary health insurance—a claim that the A.M.A. was using in almost every advertisement it published. After determining that the witness was unable to give any figures that would show what kind of coverage this insurance provided, Ullman said, "I am reminded of the story about the horse-rabbit stew that was advertised as half and half. When pinned down, it was one horse and one rabbit, so I think we should know what we are talking about when we discuss coverage. . . . Unless we know the quality of coverage, we know virtually nothing." Not long after that, the committee's chief counsel hurried into the room and whispered something to Chairman Mills. Turning pale, Mills interrupted the proceedings to announce that President Kennedy had been shot, and then adjourned the hearings.

At about the same moment, Henry Hall Wilson, a member of the White House congressional-liaison staff, left the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, where he had been discussing Mills's position on Medicare with Wilbur Cohen, at that time H.E.W.'s Assistant Secretary for Legislation. Cohen, who had helped draft the Social Security Act of 1935 when he was just out of college, had long been in the forefront of the health-insurance movement. He had drafted most of the legislation in the field, including the Kerr-Mills and Medicare

There's a great deal behind Boe Jests.



In Westport, Boe Jests look great taking the neighbor's kids to the Youth Museum, having a Villain's Victory at the Ice Cream Parlor, walking along the water or just for the every day pleasure of wearing Boe Jests.

The pants suit of pure wide wale cotton corduroy. The V-neck jacket over the pants with a striped web belt completed by the cotton coordinated turtle neck. In Driftwood, Blue frost, Ginger, Fern or Persimmon. The pants suit 6-16. About $50. The turtle neck XS,S,M,L. About $8. At "the" stores in Westport and everywhere.

Boe Jests Inc., 550 Seventh Avenue, New York 18.
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

"Travel yes. Cash no!" says American Express

“Nothing messes
rain. Except cash”.

If it rains, it rains. You can always play ping-pong or something. And there's always tomorrow.

But what if you lose your cash?

Disaster. There may *be* no tomorrow. Lost cash usually means lost vacations. (Rain, at least, is good for flowers and reservoirs.)

And vacationers *lose* cash like it was going out of style. Which, of course, it is.

American Express *hates* cash, offers two superior replacements:

1. American Express Travelers Cheques. These Cheques let you carry your travel money without putting your vacation on the line.

You can take them anywhere. Spend them anywhere. And not waste one vacation minute worrying about them.

If you *do* lose them, you can get a refund (a *prompt* refund) at any travel office of the American Express Company or one of its subsidiaries.

Buy these Cheques where you bank. Use them no matter where you take your vacation: An independent survey showed that 89.7% of all establishments prefer to be paid with these Cheques.

Eighty-nine point seven percent. Frankly, it amazed even us.

2. The American Express Credit Card. The card for doing anything in the world of travel or entertainment.

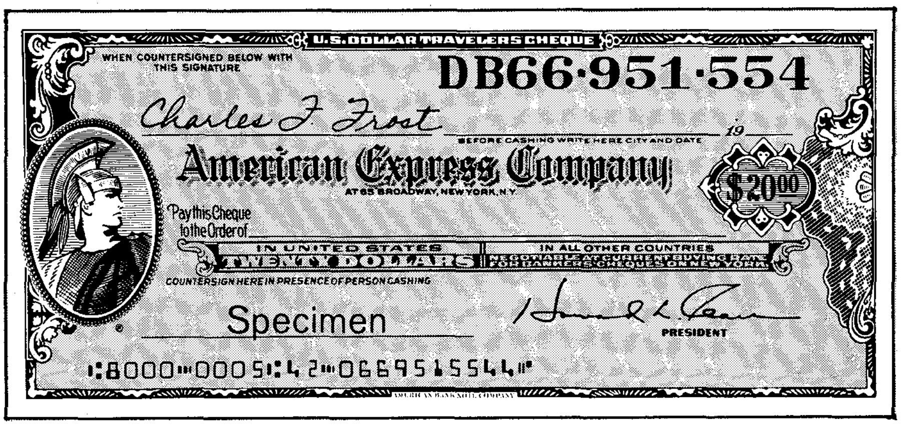
Carry this card and you're good for unquestioned credit at over 140,000 places worldwide. Without wads of cash. Without wads of other "specialized" cards.

Lose an American Express Credit Card and you're completely covered—from the moment you tell us it's lost. If someone goes on a spending spree with it you're still covered for everything over the first $100. Free—courtesy of American Express.

We look at it this way: Rain, we have to live with. Cash, we don't.

up a vacation like

—says American Express



U.S. DOLLAR TRAVELERS CHEQUE

WHEN COUNTERSIGNED BELOW WITH THIS SIGNATURE

DB66·951·554

Charles F. Frost

BEFORE CASHING WRITE HERE CITY AND DATE 19

American Express Company

AT 65 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

$20.00

Pay this Cheque to the Order of

IN UNITED STATES TWENTY DOLLARS

IN ALL OTHER COUNTRIES NEGOTIABLE AT CURRENT BUYING RATE FOR BANKERS CHEQUES ON NEW YORK

COUNTERSIGN HERE IN PRESENCE OF PERSON CASHING

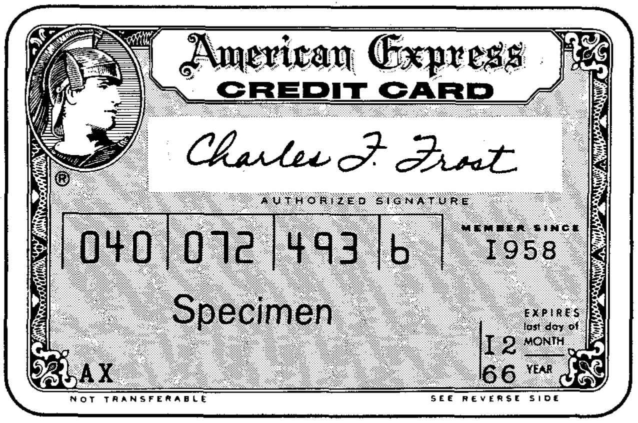
Specimen

PRESIDENT

8000 0005 42 0669515544

Safer than cash

4 out of 5 bankers use *this* Travelers Cheque when they travel. If bankers don't know what's best, who does?



American Express
CREDIT CARD

Charles F. Frost

AUTHORIZED SIGNATURE

040 072 493 6

MEMBER SINCE 1958

Specimen

EXPIRES last day of
12 MONTH
66 YEAR

AX

NOT TRANSFERABLE

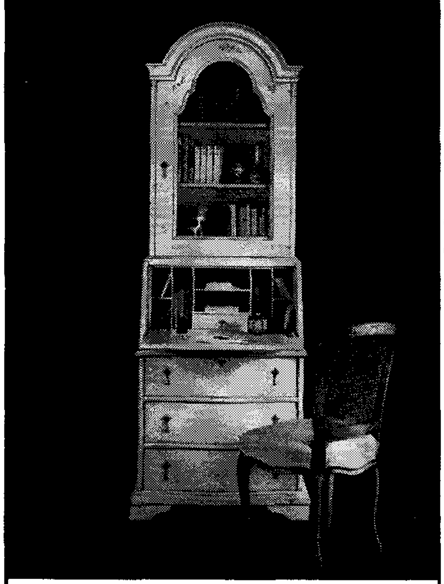
SEE REVERSE SIDE

More convenient than cash

This little card replaces the fat wallet. Makes cash passé and all other cards *unnecessary.*

Get to know John Widdicomb furniture

See it at any
John Widdicomb showroom
through your dealer
or decorator

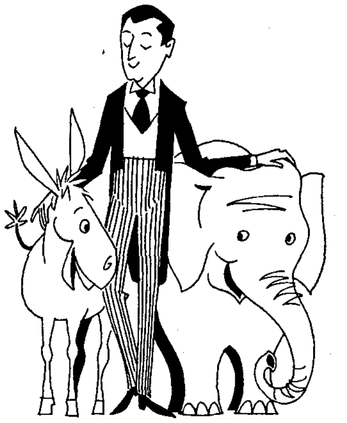


John Widdicomb

MAKERS OF FINE FURNITURE FOR MORE THAN A CENTURY

NEW YORK, 205 EAST 58th ST.
PHILADELPHIA, 2301 CHESTNUT ST.
GRAND RAPIDS, EXHIBITORS BLDG.

CHICAGO • CINCINNATI • CLEVELAND • DALLAS • DENVER • HOUSTON
INDIANAPOLIS • PITTSBURGH • ST. LOUIS • LOS ANGELES • SAN FRANCISCO



Everyone in Washington agrees...

...that the Manger Hay-Adams is *the* place to stay. We face the White House. The atmsophere is quietly elegant—the service, exquisite. (We even shine shoes you leave outside your door!) You'll find huge bath towels, individual terry robes, and other luxurious extras with each beautiful room and bath. All this — and Free Parking, too! Be our guest!

Manger Hotels & Motor Inns

HOTEL
Manger Hay-Adams
(facing the White House)
16th at H Street N.W. • Washington, D.C.

bills, and from 1956 to 1961, when he left the government to become a professor of public welfare at the University of Michigan, he had served as Kennedy's consultant on all health and Social Security matters. As President, Kennedy had appointed Cohen to the post of Assistant Secretary, whereupon Senator Smathers, at the request of the A.M.A., had tried to block the appointment in the Senate—until the President warned Smathers to leave Cohen alone. Now, as a secretary rushed into Cohen's office to tell him about the assassination, Cohen was going over a memorandum that he and Wilson had drawn up, at the President's request, outlining several ways in which Mills's objections to the Medicare bill might be met. After the news of the President's death was confirmed, Cohen, like millions of other people, went home to be with his family, and spent most of the next few days sitting, dazed, before his television screen. The following Monday, an hour or so after the funeral, Wilson telephoned him at home and told him that O'Brien thought President Johnson should see the memorandum they had been working on. Cohen and his wife drove to his office, his wife typed up the memorandum, and they took it over to the White House. Members of the staff were milling about more or less aimlessly, and Cohen made his way through them to Sorensen's office. "He was there alone, a numbed pallor on his face," Cohen recalled afterward. Cohen quietly left the office and took the memorandum to Wilson, who said that he would show it to the President.

Mr. Johnson's views on many matters were unknown when he succeeded to the Presidency, but he was clearly on record as supporting Medicare. "Why anyone would want to deny a person the opportunity of putting in a dollar a month, along with his employer, to insure himself through Social Security against the staggering costs of hospitalization simply amazes me," he had said to the executive board of the National Council of Senior Citizens the previous summer. In his first address to a joint session of Congress after assuming office, he called for action on "the dream of care for the elderly." According to *Medical Economics*, "the Medicare program's chances have never been better." President Johnson was asked about its chances at one of his early press conferences, and he replied that he thought Congress would act sometime in 1964. He added, "I can think of no piece of legislation that I

DANISH MARY

A Bloody Mary gone Danish... made with Aalborg Akvavit instead of vodka. Deliciously different... it's not only "in" but out of this world!

HERE'S HOW:

1 jigger AALBORG AKVAVIT
3 oz. tomato juice
Juice of ½ lime
Dash celery salt
Stir (don't shake) with plenty of ice until chilled
Pour into 6 oz. glass.

P.S. You'll enjoy Aalborg Akvavit straight and icy cold, too, especially with Smorgasbord.

AALBORG AKVAVIT

86 PROOF, 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS,
MUNSON G. SHAW CO., N. Y.

TIE WIDE & HANDSOME!

Seen in our second storey: 4½" wide ties. Black polka dots on white cotton, white on black. $5 ppd; black shirts. S, M, L. $7 ppd.

serendipity 3
225 E. 60th St., NYC TE 8-3531

ADIRONDACK ADVENTURE

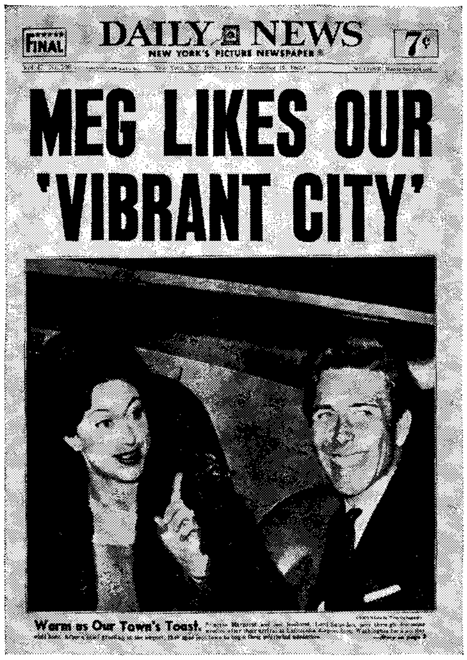
Embark on a holiday of fun and excitement. 1500 romantic wooded acres, 60 acre private lake, fishing, boating, waterskiing, all sports. 11 top pro tennis courts, entertainment, dance orchestra, chef cuisine. An adult resort owned and managed by the Slutsky family.

CRYSTAL LAKE LODGE
Chestertown, New York
Phones: 3830 N.Y.C. Office SC 4-6535

BROADWAY JOE

"NEW YORK'S TOP STEAK HOUSE"
open 4:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.
315 W.46 ST. NYC CI 6-6513 CO 5-9196

DON'T KNOCK THE 6,884,000 PEOPLE WHO READ THE NEWS. ONE OF THEM MAY BE YOUR MOTHER.



FINAL DAILY NEWS 7¢

NEW YORK'S PICTURE NEWSPAPER®

MEG LIKES OUR 'VIBRANT CITY'

Warm as Our Town's Toast.

Every day and Sunday, more mothers, more fathers, more people read The News than read any other paper in New York.

What does The News have? Reports of Viet Nam, conflict in Washington, agreement in Rome, a rendezvous in space. Playboys in N. Y., lost babes in the woods, Broadway shows, holiday menus, Doris Blake and Mr. Magoo.

The News is as full of life as the 6,884,000 people who read it. People with more money to enjoy life. More than 3 million suburbanites read The News. One in every five readers owns his own business or manages one or is a professional man. Almost a quarter of a million News readers are in families whose annual income is over $20,000. In a year, News readers buy almost 3 billion dollars worth of groceries.

You may not read The News. But if you have a product to advertise and your mother lives in New York, 2 to 1 she'll see it in The News. If not, then your mother-in-law will.

THE NEWS IS WHAT'S HAPPENING.

THE DAILY NEWS HAS 4,965,000 READERS. THE SUNDAY NEWS, 5,499,000. MANY PEOPLE, OF COURSE, READ BOTH. WITH NO ONE COUNTED TWICE, WE HAVE A TOTAL OF 6,884,000 READERS. SOURCE: PROFILE OF THE MILLIONS.

The first tee is just outside your door

It's 18 holes of unhurried, uncrowded enjoyment on one of the state's finest courses. Electric carts and 9-hole putting green finish the layout. Here is Lake Champlain's complete resort: all water sports, fine fishing, tennis, a new pool, children's programs, and a 3200-foot airstrip. Join us this season. Reserve *soon:* N. Y. Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza West, LT 1-6595.

BASIN HARBOR CLUB
Robert H. Beach, Manager
VERGENNES • VERMONT

PETIT RHUM BA BA
Little butter cakes bathed in Jamaica rum. Packed in jars of 12 and 24 servings. No refrigeration. Keep indefinitely after opened. Delicious plain, with ice cream or whipped cream.

FERRARA PANETTONE ITALIAN COFFEE CAKE
Fresh egg yolks and pure butter, imported Italian candied fruits, Sultana raisins from Greece.

WRITE FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG.
Ferrara ESTABLISHED 1892
PASTRY AND COFFEE SHOP
195 GRAND STREET, NEW YORK 13, N. Y.

would be happier to approve than that bill."

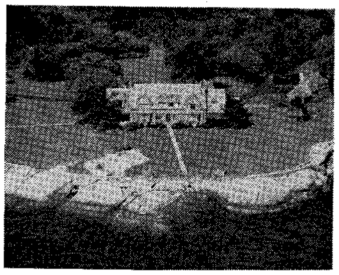
OVER the years, the A.M.A. had made alliances with various organizations that agreed to support it in its fight against government health insurance. In such arrangements, there usually comes a time when the favor has to be returned. In March of 1963, the A.M.A. announced that it was discontinuing a study of the physiological effects of smoking, because the Surgeon General had undertaken a thorough examination of the problem, but the following December the Association suddenly decided to go ahead with its study. Early in January, 1964, shortly before the Surgeon General issued his report on smoking, Dr. Annis, speaking before the Kentucky legislature, warned its members that the forthcoming government report would undoubtedly present "insurmountable evidence that smoking causes cancer." He added that "the A.M.A. is not opposed to smoking and tobacco, but it is opposed to disease," and then he launched into an attack on Medicare. "The choice of these two topics in a tobacco-state address was just pure coincidence, of course," Representative Frank Thompson, Democrat of New Jersey, remarked at the time. The Surgeon General's report was made public on January 11th, and, as Dr. Annis had predicted, it unequivocally attributed various forms of cancer to cigarette smoking. Afterward, Representative Harold D. Cooley, of North Carolina, who was chairman of the House Agriculture Committee, called for a crash research program to discover what ingredient of tobacco was doing the damage and to find some way of eliminating it. Cigarette manufacturers appeared unwilling to concede that any damage was being done. So did the A.M.A. On February 7th, the A.M.A. announced that six leading cigarette companies had granted it a total of ten million dollars to set up a tobacco-research institute for the purpose of studying the problem—if, indeed, there was a problem. "The A.M.A. has made a deal with the tobacco industry . . . to get tobacco-state congressmen to vote against Medicare," Thompson charged. "It's an outrage." When the Association objected to what it called "an unjustified assault on the integrity" of its officers, Thompson replied that the behavior of the A.M.A. itself was "an assault on the faith Americans have traditionally placed in their doctors." In effect, he went on, the A.M.A. was encouraging people "to ignore the proven dangers

Spain
LONDON
MOROCCO
AFRICA
JAPAN

If you've never had a reason to travel between CHICAGO and the PACIFIC NORTHWEST—SEATTLE, PORTLAND—now you have one!

Great Northern's incomparable Empire Builder, the train people take when they're in a hurry . . . to enjoy themselves.

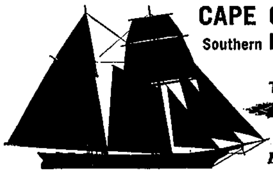
GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY



at Sachem's Head on Long Island Sound

This superb 2 acre estate, with manor house and gate house, sweeping lawns, 550 feet waterfront and good anchorage, is perhaps the finest residence and location on the Connecticut shore. In private community only 15 miles from New Haven. Offered at $175,000.

PIGOTT ASSOCIATES
GUILFORD, CONN. (203) 453-9662



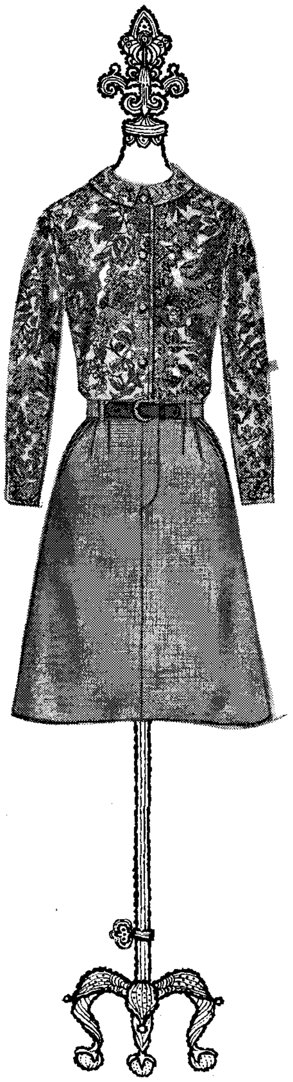
WINDJAMMER CRUISE
CAPE COD and Southern NEW ENGLAND
Aboard the NEW TOPSAIL SCHOONER SHENANDOAH
$150 per week
For illustrated folder, write
THE COASTWISE PACKET CO.
DEPT. 24; VINEYARD HAVEN, MASS.

MONSIGNORE
61 EAST 55th STREET • EL 5-2070
LUNCH • COCKTAILS • DINNER • SUPPER
Strolling Violinists
Open Daily • Closed Sun. • Charge Clubs

Distilled & Bottled by The Booth's Distillery (U.S.A.) Linden, N.J.
HIGH & DRY
Under the supervision of Booth's Distilleries Ltd. London, England
BOOTH'S
100% Neutral Spirits - Distilled from Grain
Est. 1740
Contents 4/5 Quart - 90 Proof
Distilled London Dry Gin
You meet the
most interesting
drinks–
when you mix
with the gin
London introduced
in 1740
BOOTH'S HIGH & DRY GIN

TWO INDIVIDUAL COCKTAIL SERVERS YOURS FOR $1.00! Just mix your cocktail, add an ice cube or two, and you have a perfect, spill-proof drink that can't go flat. Send $1.00 to Bonuserver, P.O. Box 58A, Mount Vernon, N.Y.

90 PROOF · 100% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN · W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY, NEW YORK, N.Y.
DISTILLED IN THE U.S.A.



PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST.

Preparedness

Ready, at a moment's notice, to do any of a hundred pleasant things. Brief fly-fronted skirt with leather-tabbed belt, in woven cotton and acetate. Persimmon, Elderberry, Foggy Blue, Indian Corn, Copper Penny, Dirt Brown, Cactus Green, Pea Soup. Sizes 6 to 16. Flowering cotton shirt in Cactus Green, Camel, Persimmon, Foggy Blue. Sizes 8 to 16.

Skirt about fourteen dollars, shirt about seven dollars at good stores and college shops

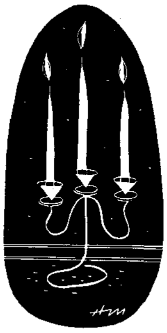
The Villager®

1407 Broadway, New York 10018

© THE VILLAGER, INC., 1966, MANNEQUIN DES REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

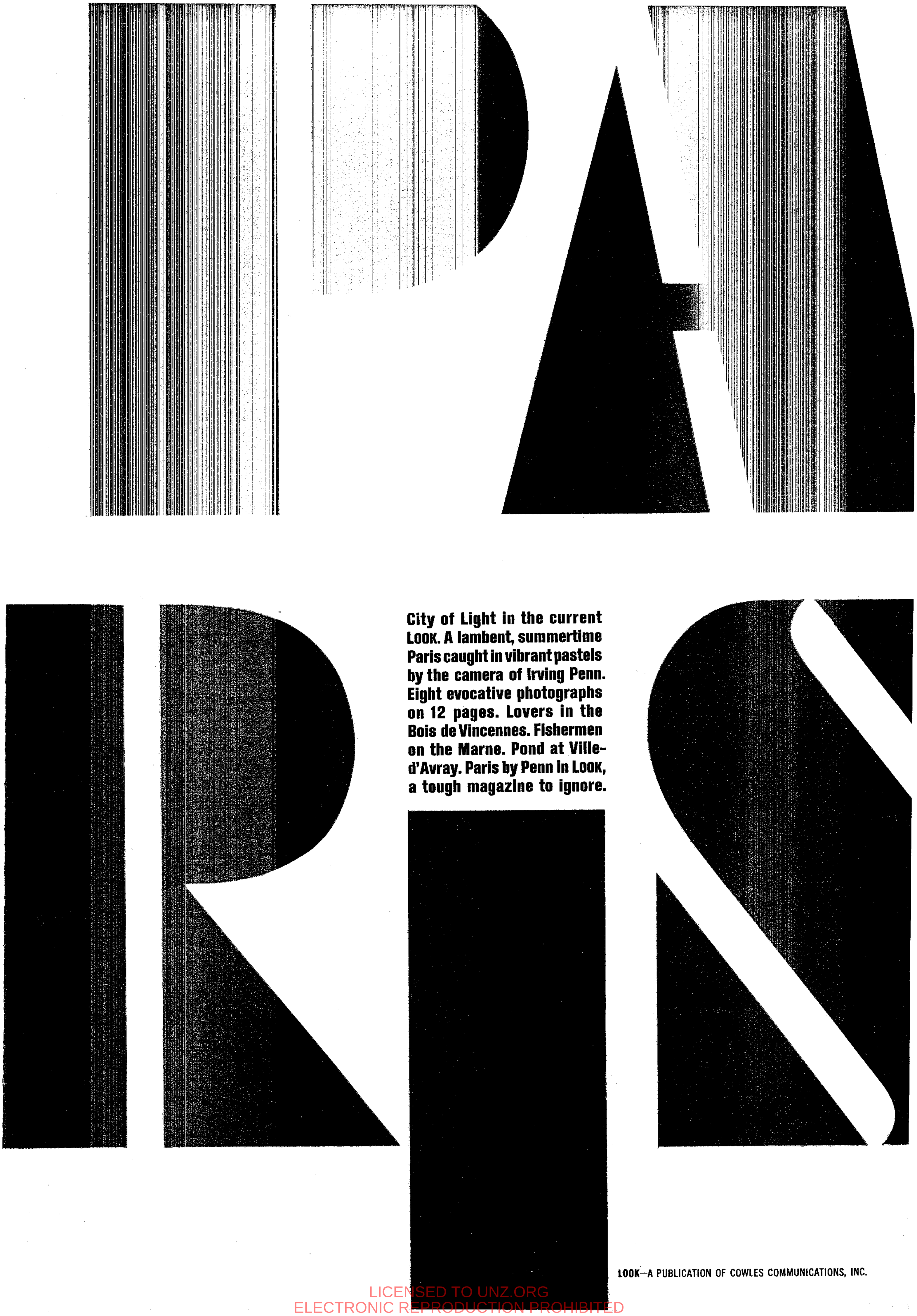
of tobacco and to continue smoking." Not long afterward, the Federal Trade Commission ordered that cigarette packages and cigarette advertisements carry a warning about the hazards of smoking. The A.M.A. opposed the order, because, it said, everyone already knew the dangers of smoking. "More than 90 million persons in the United States use tobacco in some form," the A.M.A. stated in a letter of protest to the commission. "Long-standing social customs and practices are established in the use of tobacco; the economic lives of tobacco growers, processers, and merchants are entwined in the industry; and local, state, and the federal governments are the recipients of and dependent upon many millions of dollars of tax revenue." Senator Maurine Neuberger, Democrat of Oregon, rose on the floor of the Senate to comment on the A.M.A.'s new tobacco-research institute and on the letter to the F.T.C. "I have no way of knowing whether or not the statement by the A.M.A. to the Federal Trade Commission represents the first fruits of this extensive research program," she said. In any event, she went on, "I find myself growing somewhat apprehensive about the concern of the A.M.A. for the economic well-being of the tobacco industry rather than the physical well-being of smokers or potential smokers." Many doctors around the country shared her apprehension. The *Medical Tribune* reported that according to a recent survey ninety-five per cent of the country's physicians thought smoking was harmful. Some of them, dismayed at the stand that their official representatives had taken, registered objections with the A.M.A.'s national office and with their local medical societies. "We were no less than flabbergasted," a generally conservative medical journal called *GP* commented editorially on the A.M.A.'s refusal to endorse the Surgeon General's report, and it added that it would like to see, for once, "a little more integrity and a lot less squirming." Since it was necessary for the A.M.A. to respond to the outcry in some fashion, it published a folder called "Smoking: Facts You Should Know." At the beginning, the text pointed out that there were "hidden costs of smoking," among which were the price of cigarettes, forest fires, marred furniture, and holes in rugs and clothing. Next, the folder brought up "suspected health hazards," and listed the afflictions that smoking was "alleged to cause." The conclusion, in which not even a congressman from a tobacco-growing state could find much to take offense at, was:

> Physicians and researchers who believe these observations to be correct, say, "Don't smoke! If you do smoke, quit. If you don't smoke, don't start." Some equally competent physicians and research personnel are less sure of the effect of cigarette smoking on health. They believe the increase in these diseases can be explained by other factors in our complex environment. They advise, "Smoke if you feel you should, but be moderate."



ON March 25, 1964, the *Wall Street Journal* predicted that Medicare was "a good bet to come out of Congress this year." People in the White House were not so sure. The main obstacle was still the House Ways and Means Committee, and the only certainty about the lineup of its members was that it was unfavorable—either fourteen to eleven against the bill or thirteen to twelve against it. There were ten Republicans on the committee, all of them opposed, and at least three of the fifteen Democrats were also opposed: Mills; A. Sydney Herlong, of Florida; and John C. Watts, of Kentucky. The doubtful member was Clark W. Thompson, of Texas, who had formerly opposed the bill but now wouldn't say where he stood. Late that winter, *Congressional Quarterly*, which is read very carefully in Washington, published an "exclusive" report to the effect that Mills was now convinced that the Kerr-Mills program had failed, and was about to capitulate. The A.M.A. immediately sent one of its lobbyists over to Capitol Hill to get a public denial from Mills. Although he was upset by the story, which he believed had been planted by someone in the administration to put him on the spot, he refused to deny it, thus adding to the uncertainty.

In April, after more public hearings on Medicare, the Ways and Means Committee went into executive session. "Prospects of favorable action are no better and perhaps a bit worse than they've been from the start," a member of the committee told a reporter. President Johnson seized every opportunity to improve the prospects. After some high officials of the United States Chamber of Commerce, which had opposed even the Kerr-Mills program, had a meeting with the President at the White House, one of the participants declared him to have been "almost a zealot" in presenting the case for Medicare. Having cited as an example



City of Light in the current LOOK. A lambent, summertime Paris caught in vibrant pastels by the camera of Irving Penn. Eight evocative photographs on 12 pages. Lovers in the Bois de Vincennes. Fishermen on the Marne. Pond at Ville-d'Avray. Paris by Penn in LOOK, a tough magazine to ignore.

LOOK—A PUBLICATION OF COWLES COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

Place Lautrec
"Every meal...a masterpiece!"
Voilà! The flavor of France . . . captured in superb cuisine française. Parisian atmosphere . . . gay as a sidewalk cafe. The spirit of France . . . caught in posters by Lautrec himself. Warm hospitality, personal service. Just the spot for pre-theatre dining. A votre service . . . Place Lautrec.
THE NEW YORK | HILTON
at Rockefeller | Center
AVENUE OF THE AMERICAS
53RD TO 54TH STREETS
JUDSON 6-7000

◆◆
CHANDLER'S
49E49STNYC
NEW YORK'S PRIME STEAK HOUSE . . . SUPERLATIVE STEAKS, CHOPS, ROAST BEEF, LUSCIOUS LIVE TROUT AND LOBSTER . . . ALL SERVED SEVEN DAYS A WEEK AT THE CONVENTIONAL HOURS AND AFTER-THEATRE, TOO. FOR RESERVATIONS, PHONE PL 1-1960.

Sun Luck
RESTAURANTS, N.Y.C.
Specializing in CANTONESE, PEKING, SHANGHAI & CHUNGKING Cooking.
For those who want VARIETY & the ULTIMATE in Chinese Cuisine
Luncheon • Cocktails • Dinner
Banquet Facilities
• IMPERIAL 935 Lex. at 69 St. • LE 5-4070
• GOURMET 157 W. 49 St. • JU 2-8182
• EAST 75 E. 55 St. • PL 3-4930
• WEST 143 W. 49 St. • PL 7-1170
• QUEENS 91-16 59th Ave. (Nr. Queens Blvd. & Woodhaven Blvd.) ELMHURST • 446-1166

an elderly, bedridden man on public welfare, Mr. Johnson reminded the businessmen that welfare was paid for out of tax funds. Not bothering to remind them who paid the highest taxes, he went on to point out that if Medicare had been in effect during the man's working life, the money contributed from his wages to the Social Security fund would have provided a lump sum of four thousand dollars to pay for his care, thereby reducing the need for welfare aid, and reducing taxes as well. Several of his listeners were converted then and there. Representative Clark Thompson was also converted, after a reminder that the President had written to twenty-five hundred of Thompson's constituents during his last primary fight back home in Texas. The lineup on the Ways and Means Committee was now thirteen to twelve against the bill.

Early that summer, it suddenly looked as if the balance had become fourteen to eleven in favor of the bill. Mills reported to the administration that Representative Watts had said he was ready to switch, and had gone as far as to give Mills his proxy. This change, Mills added, made it possible for him to support Medicare, too. Explaining that he hadn't wanted his own vote to be the decisive one, and thus bring down on his head the wrath of the medical profession, he said that once Watts had changed over, making it thirteen to twelve for the bill, he felt he could go along. It would be a simple matter, he said, to justify his move to the doctors by pointing out to them that in this way he would retain control over the measure and could stop it from becoming any less acceptable to them than it already was. But then, on June 23rd, the day before the committee was due to take a vote, Watts took back his proxy and told Mills that he intended to oppose the bill. "The alliance between the tobacco industry and the American Medical Association caused the defeat of the Medicare program in the House Ways and Means Committee," William V. Shannon wrote in his column in the New York *Post*. "Watts represents a district in western Kentucky in which tobacco is the principal crop." When King learned that Watts had backed down, he withdrew his request for a vote on the bill, to avoid having an adverse vote entered in the record.

In earlier deliberations, the committee had approved a five-per-cent increase in Social Security benefits, the first since 1958. Now the ranking Republican on the committee, John W.

"MOST LAUGHS IN YEARS. A BLOCKBUSTER!" —LIFE MAGAZINE
SAINT SUBBER PRESENTS
EDDIE BRACKEN PAT HINGLE
IN NEIL SIMON'S NEW COMEDY HIT!
THE ODD COUPLE
DIRECTED BY MIKE NICHOLS
PRICES: Evgs. Mon.-Sat. at 8:30: $7.25, 6.75, 5.50, 4.75, 3.50. Mats. Wed. at 2 and Sat. at 2:30: $5.25, 4.75, 4.25, 3.50, 2.50.
PLYMOUTH THEA., 236 West 45th St., N.Y.C.
CHICAGO COMPANY
DAN DAILEY RICHARD BENJAMIN
BLACKSTONE THEATRE

"One of the best American plays of the year"—LIFE
HOGAN'S GOAT
MAIL ORDERS FILLED. Tues. Wed. Thur. at 8:30 & Sun. at 7:30—$4.75, 3.75. Fri. at 8:30 & Sat. at 7 & 10:30 pm—$5.50, 4.50. Sun. Mat. 3 pm—$4, $3. Phone Reservations UN 1-2288. AIR CONDITIONED
ADVANCE RESERVATIONS: UN 1-2288
E. 74 ST. Theatre 334 E. 74 St., N.Y.C.

AMERICA'S MOST ACCLAIMED MUSICAL
Fiddler on the Roof
MAIL ORDERS FILLED PROMPTLY. PRICES: Mon. thru Sat. Evgs.: Orch. & Boxes: $9.10; Front Mezz. $8.50; Rear Mezz. $8, 7.00, 6.40, 5.40, 4.60. Wed. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $5.80; Front Mezz. $5.10; Rear Mezz. $4.60, 4.00, 3.60, 2.80. Sat. Mat.: Orch. & Boxes $6.10; Front Mezz. $5.50; Rear Mezz. $5.10, 4.60, 4.00, 3.60. Enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope and list alternate dates.
IMPERIAL THEATRE 249 W. 45 St., N.Y.C.
NATIONAL COMPANY
San Francisco, Cal. • Now thru July 23
Pasadena, Cal. • July 26-August 6

Le Restaurant Par Excellence
LUNCHEON · COCKTAILS DINNER · OPEN SUNDAY
QUO VADIS
26 EAST 63D ST. at MADISON AVE., N.Y.C. • TE 8-0590

RESTAURANT
L'Aiglon
CONTINENTAL CUISINE OF DISTINCTION FOR LUNCHEON AND DINNER
PRE-THEATRE DINNER PRIVATE DINING FACILITIES
13 E. 55TH, N.Y.C. PL 3-7296
OPEN SUNDAYS

The finest in Italian Food
ITALIAN PAVILION
24 W. 55TH, N.Y.C.
daily except Sunday
luncheon cocktails dinner
JU 6-5950

You are invited to accept this brilliant new original cast album

MARAT/SADE

with membership in the Theatre Recording Society

The persecution and assassination of Marat as performed by the inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the direction of the Marquis de Sade

Complete on three longplaying records, with illustrated Folio, and separate 116-page text volume

"Searing, hypnotic, astonishing, enthralling, overwhelming, jolting, shocking, fantastic, brilliant!" With these words, the critics hailed the Broadway opening of the most remarkable play of the twentieth century — *The Persecution and Assassination of Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade.*

Now, this unforgettable experience in "total theatre" has been re-created *on records* by director Peter Brook and his inspired cast. Here is all of the awesome, spine-tingling drama — the perverse and challenging philosophy — the wry political satire — the bawdy, Brechtian songs — enriched and illuminated in a performance staged *expressly for listening.* Using the microphone *virtually as a spotlight,* the director singles out each voice . . . allowing you to savor every beautifully enunciated speech, every sardonic song lyric, every innuendo of passion.

As you listen, the seething atmosphere of the bathhouse at Charenton rises like a spectre before you. You hear the scuffling and shuffling of the inmates . . . the gentle, mindless singing of Charlotte Corday as she comes to murder Marat . . . the smug voice of The Establishment reassuring you that "such things don't happen anymore." You follow in sheer fascination the primordial conflict between the amoral de Sade — and Marat, the man who struggles against evil.

This extraordinary 3-record album is offered for only $1 to introduce you to the Theatre Recording Society. The Society brings you exciting full-length productions of the world's great plays — from Aeschylus to Ionesco — in performances especially staged and recorded for home listening enjoyment.

As a member, you will thrill to performances by Paul Scofield, Julie Harris, Claire Bloom, Sir Laurence Olivier, Mildred Dunnock, Sir John Gielgud, Dame Judith Anderson, Montgomery Clift, and others—in dynamic new productions of Euripides, Shakespeare, Sheridan, Ibsen, Shaw, Chekhov, Williams, Miller, Sartre, Ionesco, and other great masters of the drama.

You take only the plays you want. Every two months, you receive the Society's informative "preview" Bulletin, describing the forthcoming play production. Each play is recorded on 12-inch longplaying records, beautifully boxed, with a companion Production Folio of fascinating pictures and essays. Your only obligation is to accept four albums *of your choice* over the next two years — from a wide variety of new play productions offered.

You pay special low prices. Although these lavish boxed sets cost non-members far more, you pay only $8.90 and $12.90 for two-record and three-record albums — including the elaborate Folio. *Monaural and stereo versions are available to you at the same price.*

Accept this $1 membership offer. Mail the trial enrollment form, and we will send you the complete *Marat/Sade* album for 10 days audition. The set includes: three 12-inch longplaying records; illustrated companion Folio; and a separate 116-page text volume, with notes by the author and director. If you are thrilled with the audition, send the low introductory price of only $1, plus shipping. Otherwise, you may return the album in 10 days, cancel your membership, and owe nothing. This is definitely a limited-time offer, so mail the coupon promptly. Theatre Recording Society, 505 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10018.

Mail coupon to receive this recording of the complete play by Peter Weiss, performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company directed by Peter Brook. English version by Geoffrey Skelton. Verse adaptation by Adrian Mitchell. Music by Richard C. Peaslee. A presentation of the David Merrick Arts Foundation.

Theatre Recording Society
505 Eighth Avenue
New York, N. Y. 10018

Please enter my trial membership and send me the original cast production of MARAT/SADE as my introductory album. You will bill me only $1, plus a few cents for shipping. This beautifully boxed set includes 3 longplaying records, illustrated Production Folio, and the full text of the play.

As a member, I will be notified in advance of all new Society releases. My only obligation is to take four albums of *my* choice over the next two years, at the special members' price of only $8.90 for two-record albums and $12.90 for three-record albums (same low price for monaural and stereo).

If not thrilled with your introductory album, return it in 10 days to cancel membership, and owe nothing.

Name______________________

Address______________________

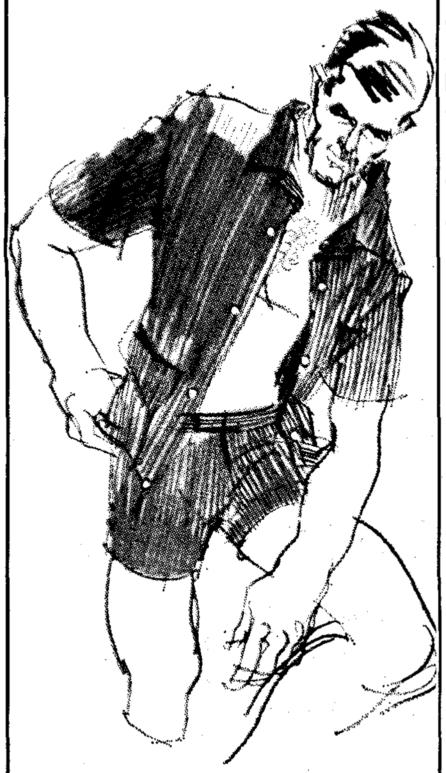
City______________________

State__________Zip__________

Please send records in ☐ Monaural (for any 33⅓ rpm phonograph) ☐ Stereo (for stereophonic equipment only).

NYO-7-16-66

Alexander Shields
GET INTO THE SWIM WITH SURFING TWILL
DINKY—$20.00 SWIMMERS—$20.00
COLORS: BRICK RED, CLAY, OR WHITE.



484 PARK AVE. • NEW YORK 10022 • PL 5-2588

The Liberty Bell is just 15 minutes away from
One of the 7 Wonderful Inns of the world!
- Luxurious Accommodations for 600
- Year 'round swimming & other resort pleasures
- Exciting Weekend Package Plans
- Truly Fine Dining
- Write for free Color Brochure

Cherry Hill Inn
Route 38 at Haddonfield Rd.
N.J. T'pke. Exit 4/Cherry Hill, N.J.
Reservations: phone (609) NO 2-7200

You're not just another pebble on the beach at the Dennis.

You're special! You stay in our charming ocean front hotel or new motel. Swim in our two pools, sun on our beach, stroll the boardwalk, go cycling, or play golf nearby. The Cub Club keeps the kids entertained. Enjoy dancing nightly in the Fjord Room. Marvelous meals. Children under 12 stay free in their parents' room. Free parking, too. Make your reservations today!

Tel.: Atlantic City (609) 344-8111.
New York Tie-Line: WAlker 5-3970.
On the Boardwalk at Michigan Ave.

HOTEL/MOTEL
Dennis
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.

Byrnes, of Wisconsin, made what struck his colleagues as an unexpected and un-Republican move: he proposed that the increase be six per cent instead. To pay for the five-per-cent increase, the committee had already decided to raise the total tax imposed on both employers and employees to just under nine and a half per cent. It had been widely accepted in Congress that the Social Security tax should never go above ten per cent, and Ullman saw that Byrnes's aim was to bring the rate above nine and a half per cent by means of the six-per-cent increase, and so leave no room for the one-half of one per cent required to pay for Medicare. He quickly explained this to the other members of the committee who favored Medicare, and urged them to stand fast. One liberal Democrat was absent, which meant that twenty-four members were on hand for the roll call. All the Democrats except Mills, Herlong, and Watts stuck by Ullman, giving his side eleven votes. Eight Republicans voted with Byrnes, and they were joined by the three conservative Democrats who opposed Medicare, giving the proposal twelve votes. The Medicare supporters were in despair, for the one vote still to be cast was that of Bruce Alger, an arch-conservative Republican from Dallas. To everyone's amazement, Alger voted against the six-per-cent increase, making it a twelve-to-twelve standoff, which defeated the proposal. Afterward, Alger explained that since he opposed the entire Social Security system, his conscience would not permit him to vote to expand it. After that, Social Security amendments based on a five-per-cent increase were reported out by the Ways and Means committee, and approved by the House with only eight negative votes. Nearly all congressmen wanted to be able to claim some credit at election time for giving their elderly constituents at least a little financial assistance. The administration was said to be planning to attach Medicare to the House Social Security bill when it came up in the Senate, but it was generally agreed that, as the *Wall Street Journal* put it at the time, "if it appears at any stage that the Medicare issue would kill the Social Security measure, the Medicare campaign would be allowed to collapse so that a cash-benefits-increasing measure could be rushed to President Johnson before adjournment."

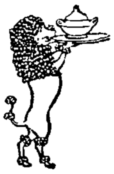
Congress recessed briefly in July for the Republican National Convention and again in August for the Democratic National Convention, and then reconvened to dispose of the final busi-

a house with 9 baths?

The things people ask for! Like the client moving into the New York area *with seven cats.* Or the one intent on living next door to his child prodigy's school. Homerica has assisted 30 thousand families with their relocation; knows, intimately, the housing situation in 4000 communities. The houses Homerica sends you to see (after noting your general and special requirements) might have been custom built for you! Homerica has nothing to sell — just helps find, without charge to you, the right home for your family in the area it will most enjoy. So if you must relocate — in the next suburb or across the country — let your first move be to contact Homerica. Our booklet *"We must move to another home town"* is yours for the asking.

HOMERICA INC.
200 Park Avenue
New York 10017
(212) 661-3111
3460 Wilshire Blvd.
Los Angeles 90005
(213) 387-3111
Marina City, Chicago 60610 (312) 527-3111

JEAN PIERRE AUMONT & MARISA PAVAN
are the Grand Alliance in the
PERSIAN ROOM
July 6-July 26
Mon.-Thurs., 10:00 P.M.
Fri. & Sat., 9:00 & 11:30
For reservations call
PL 9-3000
THE PLAZA

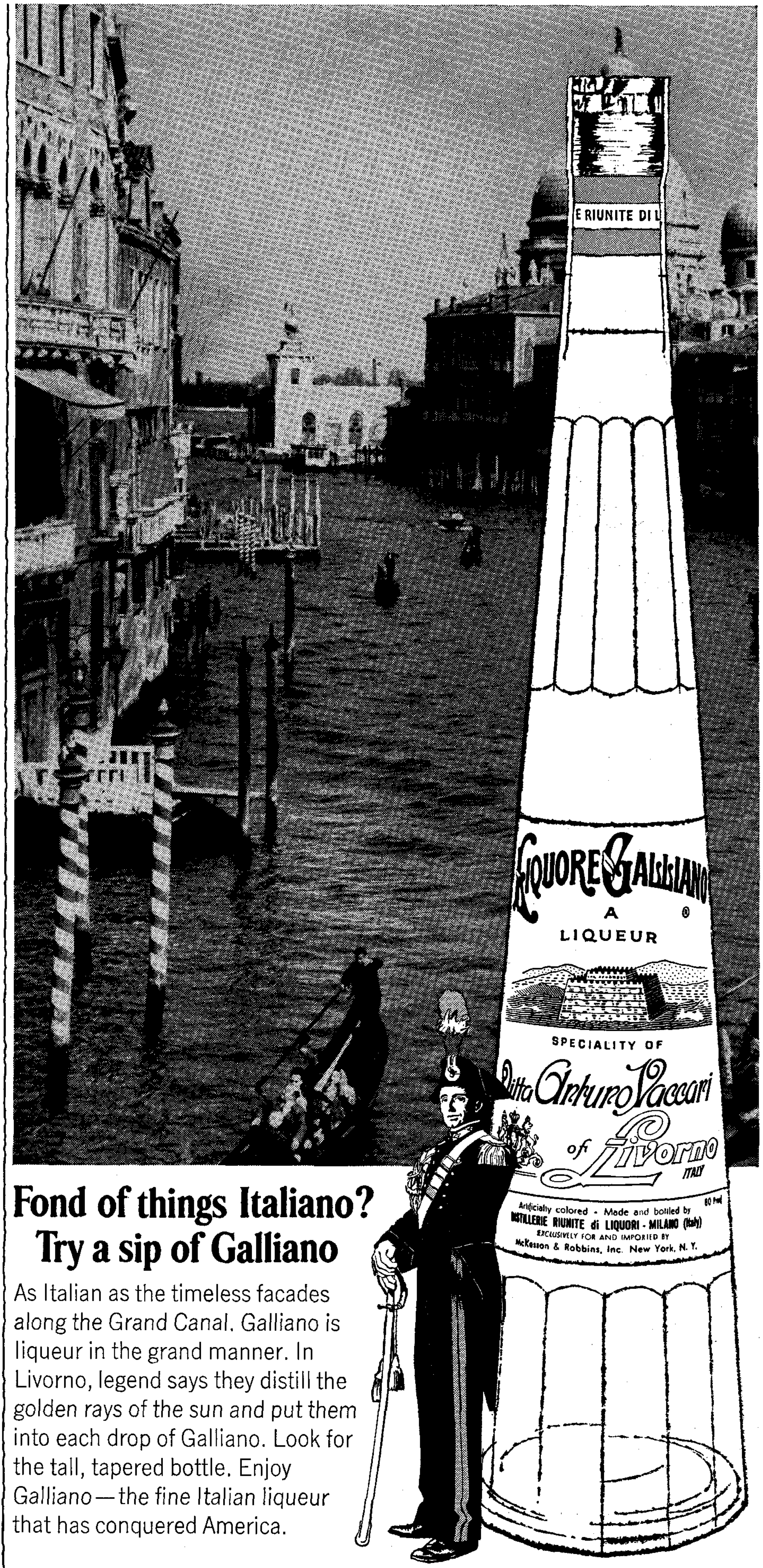


RITZ Old Poodle Dog
San Francisco's Oldest French Restaurant
65 Post St. Su 1-1918

"Serving Chinese Food as you like it."
BILL CHAN'S GOLD COIN
994 2nd Ave. at 53rd St. • PL 8-1251

ness of the session—a food-stamp program for the needy, a housing bill, and the Social Security amendments. In the Senate, the last of these were the responsibility of the Finance Committee, which revised the amendments and passed them on to the floor without any provision for Medicare. Before anyone had a chance to attach the King-Anderson bill as a rider, Senator Russell Long, of Louisiana, went Congressman Byrnes one better by proposing that the cash increase be seven per cent. Senator Albert Gore, of Tennessee, jumped to his feet. "The effect of this amendment would be to kill Medicare forever," he said. ("Well, that's the idea," Smathers remarked to a reporter afterward.) Long had always disapproved of Medicare. Besides having influential friends in the medical profession and the insurance industry, he had political motives that no one would have understood better than his father, the late Huey P. Long. "Like his father, Russell wants every man to be a king," one senator has said. "And, like his father, he, and he alone, is going to be the one who passes out the crowns. The Long family's lexicon simply doesn't include the term 'social insurance'—that is, making somebody relatively independent by taking money from him when he is working and healthy and then giving it back to him when he retires or is out of a job or gets sick. Russell doesn't comprehend that concept. Federal money to be distributed in Louisiana through the Long machine is one thing, but federal money that goes directly to his constituents is quite another. Just consider the effect if several hundred thousand old people who hadn't been able to get medical care without welfare assistance, courtesy of the Longs, suddenly found that they could get it without going on the dole—and without having to thank anyone!"

During the Senate debate on Long's proposal, which was eventually defeated, Gore taunted him about the amount of the help he was prepared to give the common man—pension increases ranging from ninety cents to two dollars and fifty-four cents a month—compared to the relief from burdensome, often insupportable medical expenses which he was working against. But Gore was less interested in arguing with Long than in holding off a vote until other senators could prepare a suitable version of Medicare in the form of an amendment. When it was ready, Gore still had the floor, and he presented the amendment for a vote. Four liberal Republicans had let it be known that they

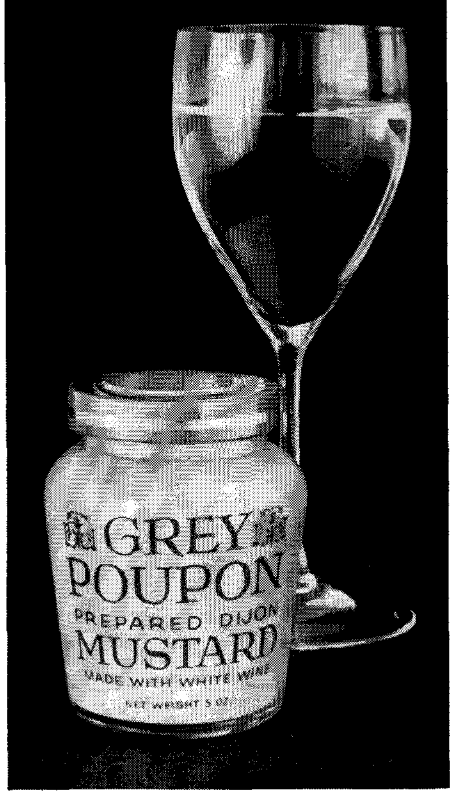

E RIUNITE DI L
LIQUORE GALLIANO
A ®
LIQUEUR
SPECIALITY OF
Ditta Arturo Vaccari
of Livorno
ITALY
Artificially colored - Made and bottled by
80 Proof
DISTILLERIE RIUNITE di LIQUORI - MILANO (Italy)
EXCLUSIVELY FOR AND IMPORTED BY
McKesson & Robbins, Inc. New York, N. Y.

Fond of things Italiano?
Try a sip of Galliano

As Italian as the timeless facades along the Grand Canal. Galliano is liqueur in the grand manner. In Livorno, legend says they distill the golden rays of the sun and put them into each drop of Galliano. Look for the tall, tapered bottle. Enjoy Galliano—the fine Italian liqueur that has conquered America.

80 PROOF LIQUEUR, IMPORTED BY McKESSON & ROBBINS, INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. ©McK&R, 1965

Why do we put wine in Grey Poupon Mustard?



When it comes to good eating, trust the French. The original Dijon mustard recipe specifies white wine. Leave it out—and something vital is missing. Wine is one of the things that makes Grey Poupon the best mustard you ever tasted. One of the reasons why you will never again be satisfied with ordinary mustard. Grey Poupon is in a class by itself. That's why we're so sure you'll like it. Although Grey Poupon Mustard costs a bit more, it's well worth it.

GREY POUPON®
HEUBLEIN, INC., HARTFORD, CONN.

were coming over to the administration's side, so everyone assumed that the amendment would win—except Senator Goldwater, who was under the impression that he held the swing vote, and flew back from Arizona on September 2nd to cast it against Medicare. For a while, it looked as if his estimate were correct, since the tally stood at forty-two to forty-two, but then some more Senators arrived and made it forty-nine to forty-four in favor. It was the first time that any health-insurance legislation had been passed in either house.

ALTHOUGH the Senate's action was unsettling to the leaders of the A.M.A., they appeared to be confident that their friends would look after their interests when the joint conference committee met to adjust the differences between the House and Senate bills. Their confidence appeared to be justified. Of the Senate conferees—seven of them, chosen on the basis of committee seniority—only Gore and Anderson supported Medicare. The other Democrats were Long, Smathers, and the chairman of the Finance Committee, Harry Flood Byrd, of Virginia. The Republicans were John J. Williams, of Delaware, and Frank Carlson, of Kansas. Of the House conferees, who numbered five, only two were in favor of the bill—King, its co-sponsor, and Hale Boggs, of Louisiana, the Majority Whip. Mills, who was the chairman of the conference committee, and the two Republicans from the House—Byrnes and Thomas Curtis, of Missouri—were opposed. By tradition, conferees function as blocs, and each bloc is expected to defend the position of the body it represents. Since the House had not voted on Medicare, Mills was relatively free to interpret things as he wanted to, but the vote in the Senate required Byrd and the other senators to stand by Medicare—up to a point. Also by tradition, the determination of where that point lies is made by the conferees; while it is true that if they ignore the wishes of the body they represent, as expressed in its vote, it may repudiate their action by rejecting the conference report, the report is almost always approved as a matter of course in a final vote.

During the conference committee's deliberations, which dragged on for nearly a month that fall, Mills repeatedly indicated that he was willing to come to terms with the Medicare people, they repeatedly offered compromises of one kind or another, and he repeatedly discussed them at great length and then turned them down. After a couple of weeks of this, Anderson, Gore, King, and Boggs reached a point of desperation at which they were willing to take practically anything that would allow Medicare to get a start. "We were ready to accept ten days of hospitalization and nothing else," one of them said afterward. Putting on a brave front, they offered Mills a compromise: if he would give them forty-five days of hospital coverage, they would give up the other sections of the bill. Mills thought it over, and said that he would accept the offer. But when they presented it in writing, he raised a complicated procedural objection and postponed a vote. After that session, one of the participants sent a note to the President that said, in part, "Mills appeared to believe he had the conferees boxed in where they would have to accept the Social Security benefits increase without Medicare. I believe that Mills does not think the Medicare conferees or the administration will have the courage to object to a benefits-increase bill by itself." The note also informed the President that if the cash increase should be permitted to go through without any health-insurance provisions, it might well be impossible to persuade Congress to raise Social Security taxes again the following year to pay for Medicare. Partly as a result of this appraisal, Boggs flatly warned Mills at the next meeting of the committee that he might refuse to sign the conference report if it didn't include some form of Medicare. Mills, the chairman of one of the most powerful committees on the Hill, was clearly taken aback by this, for Boggs, the Majority Whip, had a fair amount of power of his own, and throughout his political career Mills had always sought to avoid the sort of collision that Boggs was threatening to bring about. Then Gore and Anderson told Mills that they would ask the Senate to reject the conference report unless there was at least a compromise on Medicare. Faced with these unprecedented threats to his standing in Congress, Mills reluctantly agreed to consider the compromise, and asked that it be drafted as a completed amendment, so that the committee could go over it the following week.

As the meeting broke up, one of the conferees remarked to a colleague that he had misjudged Mills. "Before, I wondered whether he was completely lacking in integrity," he said. "Now I know." In politics, "integrity" has a looser meaning than it has in most other lines of work—a distinction that is perhaps best illustrated by the old Washington saw that a statesman is a politician who stays bought. Be that as it may, nearly everyone in Washington has always considered Mills a man of integrity, and it is clear that the slighting remark, made in the heat of the moment, did not take fully into account the complexity of the predicament facing Mills. Although the reports that he had given certain assurances to friends in medical circles undoubtedly had substance, a more compelling reason for his intransigence on Medicare was that, as overseer in the House of the Social Security system, he was seriously concerned about keeping it soundly financed, and feared that something like Medicare would sooner or later put it out of balance. Another reason was that he believed there were not enough votes in the House to assure passage of the bill. As chairman of the Ways and Means Committee, he was unwilling to take a bill to the floor if it seemed likely to be beaten. That had happened in 1958, with the first measure he had taken to the floor as chairman of the committee, and he had not forgotten the shock. (By tradition, bills coming out of the Ways and Means Committee are given a "closed rule" by the Rules Committee, which means that they are not subject to the usual amending process on the floor. Nearly all bills presented by the committee's chairman are either voted up or voted down, and because of the lack of debate, and of the general confusion that ordinarily attends the voting, success or failure is invariably laid to the chairman.) Still another reason for Mills's reluctance was that roughly three-quarters of the members of the House didn't want to vote that year on Medicare, regardless of their feelings about it. Scores of them, on both sides of the aisle and from both the pro-Medicare and the anti-Medicare camps, had privately appealed to Mills to block the bill in committee. "They didn't want to go home just before the election and face the big campaign spenders—the medical societies, the chambers of commerce, the insurance industry—who would be sure to get them if they voted for Medicare," one member of the committee who had discussed the problem with Mills remarked later. "And if they voted *against* Medicare, the old folks and the unions would go after them." Any committee chairman

Matthews

A special place for the
special woman. Whose timely
clothes are always
happily timeless. Matthews
makes "Matties" for her each
summer—our own little-nothing
skimmers in our fine
floaty fabrics, flavory colors.
Serves them, with Matthews
compatible accessories, just
in Matthews shops.

Silk surah "Mattie" in
strawberry/vanilla/chocolate,
lemon/licorice/vanilla,
caramel/lime/tangerine,
blueberry/cherry/lemon, *$110.*

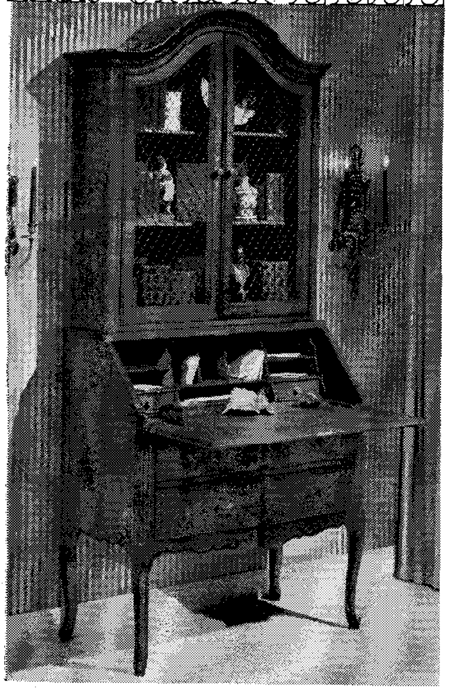
Four unique shops:
22 W. 57th St., New York; also
Chicago, Beverly Hills, Palm Springs

Bali, Hi!

Inter•Continental opens a superb new resort hotel in Bali, Indonesia this September. It's Inter•Continental's Bali Beach Hotel—a seaside paradise with ocean swimming, pool, tennis, horseback riding, rooftop supper club and fabulous food. Come September, General Manager Leo de Franco hopes you'll come out for the fun of it. Call your travel agent or Inter•Continental for reservations—by Panamac.

HOTEL Bali BEACH
AN INTER•CONTINENTAL HOTEL

One of 33 incomparable
Inter•Continentals around the world



Rue CHAPELLE

Capturing the charm of 18th Century Rural French design, this fine dining and bedroom collection is superbly constructed from Solid Woods.

For complete catalogue plus "The Story of Solid Wood Furniture", send one dollar to Davis Cabinet Co.; Dept. NY-7; Nashville, Tenn. 37206.

DAVIS CABINET COMPANY
"Craftsmen of Fine SOLID WOOD Furniture"
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

AMAGANSETT, L.I.

The OCEAN DUNE Apartments

An attractive resort residence in a setting of unspoiled colonial charm: luxuriously furnished, 2 and 4 room suites with fully equipped kitchenettes, sun decks, daily maid service. Tennis and Golf Privileges. Reservations by application only. Seasonal, monthly, weekly and weekend rates on request. Phone or write for brochure.

PRIVATE BEACH & SWIMMING POOL

Dial 516-AMagansett 7-3406

The Baroque

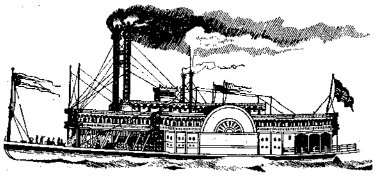
LUNCHEON • DINNER
French Cuisine Closed Sunday
14 East 53rd St. • ELdorado 5-4195

"COOL IT" IN MIAMI BEACH AT JUNIORS
4 RESTAURANTS
THE PLACE WHERE EVERYONE MEETS

would be sensitive to this kind of appeal, the congressman added, because if he kept his friends out of trouble by taking the blame himself, he could count on their gratitude and on their support when he needed it. Late that summer, Mills may have felt quite safe in the position he had taken, for the word from Arkansas was that Goldwater would sweep the state. By the end of September, however, it appeared that Republican sentiment had fallen off sharply and Johnson would carry Arkansas. On September 28th—shortly before the conference committee went back into session to consider the compromise amendment—Mills got up before a luncheon meeting of the Kiwanis Club in Little Rock and hedged his bet. Denying that he had been responsible for blocking Medicare, as most newspapers claimed, he said, "I want to make it clear that I have always thought there was great appeal in the argument that wage earners, during their working lifetime, should make payments into a fund to guard against the risk of financial disaster due to heavy medical costs [after they retire]. . . . I am acutely aware of the fact that there is a problem here which must be met."

On October 2nd, when the conference committee convened to vote on the compromise amendment, Mills made it clear that he was not ready to meet the problem just then. Instead of approving the amendment, as he had led its proponents to believe he would, he called for a vote on the cash-increase amendments without Medicare. The two Republican conferees on the House side immediately sided with him, making the vote in the House bloc three to two, the minority being King and Boggs. After that, the two Republican senators abandoned the Senate's position to vote for the motion. Byrd, who apparently did not want to offend either the Senate or Mills, abstained for the moment. Then Gore and Anderson voted against the motion, making it a two-to-two standoff in the Senate bloc. Appearing quite confident of the remaining Senate votes, Mills called on Long. Long voted against him. Obviously astonished by this development, Mills turned to Smathers, who had never been known to let the A.M.A. down during almost twenty years in Congress. With his vote, and a vote from Byrd, who everyone assumed could be counted on to stand and deliver if the conservative cause was in danger, the motion would carry. After a pause, Smathers voted against the motion. Mills, ordinarily an impassive

All the flavor of New Orleans



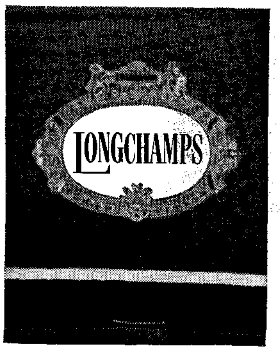
in a cup...

French Market
COFFEE & CHICORY

Now available Coast-to-Coast. Gracious coffees, selected from choice imports, are carefully blended and roasted to ultimate flavor. Then we add the vital stimulus of chicory. Serve it "half and half" (cafe au lait)—or demitasse, black as sin. For name of nearest supplier and "Conversation Coffee Recipes", write us.

Blended, roasted and packed since 1890 by American Coffee Company, Inc. Box 52018, New Orleans, La.

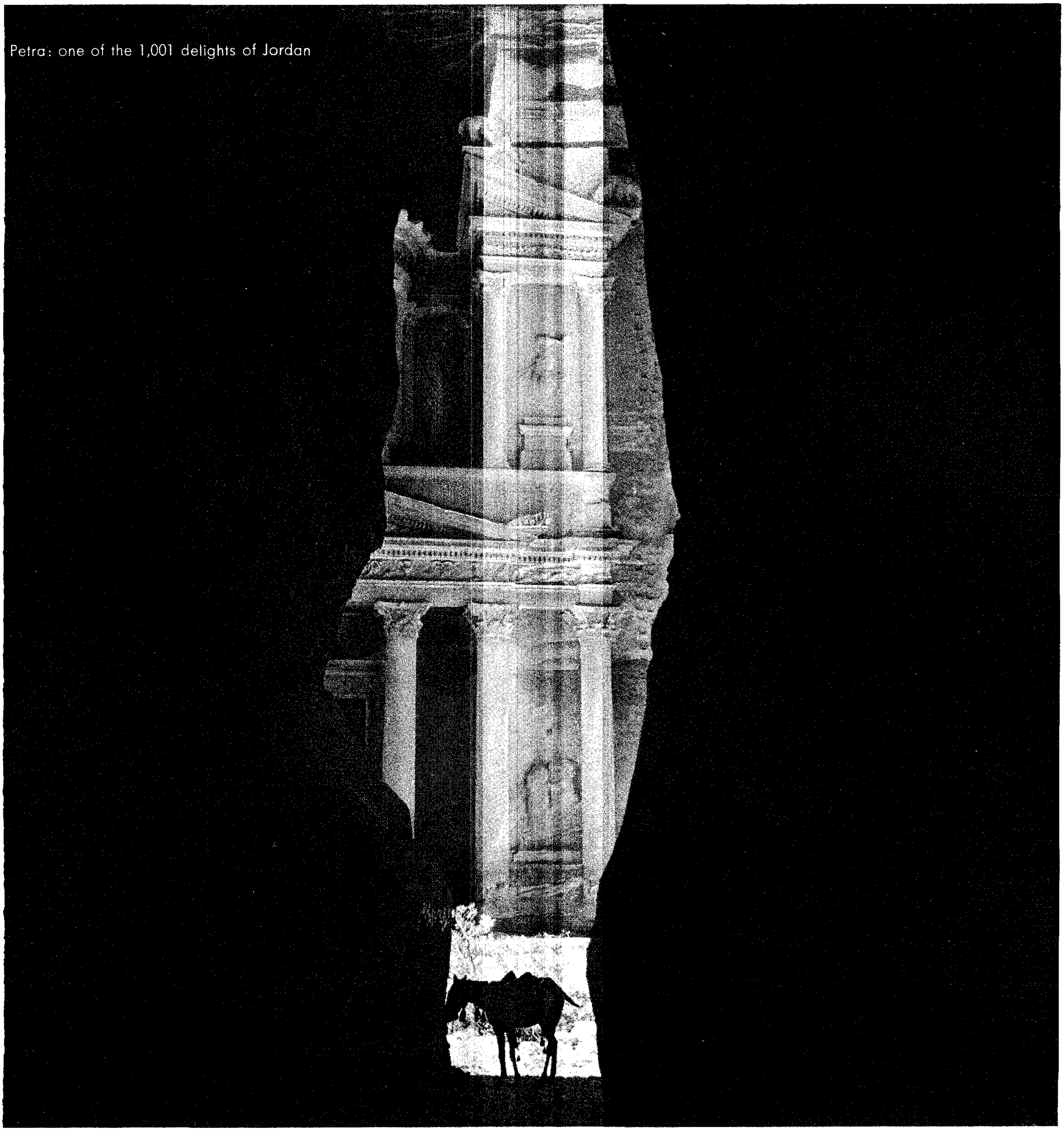
Nine of New York's great restaurants are named



LONGCHAMPS

ALL THAT IS NEW ORLEANS!
Commander's Palace
SINCE 1880
FRENCH AND CREOLE CUISINE
Washington at Coliseum Sts., New Orleans, La.

Chateau Madrid
Presents
LOS CHAVALES de ESPANA
Shows 9 & 12
3 Shows Sat. 9-12-2 A.M.
42 W. 58 • PL 3-3773



Discover the lost city Antony gave to Cleopatra

Somewhere in your heart there is a secret city you have always dreamed of seeing. It could be Petra—the "rose-red city half as old as time."

Petra's mighty temples and tombs were carved from pink sandstone cliffs by the mysterious Nabataeans more than 2000 years ago. Lost to the world for centuries, the city is hidden in a valley deep in Jordan, approached only by a long narrow defile between the cliffs. Two sentinels could hold it against an army. When the Romans finally conquered Petra, Antony gave it to Cleopatra as another jewel for her crown.

Today, you still approach Petra by the solitary canyon entrance you see above. Suddenly, the astonishing rock-carved city appears before you, rosy in the sun's glow. You can stay overnight in a spotless stone guest-house, or—for adventure—in one of the ancient rock-carved dwellings. And you can have a drink on the guest-house terrace while the sun sets on one of the most incredible monuments of history.

Everything about Jordan is surprising. It is so *compact*, for one thing. Within an area the size of Indiana, you have ancient Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Jericho, the hills of Gilead, the Dead Sea Caves, the Dead Sea itself, the spectacular Roman ruins of Jerash.

Yet modern Jordan is a happy land of proud, industrious people. The "second language" is English. (And they like Americans.) Hotels and restaurants are first-class. Prices are pleasantly low. All this exists for you to discover just a few hours by plane from the capitals of Europe, or by ship to the Eastern Mediterranean. Plan to see Jordan on your next trip abroad.

For free Jordan folders, write Jordan Travel Information, Box NY-76, 530 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 36, N.Y. Tel: PL 5-3431 (Code 212). Or see your travel agent.

HISTORIC **JORDAN** THE HOLY LAND

What idiot changed the Chivas Regal bottle again?

The same one who did it before.

What's he done this time?

He's replaced the cork with a screw-top.

Oh. What did he do last time?

Changed the bottle from green to clear.

Well, that was a good move. Maybe he's right this time, too. It's easier to open.

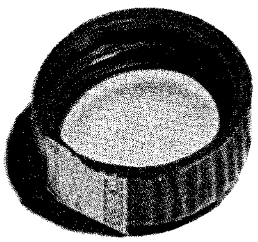
I kind of liked the cork, though. I know it didn't do any good, but I liked it.

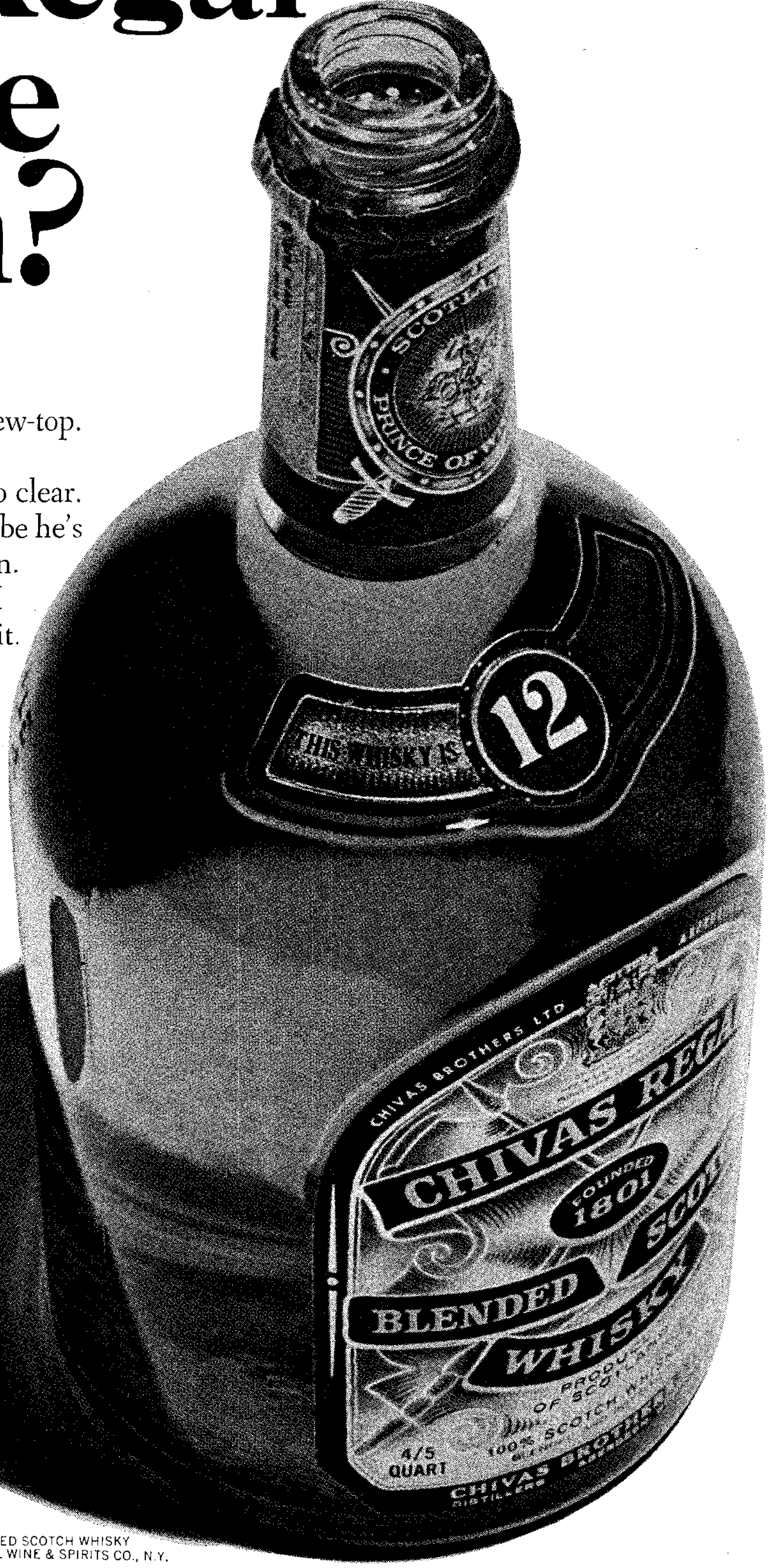
Is it worth making a fuss about?

I guess not, as long as the whisky's made with that same wonderful 12-year-old Strathisla-Glenlivet.

He isn't going to change that?

Are you kidding? What kind of idiot do you think he is?




PRINCE OF W
THIS WHISKY IS
12
CHIVAS BROTHERS LTD
CHIVAS REG
FOUNDED 1801
BLENDED
SCO
WHISKY
4/5 QUART
CHIVAS BROTHE

12-YEAR-OLD BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF · GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., N.Y.

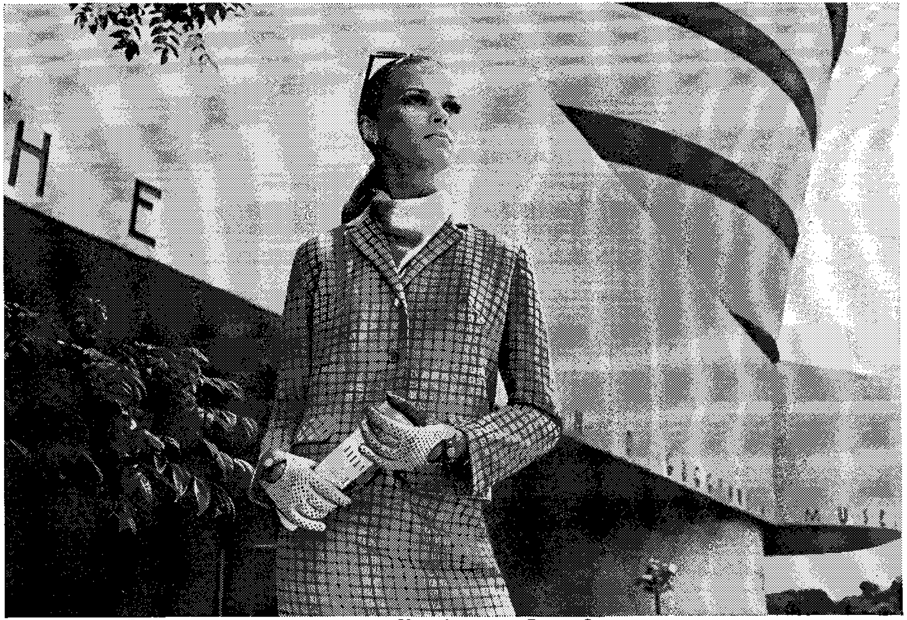
man, stared at him openmouthed. "He just couldn't believe that George had done it," one of the conferees said afterward. When Mills finally did come to believe it, he announced that the conference was deadlocked, and adjourned without reporting out any bill at all.

The A.M.A. was as much surprised as Mills at the stand taken by Smathers and Long, and a good deal angrier. The Association's political tacticians had done everything they could think of to keep the two men in line, exerting constant pressure through their Washington lobbyists, arranging for incessant telephone calls from influential constituents, and seeing to it that they got bales of letters and telegrams from doctors back home. The Medicare group's methods were more compelling. Long wanted to be Majority Whip if Hubert Humphrey was elected Vice-President, and in order to get the post he had to demonstrate that he was a loyal administration man. In addition, he had to win the approval of enough of his fellow-Democrats to be elected to the job. In exchange for Long's promise that he would hold to the Senate's position in the conference, Anderson had agreed to give Long his vote for whip, plus several other votes he controlled. As for Smathers, his explanation of why he had voted against Mills was simpler. "Lyndon told me to," he said.

SHORTLY after the Republican National Convention, a Doctors for Goldwater Committee was set up, with a roster of officers that the *New Republic* described as "a Who's Who of the American Medical Association." The committee's first appeal to the members of the A.M.A. brought in donations amounting to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. At about the time this appeal went out, AMPAC declared that it would spend half a million dollars on selected House and Senate contests, and that its state affiliates were scheduled to spend five or six times that amount. Everyone in the so-called "medical family" was expected to help out. For instance, the Maryland Medical Political Action Committee sent letters to the wives of all doctors and dentists in the state asking for donations of ten dollars or more in addition to what their husbands were contributing. "Would you invest $10.00 to insure your children and grandchildren freedom under the Constitution as we have known it?" the letters asked.

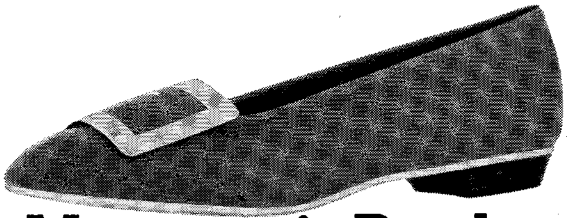
Besides trying to influence members

Yesterday this Seaton Hall suit saw the Gauguins at the Guggenheim, ran into Perry and got all flustered. Today they're having lunch at the Modern Museum.



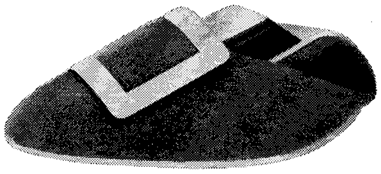
This is the picturesque stuff it's made of. Crompton Corduroy.

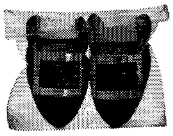
The suit in Crompton's printed tattersall wide wale cotton corduroy with a velveteen collar. Plum and putty on an ivory background. Sizes 5 to 15 and 6 to 18. About $23.
At Abraham & Straus, Brooklyn; Jordan Marsh Company-Boston-Framingham-Peabody; Burdine's, Miami; Carson Pirie Scott, Chicago and all branches.
Crompton-Richmond Company-Inc., 1071 Avenue of the Americas, NY 18.
MEMBER OF THE CORDUROY COUNCIL OF AMERICA



My name is Bertlyn.

I'll bend over backwards for you.





One, two, buckle my Bertlyn shoe. This, the "Buckle-down" (style #428) in "in" suede shades: black, cedar, gold, green, wine and plum. Sizes 5-10½. Five dollars in the main floor hosiery department of better stores everywhere.
Bertlyn Corporation, 411 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

"This is my very first 35mm picture"

Mrs. M. Price, N.Y.C.

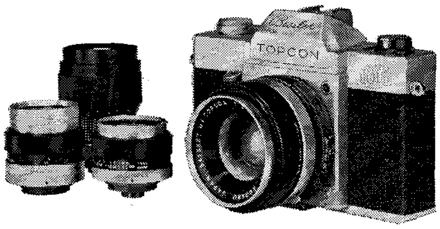
The picture is exactly as you want it. The expression on the child's face is 'just right' because you see the subject thru the same lens that takes the picture.

Your exposure is perfect because the built-in computer also sees the subject thru the same lens as you and the film.

AUTO-100 pictures are always perfect, from the first to the last shot on every roll. As you gain experience you can create all kinds of 'special-effect' pictures.

Best of all, the BESELER TOPCON AUTO-100 offers 4 completely interchangeable lenses to make your subject appear larger, smaller, nearer, farther away. You merely click the shutter for perfect results from the very first picture, with any lens, any film, day or night, indoors or out.

It's a remarkable camera; its features are exclusive. Under $160.00.



Send us your very first AUTO-100 picture; it may be considered for publication.

Beseler Topcon Auto-100

At better photo stores or write: Beseler, Dept. D, East Orange, N.J. 07018. Beseler/since 1869.

of Congress through campaign funds, organized medicine demonstrated its faith in the democratic process by trying to influence them through their constituents. Early in October, the A.M.A. unveiled a million-dollar advertising campaign, which it described as "a national education program to inform the public on the broad range of health care now available to the elderly." Although the campaign was to be conducted just before the elections, the A.M.A. declared that it was in no way intended to be political in nature; its purpose was "to highlight Community Health Week, October 18-24." In order to stress the importance of Community Health Week, the A.M.A. planned to run quarter-page advertisements in more than seven thousand weekly newspapers, full-page advertisements in daily newspapers in all cities with populations over a hundred thousand, and special full-page spreads in *Life*, the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Look*, *Newsweek*, *U.S. News & World Report*, and the *Saturday Review*. In addition, there were to be thirty one-minute TV spots for nationwide audiences and several hundred on local stations. Even the nation's clergymen were called on for help. Each of them received a "ministerial announcement" for inclusion in his services: "It would be well that during this Community Health Week we join in prayer in appreciation of the health services provided by the dedicated teams of physicians, nurses, technologists, and all workers who serve our community." One of the advertisements that appeared in newspapers around the country stated, "A health program is available in your community now that provides to every elderly person who needs it the health care he or she requires. We call this health program Health Opportunity Program for the Elderly." Everyone else called it the Kerr-Mills program. James R. Dumpson, the New York City Commissioner of Welfare, wrote to the New York State Medical Society to complain about "the questionable ethics" of this statement, which, he said, was clearly meant to convey the idea that the state had a new program—in addition to its Kerr-Mills program—to take care of the health needs of the elderly. His impression, he wrote, was "confirmed by a barrage of telephone calls to the New York City Department of Welfare by . . . residents who had been wholly misled by this advertisement." Elsewhere, people must have been even more confused, for the same advertisement appeared in twelve states where no Kerr-Mills programs existed.

Goldwater was not the only foe of Medicare to be defeated on November 3, 1964. Eleven of fourteen doctors who ran for Congress lost, and one of the three doctors who won supported Medicare. Of more immediate significance, though, was the fact that the A.M.A. lost three of its most dependable allies on the Ways and Means Committee. In all, the pro-Medicare forces were strengthened by the addition of four votes in the Senate and forty-four votes in the House. An analysis of the election returns showed that twenty-two per cent of the vote had been cast by people over the age of sixty, two million of whom had switched from the Republican column to the Democratic. And though seven of the ten states with the highest percentage of elderly voters were traditionally Republican, all ten went to the Democrats. Shortly after the election, Mills made another speech in Little Rock—this time before the Lions Club—in which he said, "I can support a payroll tax for financing health benefits just as I have supported a payroll tax for cash benefits." Speaker McCormack announced that Medicare would be the first order of business in the Eighty-ninth Congress. Mills announced that he would be happy to present the bill to the Ways and Means Committee if the President asked him to. And the President announced that he would ask him to.

An A.M.A. convention was held in Miami late in November, and Dr. Donovan Ward, the Association's current president, told the delegates that they had to "face up to certain grim realities," one of which was a "significant loss of votes" in Congress. But he went on to deride the notion that this meant that Medicare was certain to be enacted. Ordinarily, A.M.A. members are a tractable audience, but as the convention wore on, some of them began to grumble about the way the Association was spending their money. Finally, one of them got up and asked about a rumor he had heard to the effect that the publicity for Community Health Week had cost twice the one million dollars that the A.M.A.'s leaders had said it would; the trustees refused to confirm or deny the report. Disaffection took other forms, too. One member, appearing before the convention's Committee on Legislation and Public Relations, said, "The problem is not what to do but how you do it. And you're going to do it the way the people of the United States want you to." Another urged the same committee to accept the fact that members of Congress were "not men of sinister purpose but men of high ideals," and he added, "The public which has sent them to Congress has indicated it wants a positive approach to the problem of medical care for the aged—now." Remarks like these had rarely been made at A.M.A. meetings. Then the delegations from Michigan and the District of Columbia went even further, proposing that the A.M.A. support at least a minimal role for the government in taking care of the aged. "We do not, by profession, compromise in matters of life and death," Dr. Ward reminded them sternly. "Nor can we compromise with honor and duty." The Michigan and District of Columbia proposals were defeated, but a proposal empowering the trustees to launch "an expanded educational effort during the next few months" was quickly approved. When a reporter asked a delegate why it was necessary to give the trustees authority they already had, he was told, "They seek a broad base to shoulder the criticism which will soon be heard against the waste of millions of dollars in lost political causes." No one seemed sure how much the effort to head off disaster in 1965 would cost, but one trustee was heard to remark that it would probably come to at least three and a half million dollars. The end was in sight, but the A.M.A. had not yet given up hope. At the close of the meeting, Dr. James Z. Appel, who was due to take over the presidency in June, said, "We'll use every gimmick we can." —RICHARD HARRIS

(*This is the third of a series of four articles.*)

•

GENEVA (UPI)—The chief British negotiator charged Thursday the 17-nation disarmament conference had become nothing but "a pleasant and undemanding" debating society.

Lord Chalfont declared that instead of negotiating, the Geneva delegates were "exchanging prepared speeches which often make up in Polish and elegance what they lack in effective content."

—*Waterbury* (*Conn.*) *Republican.*

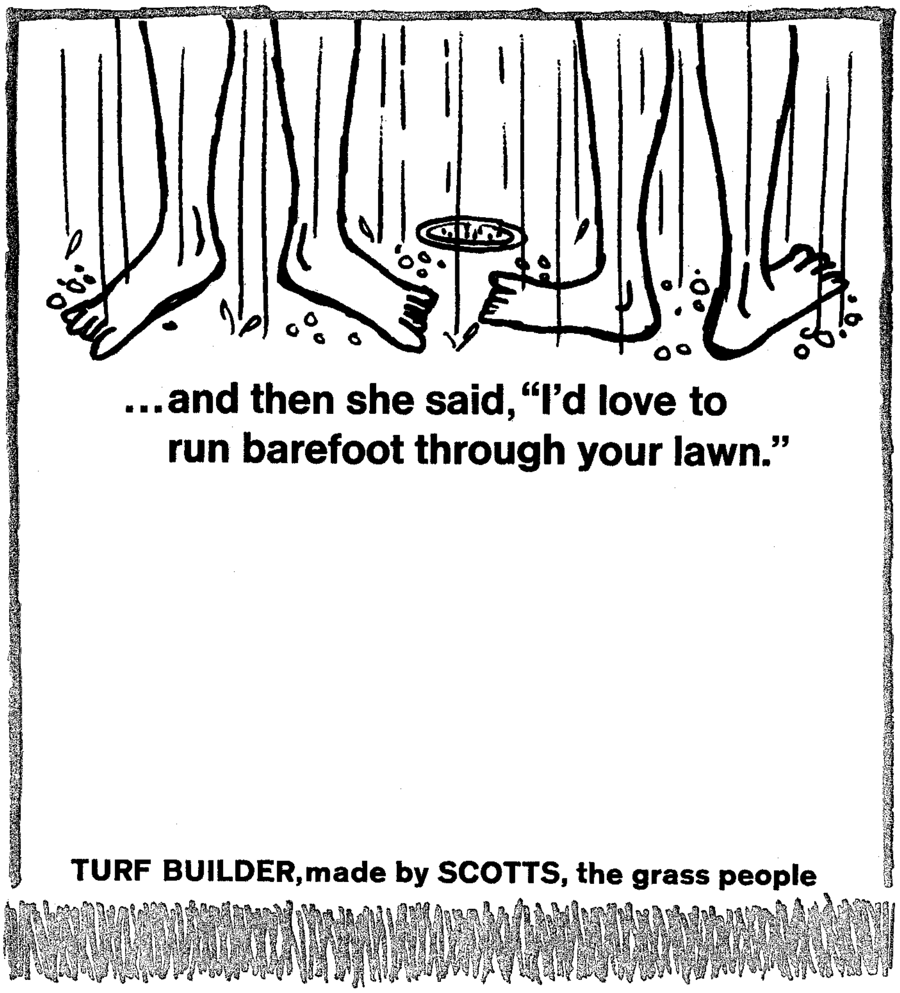
Well, at least it keeps the translators on their toes.

•

LORD JIM

Parents Mag: Superficial film version of Conrad Hilton novel is nonetheless exciting adventure tale.—*San Bernardino* (*Calif.*) *Free Press.*

You're mixed up. Hilton wrote "Grand Hotel."


...and then she said, "I'd love to run barefoot through your lawn."

TURF BUILDER, made by SCOTTS, the grass people

Imported
TEQUILA WHITE
PRODUCE OF MEXICO
TEQUILA
GAVILAN
GENUINE PRODUCT OF MEZCAL PLANT
PRODUCED AND SHIPPED BY MEXICO'S FINEST DISTILLERIES GUADALAJARA MEXICO
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE U.S.A. FOREIGN VINTAGES NEW YORK 20 N.Y.
Have you tasted GAVILAN?

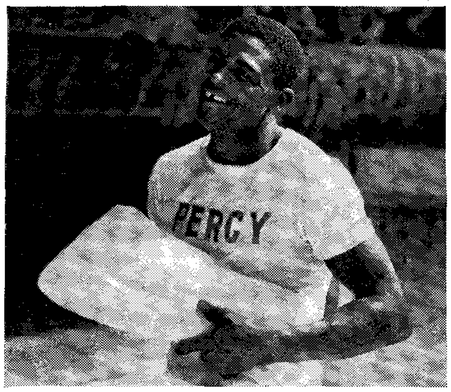
Crisper than Vodka,
Drier than Gin,
Lighter than both!

GAVILAN TEQUILA

Gin and Vodka's new rival!

90 PROOF

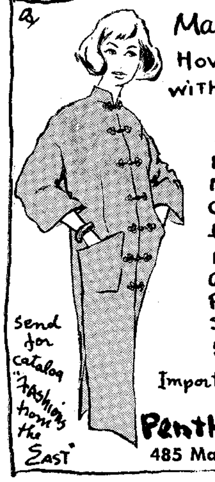
Free Recipe Booklet! Write Dept. NYJ-16, Foreign Vintages, Inc., 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y.10020. Sole U.S.A. Distributors



You can always recognize Percy at the Montego Beach Hotel. He's the one with your towel.

One early morning (or late evening) you're going to take a dip in the Caribbean. At this hour, only the sun and fish swim with you. But as you emerge from the ocean, you'll find him there too. With a fresh towel of course. As you reach your terrace for a breakfast of haddock, kipper and papayas, you look back and see him. Alone, raking the pink sand, chanting a Calypso hymn about the ocean.

The Montego Beach Hotel,
Montego Bay, Jamaica.
For free brochure
see your travel agent or Ray Morrow.
51 E. 42 St., N. Y. 10017, OX 7-2340.
Hope he can get you in.



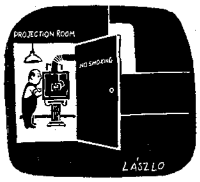
Mandarin Slip-On
How to be dressed
without "getting" dressed
S-M-L $6.95
Red
Natural Lilac
Orange Aqua
Lime Gold
Black Turquoise
Avocado
Powder Pink
Shocking Pink
Sapphire Blue
Imported! Fine cotton.
Send for catalog "Fashions from the East"
Penthouse Gallery
485 Madison Ave., N. Y. C.

Sunbelievable
OCEANFRONT MAGIC!
All new for '66 . . . Cape Cod's brightest resort . featuring the ultimate in vacation living! Private ocean beach, indoor & outdoor heated pools, health club, solarium, gourmet restaurant and accommodations that will leave you breathless!

Blue Water
On the Ocean, Bass River, Mass.
For brochures, write direct. Tel: (617) 398-2288

THE CURRENT CINEMA

Blue Eyes and a Jawbone



TAKE a cozy overseas setting (good old Paris), a pair of stars who are high-fashionably dressed and lovable to boot, and a small plot agreeable to the periodic substitution of the picturesque for the logical. Put them all together, and they warm the heart, stimulate the sophistication buds, and spell Radio City Music Hall. "How to Steal a Million" is a perfect specimen of the genre, because William Wyler has manipulated the ingredients with a sure sense of light comedy and, at the same time, has observed the proprieties with closeups from all flattering angles—in Color by De Luxe—of the world's best-known blue eyes and the world's most famous jawbone. Peter O'Toole and Audrey Hepburn gracefully entwined in a broom closet; Jaguar and Givenchy; Paris and Art (you've heard of van Gogh and Cellini)—what more could anyone ask? "How to Steal a Million" is a bargain. Wyler generously provides a nicely paced big-time art auction, a set of Keystone Cop museum guards, a very funny, nearly irrelevant South American art lover, and a concise summary of the career of Han van Meegeren which is disguised as informal chat. Hugh Griffith paints a splendid van Gogh landscape; extras of various races and creeds, playing tourists, gesticulate enthusiastically in front of a phony Cellini statue; and Eli Wallach, as an art-collecting businessman, outperforms them all. Givenchy doesn't do half as well, except for a nightgown worn with patent-leather boots, in which Miss Hepburn looks her best. Unfortunately, the script fails her, too, giving her far less to do and say than she deserves. Mr. O'Toole manages very well in a part that is not much more substantial, and successfully establishes himself as a distinctive version of the romantic-comedy male lead.

CORNEL WILDE looks as sturdy as ever running across Africa in a film that he also co-produced and directed, called "The Naked Prey." Not only does he succeed in escaping from a band of enraged tribesmen who, though they have kindly given him a head start, are out to get him as a result of a misunderstanding but he shows that he knows how to put together a good, solid movie, making excellent use of wide screen and color, building and maintaining suspense for nearly two hours with virtually no dialogue, and including some exciting shots of African wildlife. His most serious problem while he's on the run is finding a bite to eat.

"SWEET LIGHT IN A DARK ROOM" is a Czechoslovakian film—the story of a love affair between a young man and a Jewish girl he is hiding from the Nazis. It doesn't have a happy ending. The strongest scenes are those between the boy and his mother, and the picture as a whole is well directed, by Jiri Weiss, though the meagreness of the script leads Mr. Weiss to concentrate heavily on limited facial expressions. —SUSAN LARDNER

•

NO COMMENT DEPARTMENT

[*From the Oregon Journal*]

At a meeting in the Benson Hotel to promote the Portland Open golf tournament, the following invocation was given by Rev. Lester Harnish, pastor of First Baptist Church:

"O God, in the game of life you know that though most of us are duffers, we all aspire to be champions with plenty of birdies or eagles.

"Help us, we pray, to be grateful for the course—including both the fairways and the rough.

"Thank you for those who have made it possible for us to tee off. Thank you for the thrill of a solid soaring drive, the challenge of the dog leg, the trial of the trap, the discipline of the water hazard, the beauty of a cloudless sky and the exquisite misery of rain and cold.

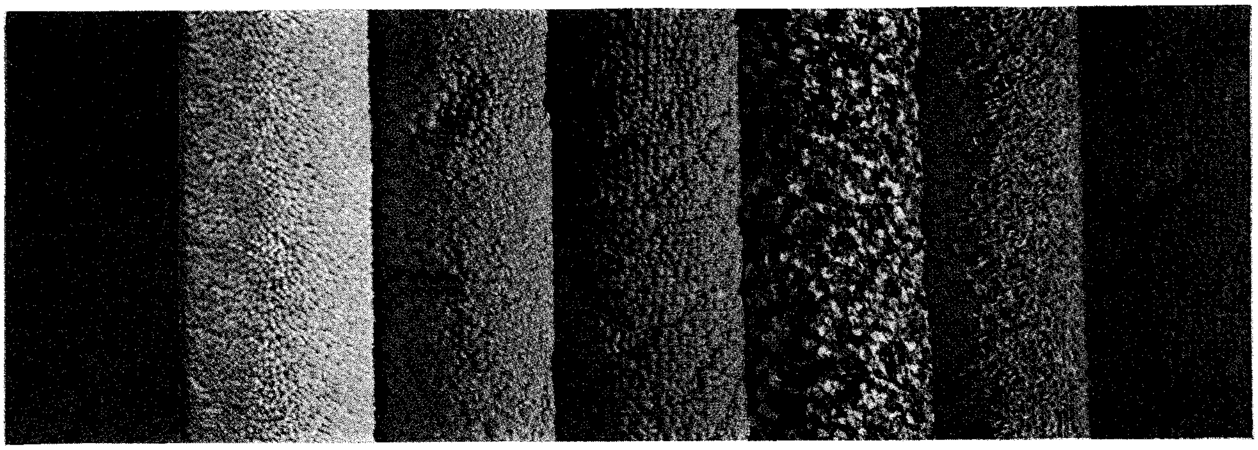
"Thank you, O God, for Jesus Christ our pro, who shows us how to get the right grip on life, to slow down in our back swing, to correct our crazy hooks and slices, to keep our head down in humility and to follow through in self-control.

"May He teach us also to be good sports who will accept the rub of the green, the penalty for being out-of-bounds, the reality of lost balls, the relevancy of par, the dangers of the 19th hole and the authority of our special rule book, the Bible.

"And Lord, when the last putt has dropped into the cup; the light of our last day has faded into darkness of death; though our trophies be few, our handicap still too low and that hole-in-one still only a dream; may we be able to turn in to You, our tournament director, at the great clubhouse, an honest scorecard.

"Through Jesus Christ we pray, Amen."

What's become of beige carpet?



Nothing.

It's still king.

But today, traditional beige is being challenged by lush, exciting *color*. It's revolutionized carpet styling in just a few years.

Ten years back, say, had you wanted an avocado green carpet, you'd probably have been out of luck. Oh, you might have found a *green* carpet somewhere. But most likely in a shade so drab (or so garish) as to all but send you *running* back to beige.

No longer. Color, subtle and sophisticated, is *in*. And mainly because a handful of pioneering carpet mills gambled on it, while their rivals were still playing it safe with beige.

One of those pioneers was Painter Carpets. All the more remarkable because Painter was then in its infancy. Today, though it's become firmly established among successful carpet mills, Painter is *still* pioneering rich new tones that stir envy (and often emulation).

It's easier than ever. That's largely because today's great man-made fibers, like Chemstrand's Cumuloft® nylon, dye magnificently, even in the most exotic hues. Without, happily, losing one iota of the incredible durability that made them famous.

Your franchised Painter dealer can show you carpets in 15 greens, for instance. And 14 golds. And a baker's dozen of reds.

You may love them. Or they may make you surer than ever that you want to stick with beige.

Even so, he won't leave you stuck with a skimpy choice.

He has Painter beiges that go with Louis XV. Or Chippendale. Or Mies van der Rohe.

Dusty beiges. Rosy beiges. Sandy beiges. Creamy beiges. Every kind of beige you can think of.

Except dull ones.

PC painter carpets

A SUBSIDIARY OF COLLINS & AIKMAN

CUMULOFT NYLON
fiber by CHEMSTRAND

Learn the whys and wherefores of carpet (including some heretofore closely guarded secrets known only to carpet salesmen). Get the free 32-page PAINTER PRIMER by writing Box 7796, Atlanta, Georgia.

The Painter Primer

This is Mead, the drink of the Vikings. It may be one of the reasons there are no more Vikings.

In the year 789 A.D. the English discovered the Vikings. They discovered the Dorset Coast was swarming with Vikings.

The rest of the world discovered the Vikings soon after. Vikings from Norway and Denmark and Sweden moved out and began touring (or conquering, as some historians insist) Western Europe, North Africa, Western Asia, Greenland and Iceland. One of the more enterprising tour leaders, Leif Ericsson by name, led his group all the way to America 500 years before Mr. Columbus got around to it.

The Vikings might have gone on and toured the entire world except for one thing. Mead. For if the Viking's first love was travel, his second love was gathering in great Mead halls to celebrate the fruits of his travels.

And that brought about his downfall as a world traveller. Because the more he stayed home to celebrate, the less there was to celebrate. The less there was to celebrate, the more domesticated he became. The more domesticated he became, the more his wife nagged about the children needing shoes. The more his wife nagged, the more responsible he became. The more responsible he became, the more he turned to honest work. And within 200 years the Vikings had hammered their swords into plows, fine tools and scales to become farmers, artisans and merchants. Not a bad way for swords to end up, or people either for that matter.

You can drink this honey and hop brew yourself when you're in Sweden. Just drop in at the Odinsborg Inn in Upsala. Mr. H. Levén the owner, is the only person in Sweden permitted by law to brew Mead. But even Mr. Levén isn't allowed to ferment it like the Vikings did. Don't take chances, the attitude seems to be.

After you've downed your Mead from one of the huge Viking horns, leave the Inn and follow the path to the immense grave mounds that date back to the 6th century and rise unbelievably out of the flat countryside. In them are buried Viking Kings, Aun, Egil and Adils, wearing full regalia and laid out in their personal warships. (They died Vikings, not merchants.)

At the grave mounds you'll get a sense of Scandinavia's past. To get a sense of Scandinavia's variety, take a train up to Lapland where the sun is out 1800 hours at a stretch. Take a steamer down through the awesome fjord country of Norway. Take a drive through the fairytale countryside of Denmark. And take a night or two in Copenhagen, the city Paris is most often compared to.

And do it all with us. We not only serve more cities within Scandinavia than any other transatlantic airline, we serve more cities in Europe than any other transatlantic or transpolar airline.

Your travel agent makes it his job to know all about the ins and outs of planning a trip. Let him help you. Or, for more information, drop us a line: SAS, Department SXF, 138-02 Queens Boulevard, Jamaica, N. Y. 11435.

SAS
SCANDINAVIAN AIRLINES

MUSICAL EVENTS

Newport Notes

FRIDAY, JULY 1ST. The Newport Jazz Festival, which is twelve, continues to put on weight. The early festivals were fashioned out of orange crates and baling wire, and at night a lot of their illumination was provided by the moon. But Permanence has arrived at last. Festival Field, set on a gentle slope overlooking Newport Harbor where fishermen were wont to spread their nets to dry, has been enlarged from twelve thousand seats to eighteen thousand. These seats, stretching almost as far as the eye can see, cover nine acres and have been enclosed in an eight-foot-high cedar stockade. There is a huge new stage, supported by a forty-five-ton galaxy of steel girders, and there are a couple of new, two-story, Japanese-style buildings—one an administration building, complete with a conference room, and the other a performers' building, connected to the rear of the stage by a fifty-foot bridge. The musicians, who once had to change and wait in gusty, musty tents, appear pleased. A press building has been promised before the end of the season—a season that includes a four-day folk-music festival and a brand-new five-day opera festival. The divas need not fear to tread.

The first concert, given tonight, breasted this institutionalism pretty well. One exception was the Dave Brubeck quartet, which, despite the ministrations of Joe Morello and the elegant aesthetics of Paul Desmond, grows paler and paler. Another was a rock-'n'-roll singer called Little Esther, who owes the late Dinah Washington everything except her tendency to sing flat. But Jimmy Smith, an organist accompanied by electric guitar and drums, sounded like the ocean, while the Newport Jazz Festival All-Stars (Ruby Braff, Bud Freeman, Gerry Mulligan, George Wein, Jack Lesberg, and Buddy Rich) offered some fine, unstudied lyricism, particularly in "Rose Room" and "I Never Knew." Braff played as if he might never play again; each solo had a thousand good notes, a dozen leaping intervals, run upon graceful run, and a beseeching passion.

I wonder if anything this weekend will match the climax of the evening—two numbers by the Archie Shepp quintet, which had Roswell Rudd on trombone, Charlie Haden on bass, Howard Johnson on tuba, and Beaver Harris on drums. Shepp is a complete avant-gardist and a merciless parodist—attributes perfectly accented by his clothes, which consisted of a First World War officer's jacket, tan Glen-plaid pants, a knitted cap, and tinted Ben Franklin spectacles. His best number was that great rarity, a genuinely funny piece of music. It began with slow, mournful, organlike chords, changed to a wild, rocking Sousa-like march, drifted into a mocking treatment of Duke Ellington's "Prelude to a Kiss," in which Rudd gave Lawrence Brown his lumps and Shepp gave Johnny Hodges his, returned to more hair-raising Sousa, more simpering Ellington, and so forth. The tempo went up and down and around, and there were brilliant ensemble clashes and some superb solos. Johnson is an *eloquent* tuba player, and Rudd proved again that he is an extraordinary trombonist, who, like any consummate rebel, has one foot planted in the past and the other in the future. Together with Shepp, they portentously fashioned what amounted to a parody of all jazz, including their own.

At a party given after the concert for the musicians, Rudd and Shepp and Johnson went at it again. Gerry Mulligan, who would sit in with a treeful of cicadas, joined them, got caught in the maelstrom, and went peacefully under.

SATURDAY. Newport generally enjoys hustling fogs and cool, keen winds, but the windless sun this afternoon in Festival Field made it inadvisable to sit down on the folding metal chairs without blowing on them first. The "new thing" was again on deck. Bill Dixon, a trumpeter, presented a dull five-part dirge that was danced to by Judith Dunn, who resembled a melting ice-cream cone. Charles Lloyd, a tenor saxophonist who admires both John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins, was sturdier, and during a quasi-gospel number his pianist, Keith Jarrett, put together a solo full of loose, fresh chords and held-breath rhythms that was a masterpiece. Horace Silver, who seemed Edwardian in contrast, was followed by Coltrane, whose group included the tenor saxophonist Farrell Saunders,

HOW'S YOUR HOTEL I.Q.?

What hotel is the only one in the world with color TV in every room?
ANSWER:____________

What hotel is the only one in the world with an Adjustable Bed (with vibrator—1966 addition) in every room?
ANSWER:____________

What hotel is the only one in the world with a BarcaLounger Chair in every room?
ANSWER:____________

IN ADDITION TO LUXURIOUS SERVICE, WHAT HOTEL HAS THE FOLLOWING IN EVERY ROOM:

Telefunken Radio? ______
Bathroom extension phone? ______
Butler's Pantry with Refrigerator? ______
Electric Shoe Polisher? ______
Air-Conditioning? ______
Irish Linen Towels? ______
Silent Valet? ______
"Catnap Throw"? ______

ANSWER:

THE Tuscany
"New York's Biggest Little Hotel"
39th Street just East of Park Avenue
New York, New York 10016
Bertram Weal, General Manager
(212) 686-1600, Teletype 212-867-6585

MAY WE SEND YOU A BOOKLET?

First Family of Photographers
Bachrach
Bradford Bachrach, photographer of women
Fabian Bachrach, photographer of men
48 East 50th Street, New York • PL 5-6233
Also The Mall at Short Hills, New Jersey

another "new-thing" adherent. Saunders' solo in the first number soon turned into a series of thunderous elephant shrieks, which went on and on and on, and must have caused the residents of Newport to look up in alarm. When I mentioned to a knowledgeable friend that Saunders' solo appeared to have little in common with music, he replied, "Exactly. It's not music and it isn't meant to be. It's simply *sound*, and has to be judged as such. It's like which crosstown street in New York sounds best at noon on a weekday."

Thelonious Monk was perfunctory at tonight's concert, Stan Getz was bad, and the Mel Lewis-Thad Jones big band sounded as loud and unleavened as it did at the Village Vanguard last spring. But Nina Simone was also on hand, and she was hypnotic. She sang a couple of social-protest songs, "I Loves You, Porgy," and some blues that were made of grits and greens. A lot of us had our first rush of goose-pimples.

SUNDAY. We have been in the fiery furnace again all day, and tonight even the moon looked lopsided and beat. The evening was taken up mainly by Duke Ellington and Ella Fitzgerald. The Ellington band coursed through a dozen numbers, most notably a "Take the 'A' Train" done partly in waltz tempo; a lovely lullaby medley of "Black and Tan Fantasy," "Creole Love Call," and "The Mooche;" Harry Carney's long meditation on "La Plus Belle Africaine;" and "Rockin' in Rhythm," which over the years has become a perfect orchestral display piece. Miss Fitzgerald, towing her own drummer (Ed Thigpen) and pianist (Jimmy Jones), joined the band, and they roared and exulted their way through a dozen more numbers, among them a swashbuckling "Sweet Georgia Brown;" a scat-sung version of "How High the Moon," in which snatches of "Mop Mop," "A Hard Day's Night," and "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes" blew by; and a fast "Cottontail" topped by some exhilarating four-bar breaks between Miss Fitzgerald and Paul Gonsalves.

The Teddy Wilson trio, which had Gene Taylor on bass and Buddy Rich on drums, opened the concert, and in a medium-fast "Somebody Loves Me" Buddy Rich got off an unbelievable solo. He began with heavy rolls nailed down by rimshots, which gradually fell into a leisurely staccato pattern, and then he broke into double time, spread-

make a date with your angel and spend an evening in heaven

Put New York at her feet, and take her dancing in the clouds on The St. Regis-Sheraton Roof. The music is divine and crystal chandeliers cast a heavenly light.

The Roof

RESERVATIONS: PLaza 3-4500

GEORGE CORT, his piano and orchestra alternating with
QUINTERO and His Latin Band
Pre-Theatre Dinner 6:30,
Dancing 7:30 'til 2:00
THE PENTHOUSE, cocktails 5:00 'til 10:00
Nightly, except Sunday and Monday

St. Regis-Sheraton
5th Ave. & 55th St., New York

MEN'S SANDALWOOD SOAP
ARDEN for MEN
CREAM DEODORANT
SANDALWOOD
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
ARDEN for MEN
FOAM SHAVING CREAM

Give yourself a fresh start...

With Arden for Men preparations you face the morning with a reassuring sense of perfection, pleased with their subtle tang of Sandalwood.

arden for men
created by Elizabeth Arden 1 East 54th Street

ing his rolls-and-rimshots over his tom-toms; inserted some slamming offbeat undertow figures; exploded all over his set again; sank back to the original tempo while slipping in double-time accents with his foot pedal; fired a blinding fusillade of rimshots; and built up to a crescendo that seemed to paste heaven itself. *He* is Superman.

Woody Herman rambled down Memory Lane this afternoon. His band, fifteen or sixteen strong, broke out such old steam engines as "Apple Honey" and "The Woodchopper's Ball," played some of its current book, and then welcomed back three alumni and a ringer—Stan Getz, Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, and Gerry Mulligan. The emotion generated by the reunion overpowered their music, which suggested some old Yale bucks warbling "The Whiffenpoof Song." Herman's regular band, which is full of young, clean-cut types, plays with precision and might, and its chief tenor saxophonist, Sal Nistico, should be heard in less combative surroundings. He has, I think, considerable originality.

MONDAY. It's Louis Armstrong's sixty-sixth birthday, and the event was duly commemorated this afternoon by Bobby Hackett in "Struttin' with Some Barbecue." Hackett, the most graceful jazz musician alive, also played matchless versions of "I Got It Bad and That Ain't Good" and "Green Dolphin Street," and a marvellous duet with Dizzy Gillespie in " 'S Wonderful." Before that, Red Allen, hobbled by a hand-me-down rhythm section, worked his way through three remarkable numbers, and, before *that*, Kenny Dorham, Thad Jones, and Howard McGhee celebrated bebop, with McGhee taking the honors.

The wind finally swung into the north tonight, provoking Miles Davis into playing four surprisingly intense numbers. His tenor saxophonist, Wayne Shorter, demonstrated that he is a commendable Ornette Coleman admirer, while his drummer, Tony Williams, kept up a steady swamping rush of cymbals. Dizzy Gillespie fashioned six faultless numbers, but he didn't dance, mug, sing, or joke. He seemed to have left four-fifths of himself at home. The festival was brought to a muscle-bound close by Count Basie and his band, which includes Jimmy Rushing, who was in rough voice, and Roy Eldridge, who sounded like the new boy in school.

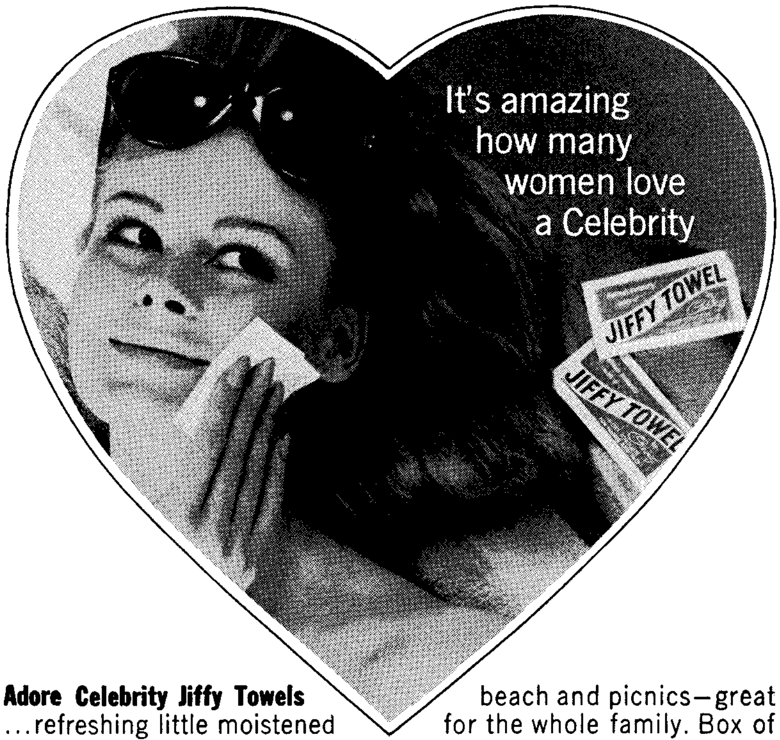
Archie Shepp is the winner and champion. —WHITNEY BALLIETT

In Puerto Rico, where 75% of the world's best rum is made, this is the best selling prestige brand.

Why drink anything less?

WHITE LABEL
DON Q
PUERTO RICAN
Rum
CERVANTES
DON QUIXOTE

Sole U. S. Distributor: Don Q Imports, Inc., Miami, Florida. Rum 80° and 151° Proof.


It's amazing how many women love a Celebrity
JIFFY TOWEL
JIFFY TOWEL

Adore Celebrity Jiffy Towels ...refreshing little moistened towelettes for cleaning hands and face, removing make-up wherever you are. Ideal for travel, beach and picnics—great for the whole family. Box of 40 in individual foil envelopes, $1. At the Celebrity Travel Bar of fine stores from coast to coast.

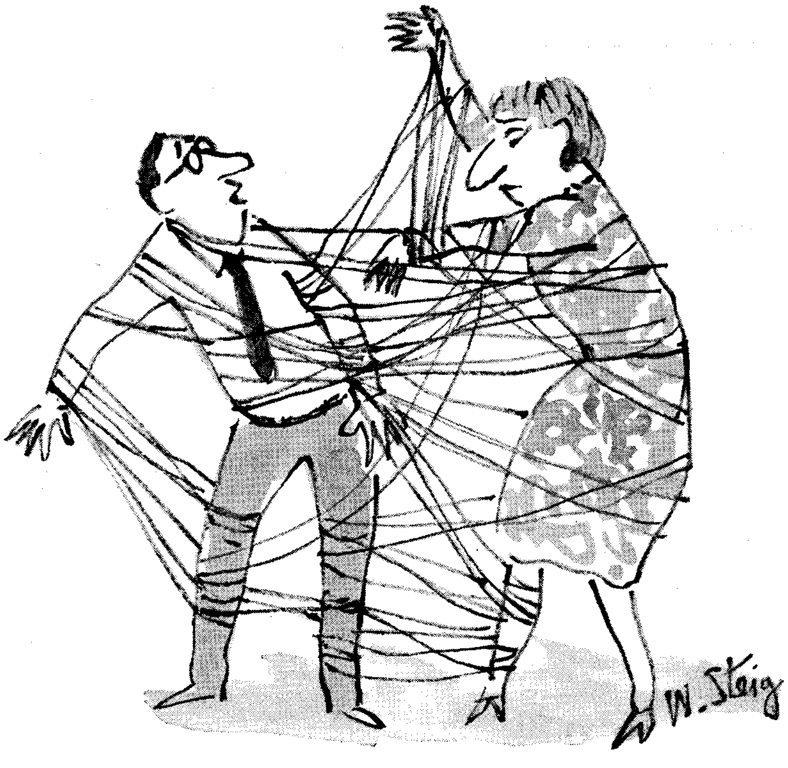
Celebrity Inc.
NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016

LETTER FROM PARIS

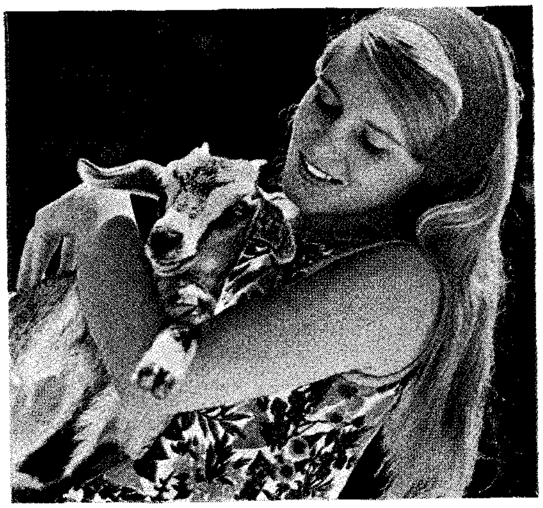
JULY 6

TODAY'S single expert on French glories, General Charles de Gaulle, has just enriched the national list of them by the spectacular success of his eleven-day visit to Soviet Russia, which was a Gallic as well as a Gaullist triumph. He was offered a governmental and national welcome such as no visiting foreign head of state had ever before been given in modern times—not even chiefs of Socialist republics. No head of state of any Western republic or democracy having dreamed of proposing himself as a Moscow guest in the first quarter century after the unpopular Bolshevik revolution, and none after this last war, either, for various reasons, General de Gaulle finally arrived the other day as literally a foreign phenomenon, the likes of which the Russian population had never laid eyes on. And there he was—the intelligent, beaked, elderly, outsize, voluble bourgeois national leader, the first ever seen from the outside capitalist world of Western power, which over decades had been so humiliatingly hostile. A professional and practicing historian and a masterly thespian, he did not modestly minimize the éclat of his presence there. "Today, Monsieur le Président," he told the Soviet head of state, Nikolai Podgorny, on their first meeting, "we know, you and I, as the Soviet Union and France know, as our Europe knows and as the world knows, the importance attached to the visit that I have the honor to be paying you." This astounding statement was perfectly true; indeed, the mere fact of his visit was regarded in advance here in Paris as the real event, with little action of equal interest likely to come out of it, or out of the accompanying Franco-Russian conversations, whose most important aspect was that they were to take place at all. However, the London *Times*, usually scanned in Paris by bilingual French during a crisis of curiosity about their own national affairs, had prophetically stated that there were those who looked upon de Gaulle's forthcoming trip "as potentially the most important diplomatic journey of the postwar world." It was not until the visit was well advanced that de Gaulle gave any explanation for it, saying that it had no reason "except the greatest one imaginable today"—the consolidation of peace through *détente*, followed by an entente, "the whole to be set in motion by the Soviet Union and France," without excluding those of good will "whose home is not in Europe"—presumably meaning us Americans. In de Gaulle's intellectualized interpretation, the Russians and the French were designated for this task by history itself, through their several centuries of sympathy and friendship—which, it seems, have always fascinated him, and on which he is an expert. Nor did any fundamental trouble ever turn them against each other, he said—not even in the time of "War and Peace," he later added in a Kremlin dinner speech, tactfully referring to Tolstoy's novel rather than mention before Muscovites the name of the hated Corsican Napoleon, who tried to capture their city. However, in his final Kremlin speech, made in the famous St. George Room just before his departure, with the cross of this celebrated order set in still twinkling rubies in the ceiling as a relic of Czarist splendor, de Gaulle suddenly delivered himself of his real reason for his visit by stating, "We believe the entire world considers that the period of the Cold War should come to an end, that the equilibrium it seems to maintain is precarious, fallacious, and sterile, and that the deep desire of all peoples is for the establishment of a veritable peace."

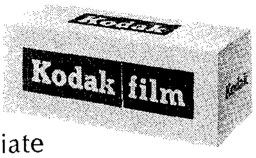
Because of his peculiar diplomatic aptitude for transmuting what is visionary within him into motion, and thus into action, his visit was like a European bridge over which an East-West *détente* was invited to take its first steps—a bridge at least open for inspection. The problem of the two Germanys and their differing worth or menace to the East and West remained between the Russians and the Frenchman an unsolved riddle. Nor was its solution aided by de Gaulle's declaring that East Germany was simply a "*création artificielle de l'U.R.S.S.*" The projects for future Soviet-French cultural, technical, and trade relations (the last having been especially disappointing so far, since the Italian Fiat received more favorable treatment than the French Renault in the plan for automobile factories to be set up in Russia) were mere welcome window dressing, almost on the consular level, for the opposing sides to talk about, though the two countries' exchanges of exhibitions of great art over the recent years have certainly been appreciated in both Moscow and Paris, and it was agreed that they should be continued. However, the greatest addition to this atmosphere was the impact of de Gaulle himself on Russia and on the Russians lining the streets shouting "*Druzhba!*," meaning "*Amitié!*," and waving little government-supplied flags, red on one side for the Bolshevik revolution and tricolor on the other side for what remains of *la révolution française*. It is figured that in the provincial cities alone at least a million Russians saw de Gaulle. The impact he made on the higher government circles was that of his intelligent French presence and mind and of his combination of experience and freshness of perception on the dogma of the Cold War, which, in his seventy-sixth year, he could regard as démodé for a world to be renewed—an impact that also impressed the Continent of Europe, and especially his own French hexagon of it, making of his expedi-



"*Just what is it we're arguing about?*"



Good friends come out best on Kodak film



The more your pictures mean to you, the more you'll appreciate Kodak film. Roll after roll, Kodak film is *dependable*. Ask for KODACHROME Film for color slides and movies. KODACOLOR for snapshots. And be sure the name Kodak is on the box.

©VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.

What do other station wagons have that a Volkswagen doesn't?

1 A snazzy looking body.

Compared to other station wagons, a Volkswagen comes off kind of plain, styleless and boxy looking. But that's the beauty of it. Because it's shaped like a box it can hold about twice as much as stylish wagons. And because we make the body higher instead of longer, it'll park in 4' less space than stylish wagons.

2 An engine in the front.

Most station wagons devote about ⅓ of their space to carrying an engine around. But our engine is in the rear, out of the way, so most of a Volkswagen's space can be devoted to space. And with that extra weight in the rear, it gets extra traction in mud and sand and snow.

3 A drive shaft.

(It makes that big mound in the floor, from front to back, forcing the middle passenger to sit with his knees in the air.) Naturally, wagons with engines in the front have to use a drive shaft to make their rear wheels go. But not the Volkswagen. It uses a rear engine to make its rear wheels go.

4 A radiator, a water pump and hoses.

All very necessary if your wagon uses water, but a VW never touches the stuff. It's cooled by air. There's nothing to boil over, nothing to freeze up and no place to put antifreeze.

5 A frame.

Most other wagons have bulky frames. But instead of a frame, 15,982 spot welds join the Volkswagen body into one solid piece of steel. So loading ¾ of a ton may cause a strain, but on you, not it.

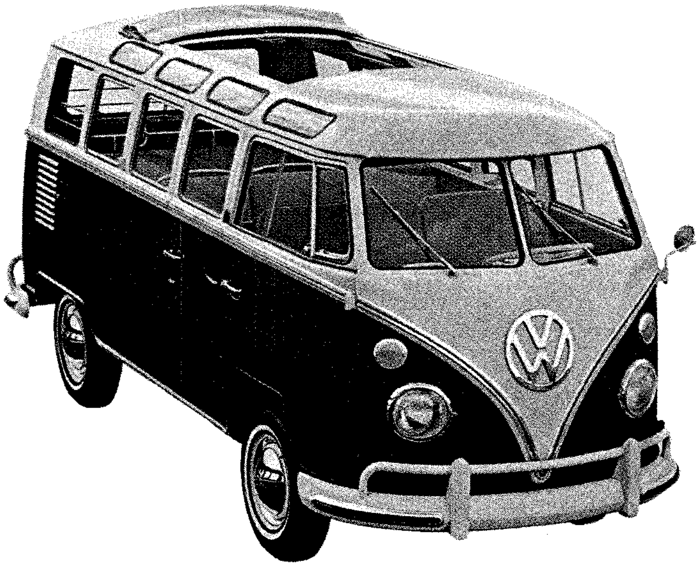
6 All of the above.

That's our Volkswagen Station Wagon.

Because of what it doesn't have, it doesn't have much in common with other wagons. It doesn't look like one, it doesn't act like one and it can carry about twice as much as one.

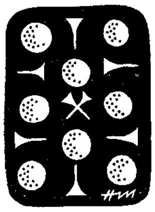
Come in and take a look.

We think you'll like what you don't see.



tion "a remarkable journey," as he himself said upon reaching Paris.

Of the two sights that were of the greatest interest to de Gaulle as a military man, one occurred in the last part of his visit to Leningrad, capriciously founded by Peter the Great on a marsh and elevated in the eighteenth century to become the intellectual, Europeanized center of all vast Russia. To the notables of today who received him there, de Gaulle said in his speech (one of the nineteen he made in less than a dozen days), "Your founder desired that from this place your country should be in direct and permanent contact with the exterior world," St. Petersburg having served as what that monarch famously called "a window to Europe." Thus, it was meant to serve today as a contact between East and West, which, on a graceful propaganda note, de Gaulle said he hoped would continue "for the good of both sides." Nor did he omit an appropriate, necessary allusion to Communism, since it was in that city that Lenin, arriving from exile in Switzerland, first took command of the revolution. As de Gaulle said, with consummate diplomacy, "It was here that there took place the most important event, without doubt, of your inner national history. I mean to say those important changes accomplished within your country beginning in 1917"—with the Bolshevik revolution, which shook the world, and which de Gaulle, as a young officer volunteering for foreign service, fought against in Poland. He ended his speech by reciting a brief verse on the beauties of old St. Petersburg by the poet Pushkin, speaking it with careful diction in Russian, learned by heart for the occasion. Then began his visit to Piskaryovskoye, the enormous cemetery of Leningrad, which, as he well knew in advance, was literally a city of the dead—of the estimated nine hundred thousand Leningrad inhabitants who died of famine or the cold in the terrible eight hundred and eighty-two days, from August 21, 1941, to January 20, 1944, of assault and siege by Hitler's armies. All that is known of de Gaulle's visit by us outsiders is that he tersely signed the golden book for visitors with the phrase "*Aux morts de Leningrad—France amie*," as if he and she were one.



The other peak event for him was more animated—his visit as a military man to the battlefield of Volgograd, formerly known in glory as Stalingrad. There de Gaulle's personal guide was the great, obstinate Marshal Nikolai Voronov, his coeval, who led the Soviet troops to their final victory. Through interpreters, Voronov himself described to the listening French general the battle as it had been fought and how he had fought it. On that battlefield, after six and a half months of fighting—from August 12, 1942, to January 31, 1943—the Nazi Field Marshal Friedrich Paulus surrendered to the Russians, along with forty other German generals and a hundred thousand officers and men, all brought to a standstill. It was the Wehrmacht's first great defeat, and it changed the course of the war. The mayor of Volgograd then gave de Gaulle a memento of his visit and of the past—a small *coffre* containing Stalingrad earth mixed with the blood of Soviet defenders. The box bears an inscription that says, in translation, "May this souvenir recall to our people that it is indispensable to take measures to avoid the renewal of such a tragedy." In a roundabout way, this, indeed, was the object and meaning of de Gaulle's Russian visit.

VISITORS who arrived here toward the tail end of the June season were lucky to be so tardy, for they could see a few curiously interesting and unusual productions in the line of entertainment, some of which had arrived belatedly. (They could also miss the earlier half of the year's stage offerings, which were mostly of lesser importance, like those in New York.) The main event here has been Eugène Ionesco's first long three-act play, "La Soif et la Faim," which was honored by being given its first production at the Comédie-Française, the major French theatre Establishment and the goal of every living playwright in the French language, since all the accepted talents, from Molière on, are perpetuated in its repertory. For Ionesco, who started here ten years ago as an unknown, penniless Rumanian in the avant-garde little theatres, to be seen at the Comédie has been a special extension of his fame. "La Soif et la Faim" is oneiric in form, which is to say that it consists of three separate dreams (turning into nightmares), representing three epochs in the existence of its protagonist, named Jean. In Dream No. 1, or Act I, he is young, handsome, married, and a father, a man deformed only by his sensibilities and his aspirations toward perfection in both love and life. These hopes and feelings become the hunger and thirst

distinctive
and unusual
CHRISTMAS CARDS

The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards—paintings by Fra Angelico, El Greco, and Goya, goldsmiths' work in enamel, crystal, and jewels, Renaissance angels, medieval stained glass, Victorian Christmas illustrations, American primitives, drawings by Leonardo da Vinci, Dürer, and Rembrandt, and a festive variety of designs from Tibet, Persia, Greece, and Sweden. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The forty-page catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry, the new Museum engagement calendar, and other unusual Christmas presents—will be mailed about September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028

Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed N7

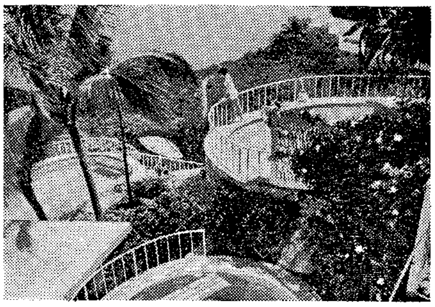
*Name*________________

*Address*________________

________________ZIP________

In fabulous **ACAPULCO**
fabulous
HOTEL las brisas

Cool the year 'round, at up to 1000 ft. above sea level, overlooking sparkling Acapulco bay.



100 POOLS 150 JEEPS 200 ROOMS

plus the exclusive La Concha Private Beach Club with two huge salt water pools, the safest ocean swim, delicious buffet, first class bar service, facilities for the practice of all water sports.

ASK ABOUT OUR HONEYMOON AND FAMILY PLANS AT LOW SUMMER RATES

FOR RESERVATIONS see your favorite Travel Agent or call, in NEW YORK: TN 7-1450; BOSTON: CO 6-1370: CHICAGO: FR 2-4383; DALLAS: RI 2-4861. Or write or wire to Hotel Las Brisas, P.O. Box 281, Acapulco, Mexico. Reservations also handled by members of Independent Innkeepers International.

Insist on
COOK'S
Travelers
Cheques
and save
25% on the
issuance
charge

Still only 75¢ per $100
WHY PAY MORE?

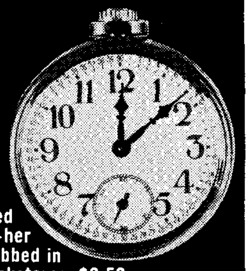
In $10, $20, $50, $100 and $250
denominations. At authorized
banks, travel agencies and all
Cook's Offices.

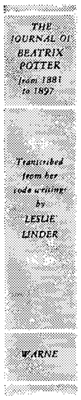
THOS. COOK & SON
WORLD'S LARGEST TRAVEL ORGANIZATION

AFTER
MIDNIGHT
a mystery by
HELEN
NIELSEN

Swift-paced,
ingenious, and
involving a lovely
young wife found abed
with a bloody knife—her
husband mortally stabbed in
the next room. At bookstores, $3.50

MORROW





To commemorate the
100th Birthday of the
creator of Peter Rabbit
Frederick Warne on
July 28th will publish

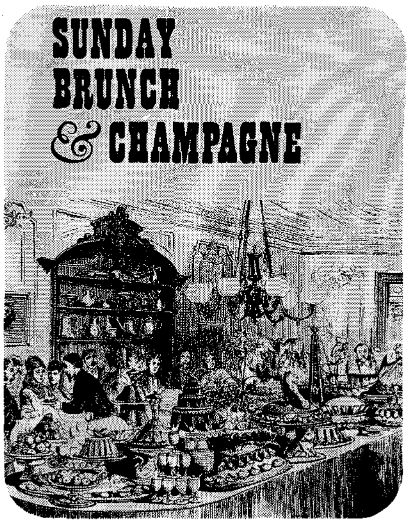
The Journal of
BEATRIX
POTTER

Illustrated with color plates
480 pages $12.95
FREDERICK WARNE & CO., Inc.
101 Fifth Ave., New York 10003

of the play's title, and apparently end in Jean's starvation when he applies them, as his last resources, to what men have made of freedom of thought and religion. It must be said at once that the performance of the Comédie's Robert Hirsch—now its bravura star—as Jean is what makes this strange, obscure play comprehensible. With great physical *élan* he shows the youth, leaping in the air with desires; then the touching romantic paralysis of the middle-aged, lonely male; and, finally, the alarmed, homeless older man, sitting aloft above the stage on a kind of throne of decision, where he visualizes in terror the caged conclusion of his own lost hopes for righteous clarity. It is so peculiar and fascinating a play that it demands Hirsch's brilliant, synthesizing performance to seem united. In Act I, Jean has returned with his loving young wife and babe to their former apartment, which he now imagines infested with decay, added to by the impromptu visit of his mad old aunt and her insane yearning for the imagined fine life she should have had. In Act II, there is a remarkable scene between Jean and two absolutely identical uniformed and mustachioed museum guards, one on each side of a set that represents nothing but space, who keep reiterating that the museum (of what treasures is never stated) is closing soon, while he keeps insisting that a lady he cannot even clearly describe will soon arrive to keep a rendezvous—the best and most imaginative scene in the play. The last act is, however, the oddest. Now an aging wanderer, Jean falls in weariness into a kind of bogus monks' abbey, where, as part of his own ultimate captivity, they set him first to judge the antics of two clowns, confined in golden cages, who in a long debate on both deism and Communism must finally accept each other's pro- or anti-deist convictions before being fed a beaker of soup. Is the author's aim to show the sadism of simple Fascism, or merely the brainwashing that ideologies can impose? Early in the play's run at the Comédie, its Tuesday-night season-ticket subscribers (in evening clothes, which are de rigueur for such affairs) raised a scandal themselves by shouting "*Quel scandale!*" when one of the caged clowns was forced to recite the Lord's Prayer. "Hunger and Thirst" is the most stimulating, if addling (and also too long), metaphysical play that Paris has lately seen, and it either provides an important up-to-date shock in the Comédie's repertory or should not be there at all.

The Odéon housed another special

SUNDAY
BRUNCH
& CHAMPAGNE



Escape the commonplace and come here for a unique, late Sunday morning repast. Return with us to old San Francisco. Savor the splendour of a grand hotel restored, with its potted palms, beaded curtains, and mohair velvet settees. Enjoy the cattle baron's favorite – steak & eggs, or a caviar omelet and complimentary champagne (after 1 PM). You pay only for the food—from $3.95 per person, half-price for children. Sundays only, Noon to 3.

LARRY ELLMAN, PROP.
THE CATTLEMAN
THE ADULT WESTERN RESTAURANT
5 E. 45th ST. NEW YORK 17 • MO 1-1200

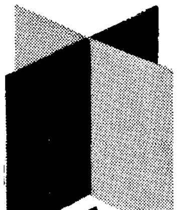
A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE

"Wholly satisfying!"
—HAROLD MASUR

A canny London
barrister like
Antony Maitland
should know
enough to avoid
an impetuous
young actress.
But he doesn't—
and so the hero
of THE WINDY SIDE
OF THE LAW finds
himself in
mortal peril.
$4.50

ENTER CERTAIN
MURDERERS
By Sara Woods

A HARPER NOVEL OF SUSPENSE



You can learn to write in the Italic hand if you have an Osmiroid pen, an Italic nib and our free introductory manual.

OSMIROID
Italic
MEDIUM
STRAIGHT
ENGLAND

Only $2.50 at art materials and pen shops or send check or money order to Artone Color, 561 Grand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. 11238. Add 50 cents to cover handling. State whether right or left handed. . . . Nothing is more satisfying than learning to produce the beautiful thicks and thins that characterise the italic hand and it's easy to learn as the pen, held at the proper angle, does most of the work for you. So be a penman, own an Osmiroid. Artone Color, division of H. M. Storms Co., 561 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, New York 11238.

theatre production, but only as this year's new host for the Théâtre des Nations, which used to appear at the Sarah Bernhardt. The production itself was, of course, foreign—"The Inflexible Prince," adapted from the play by the Spaniard Calderón and given in Polish by the Laboratory Theatre of Warsaw. This odd presentation was seen at its few performances by an audience of about fifty people, who entered by the stage door and sat on a small tribune on the stage itself (the theatre's auditorium being blocked off by a curtain) as enforced intimate participants in the extraordinary spectacle conceived by Jerzy Grotowski, the Warsaw Theatre director. His ideas of actors' training are, it seems, built on the techniques of Stanislavski, plus those of Meyerhold, the Peking Opera, Kabuki, and yoga. Grotowski seeks, according to the program notes, "to awaken in the actor all the expressive abilities of his psycho-physical organism in order to achieve acting drawn directly from the actor's subconscious." What one saw as a result of all this—for which his troupe trained three hours a day—was original, even alarming, and undeniably impressive. To watch his troupe was like seeing figures from a thirteenth-century fresco, all as thin as saints, moving about as if in trances, and howling with ecstasy or lament, their bodies stretched and strained into poses as effective as art itself. The impression was that of a kind of actors' martyrdom.

THE anti-Vietnam War sentiment here is now freely expressed in various ways. The most biting has been the large cartoons that appeared recently in the famous satirical weekly *Le Canard Enchaîné*, notorious for the violence of its pacifism, its wit, and its anarchism. The cover of a special Vietnam supplement showed in the background the Statue of Liberty wearing a gas mask and holding aloft a napalm torch. Below was President Johnson in an eight-star general's combat helmet, his tunic covered with medals shaped like crosses, which ran back to become crosses in a Vietnam cemetery. An inside-page cartoon showed a G.I. watching the self-immolation of four Buddhists and remarking, "No doubt about it—their firepower is superior to ours." The whole back page was given over to a drawing that showed a Vietnamese mother fleeing over a native landscape with her child in her arms as the bombs fell. The caption—a pun of the sort that this weekly affects—read "Pentagonizer."

—GENÊT

A difference of opinion

Every time a sale is made on the New York Stock Exchange, somebody else buys.

That's elementary, of course, but sometimes it's the elementary facts we lose sight of, particularly when prices move sharply up or down.

It's worth remembering that half the people don't agree with the trend of the market at any given time. They buy when the others sell, and they sell when others buy.

Another thing to remember: Price isn't always the complete measure of the value of a stock, particularly at a time when the market is strongly influenced either by pessimism or optimism about business prospects.

Whatever your opinion may be of any company's stock, may we suggest that you do everything you can to be sure such opinion is solidly based on facts—facts about the company's sales, earnings, dividends, outlook.

Where can you go to get those facts? Other member firms of the New York Stock Exchange, any established security dealer, your banker. Or ourselves.

**MERRILL LYNCH,
PIERCE,
FENNER & SMITH INC**

MEMBERS N.Y. STOCK EXCHANGE AND OTHER PRINCIPAL STOCK AND COMMODITY EXCHANGES
70 PINE STREET, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10005

SUBSCRIPTION
ORDER FORM

THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET • NEW YORK, N. Y 10036

Please enter my subscription to The New Yorker, payment for which is enclosed.

☐ ONE YEAR—$8 ☐ TWO YEARS—$13.50

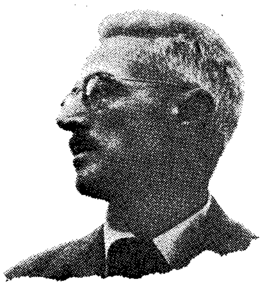
(Extra postage outside U.S. and its possessions: Canada, Latin America, and Spain—$1 per year; other foreign—$3.)

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

____

(Please include ZIP Code number)



A vintage collection
of the finest short
stories and novellas by

Dashiell Hammett

THE BIG KNOCKOVER

With a moving personal memoir
by LILLIAN HELLMAN.
$5.95, now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

What amazing people!

THE ASTORS

A Family Chronicle
of Pomp and Power

by LUCY KAVALER

"Enlightening and enlivening... nobody interested in society should be without it."—*San Francisco Examiner-Chronicle*

Illus. $6.95 DODD, MEAD

RIZZOLI International Bookstore
Peter Novelli, Director
Books • Periodicals • Records • Objets d'Art
from around the world
712 Fifth Avenue, New York 19 • 245-0400
Open six days a week until midnight

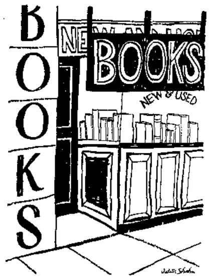
FANNY'S
WORLD FAMOUS RESTAURANT
Spaghetti • Southern Fried Chicken • Prime Steaks and Fanny's salad dressing.
Hours 5 to 10 pm daily (OPEN EVERY DAY) 1601 Simpson St.
Sunday 12 noon to 10 pm Phone GR 5-8686 Evanston, Ill.

BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Exit, by George Deaux (Simon & Schuster). It is more difficult to write about Heaven than it is to write about Hell. Mr. Deaux, a powerfully individual writer whose gifts will dazzle us all on the day he learns to respect the virtues of control and discipline, chooses the easy way. Here he describes the journey through Hell of a poet named Peter Wigmore. The book fails in confusion—it is *not* a good idea to make the reader do all the work—and in any case Peter, who is physically insignificant, sexually impotent, and given to wallowing in the private enjoyment of his murderous self-derision, is essentially so strong that it is impossible to believe he will never shake off all his titillating fantasies and stand up and say something worth saying. The story centers on the funeral home where the body of Peter's wife, Helen, lies awaiting burial, and the action, such as it is, depends mainly on the movements of two mysterious and menacing visitors who claim to be Helen's brothers and who are determined to steal her corpse for themselves and also to exact vengeance not merely for her death but for her misdeeds. An American novel.



GENERAL

At the Court of Versailles: Eyewitness Reports from the Reign of Louis XIV, edited by Gilette Ziegler and translated from the French by Simon Watson Taylor (Dutton). This book is delightful reading, because all the circumstances of Louis XIV's reign conspired to make gossip—or, at any rate, the analytical hashing over of human behavior—one of the chief pastimes of his court. Everybody kept an eye on everybody else as all competed for the King's favor, and the letters, memoirs, and histories of life at Versailles are full, candid, and, in every sense of the word, intriguing. Miss Ziegler's choices are shrewd. They describe the scandals and the small change of court life; they also—most instructively—reflect the serious problems of France as the court distractedly perceived them. The translation is excellent.

The Truman Presidency: The History of a Triumphant Succession, by Cabell Phillips (Macmillan). Mr. Phillips, of the New York *Times*' Washington bureau, offers a lot of entertaining and enlightening political gossip. The familiarity of his subject—the half-remembered, half-forgotten, now-he-reminds-me aspect of his book—is an attraction; his first-person recollections may stimulate his readers' memories or incite the young to ask their parents about the Great Election Upset of 1948. The achievements of Truman's Presidency have been growing in esteem among historians; Mr. Phillips's admiring, informal retrospective explains, in a popular, journalistic manner, why.

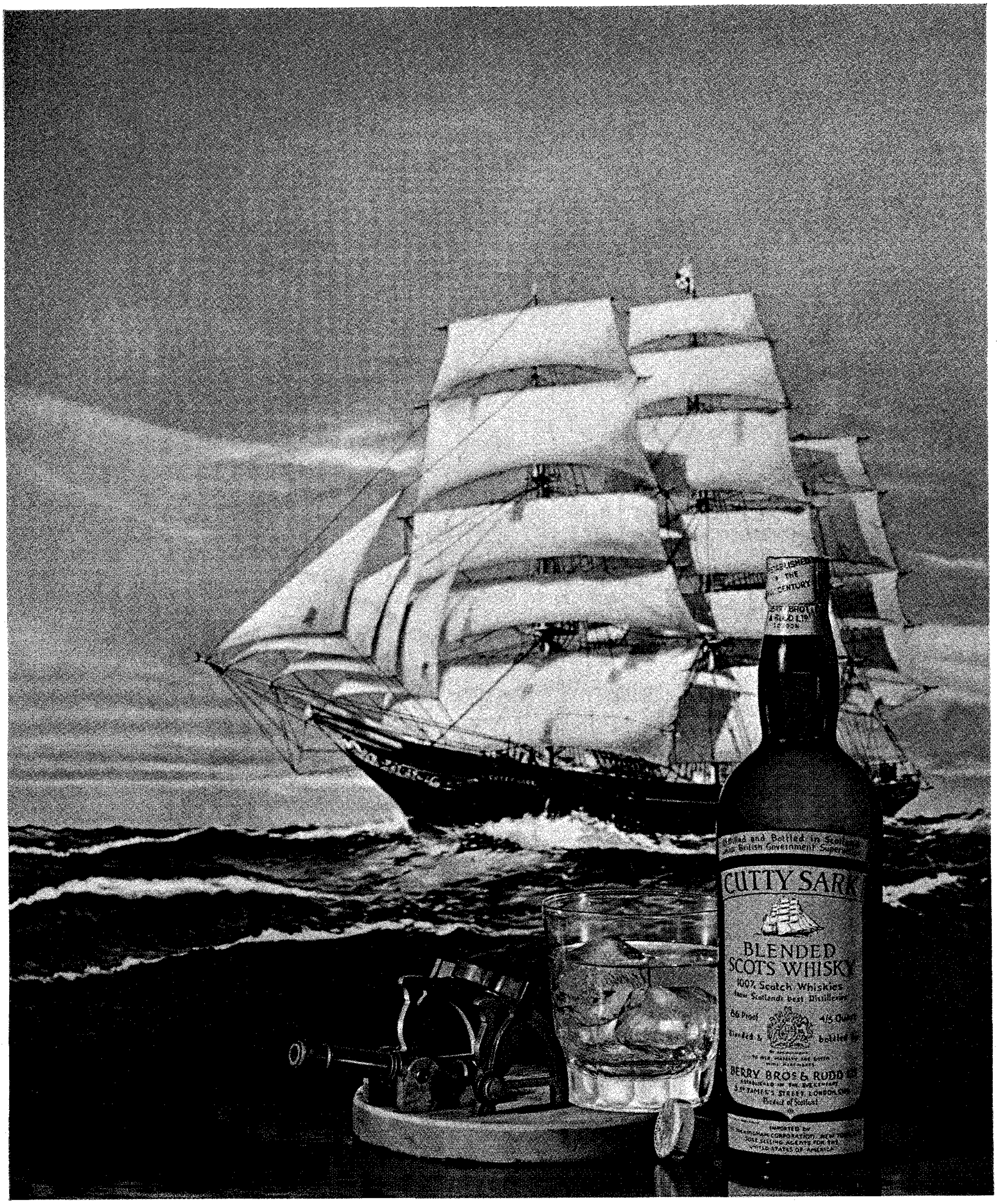
Nationalism and Ideology, by Barbara Ward (Norton). A short book (or a long editorial) in which the author asks for the formation of a world order. Miss Ward suggests that—gradually, if need be, but starting immediately—we should create orders and organizations, federations and groups below the United Nations and above the nation-state. She sees the necessity for these larger-than-nation-sized units in the fact that the world's economy is international, and in the further fact that the price of war among nations is higher than it has ever been, while the fruits of peace are more varied and abundant. Miss Ward's concluding ideas—on ideological ecumenicity—are particularly appealing.

Note: "Fox on a Barn Door," a collection of poems by Ted Walker, some of which appeared originally in *The New Yorker*, has been published by George Braziller.

•

Arthur Campbell continued his education at Purdue where a Master of Science degree was awarded in 1939. Heeding the call of the West for the first time, he sought the doctorate from the University of California at Berkeley, and in the confusion of the beginning war years he was graduated with the Ph.D. degree.—*The Nucleus, published by the Northeastern Section of the American Chemical Society.*

Probably under cover of darkness.


CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTS WHISKY
100% Scotch Whiskies from Scotland's best Distilleries
86 Proof
4/5 Quart
BERRY BROS & RUDD

With scores of brands to choose from, the fact is more Americans buy more Cutty Sark than any other Scotch Whisky. Cutty Sark is "from Scotland's best Distilleries" and the **No. 1** reason is in the bottle. Why not try Cutty Sark yourself?

The Buckingham Corporation, Importers • New York, N. Y. • Distilled and Bottled in Scotland • Blended 86 Proof

How do you like your luxury in Hawaii?

Laced with Tradition?

There's a reason she's called royal — this Queen of the Pacific — the Royal Hawaiian Hotel. All the lush beauty of these islands ...all the fire and drama of their history...all the child-like charm and warmth of their hospitality...all of it is caught and held and enhanced in this great pink palace by the sands of Waikiki. The Royal Hawaiian is Hawaii's own. Indeed, you really haven't done the islands unless you've stayed there.

Or on the Rocks?

It sits on a green-lawned palisade above the bluest water this side of Naples — the fantastic new Sheraton Hotel on the island of Maui. Its cottages sweep downward to a sunlit strand...its rooms seem carved out of the cliffs. And everywhere you turn there's fun — golf, tennis, shuffleboard, volleyball, swimming, skin-diving, snorkeling, buffets, dining, dancing. Escape to the Sheraton-Maui. It's where excitement is staying these days.

Sheraton Royal Hawaiian

Sheraton-Maui

SHERATON HOTELS IN HAWAII: Princess Kaiulani / Moana / SurfRider / Royal Hawaiian / Maui

For Insured Reservations at Guaranteed Rates, call your Travel Agent or any Sheraton Hotel. Sheraton Corporation shares are listed on the New York Stock Exchange. Diners' Club and Shell Oil cards honored for all hotel services